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THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CONTAINING

TIMON OF ATHENS.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
CYMBELINE.
KING LEAR.

LONDON: PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

Perſons Repreſented.

Timon, *A noble* Athenian.

Lucius,
Lucullus,
Sempronius, } *Lords, and flatterers of* Timon.

Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *falſe Friends.*

Apemantus, *a churliſh Philoſopher.*

Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*

Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.

Flaminius,
Lucilius,
Servilius, } Timon's *Servants.*

Caphis,
Philotus,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortenſius, } *Servants to* Timon's *Creditors.*

Two ſervants of Varro, *and the ſervant of* Iſidore; *two of* Timon's *Creditors.*

Cupid *and Maſkers. Three Strangers.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. *A Page. A Fool.*

Phrynia,
Timandra, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods adjoining.*

TIMON OF ATHENS[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Hall in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and Others, at ſeveral doors*[2].

Poet. Good day, ſir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet.

[1] The ſtory of the Miſanthrope is told in almoſt every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakſpeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleaſure*, and the *Engliſh Plutarch*. Indeed from a paſſage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the ſtage. FARMER.

Shakſpeare undoubtedly formed this play on the paſſage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to Timon, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the firſt volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*; becauſe he is thereby merely deſcribed as "a man-hater, of a ſtrange and beaſtly nature," without any cauſe aſſigned; whereas Plutarch furniſhed our authour with the following hint to work upon. "Antonius forſook the citie, and companie of his friendes,—ſaying, that he would lead Timon's life, becauſe he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and *for the unthankfulneſs of thoſe he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would truſt no man.*"

To the manuſcript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our authour, I have no doubt, was alſo indebted for ſome other circumſtances. Here he found the faithful ſteward, the banquet-ſcene, and the ſtory of Timon's being poſſeſſed of great ſums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumſtance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no tranſlation of the dialogue that relates to this ſubject.

Spon ſays, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower.*

Timon of Athens was written, I imagine, in the year 1610. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

The paſſage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* or *Paſquil and Katharine*, 1601, is this:

"Come, I'll be as ſociable as *Timon of Athens.*"

But the alluſion is ſo ſlight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the Novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no

 inconſiderable

Poet. I have not ſeen you long; How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, ſir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what ſtrange[3],

Which

inconſiderable obligations, has in his poſſeſſion a Mſ. play on this ſubject. It appears to have been written, or tranſcribed, about the year 1600. There is a ſcene in it reſembling Shakſpeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Inſtead of *warm water* he ſets before them *ſtones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods attended by his faithful ſteward, who (like Kent in *King Lear*) has diſguiſed himſelf to continue his ſervices to his maſter. Timon, in the laſt act is followed by his fickle miſtreſs, &c. after he was reported to have diſcovered a hidden treaſure by digging. The piece itſelf (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *perſonæ dramatis* are as follows.

The actors names.

Timon.
Laches, his faithful ſervant.
Eutrapelus, a diſſolute young man.
Gelaſimus, a cittie heyre.
Pſeudocheus, a lying travailer.
Demeas, an orator.
Philargurus, a covetous churliſh ould man.
Hermogenes, a fidler.
Abyſſus, an uſurer.
Lollio, a countrey clowne, Philargurus' ſonne.
Stilpo, Speuſippus, } Two lying philoſophers.
Grunnio, a lean ſervant of Philargurus.
Obba, Tymon's butler.
Pœdio, Gelaſimus' page.
Two ſerjeants.
A ſailor.
Callimela, Philargurus' daughter.
Blatte, her prattling nurſe.

SCENE, Athens. STEEVENS.

[2] In the old copy: *Enter, &c. Merchant and* Mercer, *&c.* STEEVENS.

[3] *But what particular rarity?* &c.] Dr. Johnſon, becauſe "the poet aſks a queſtion, and ſtays not for an anſwer," would give the word *ſee* in his ſpeech to the painter. But there is, in my opinion, not the leaſt occaſion for ſuch a licentious regulation of the text. The poet is led *by what the painter has ſaid*, to aſk whether any thing very ſtrange and unparalleled had lately happened, without any expectation that any ſuch had happened;—and is prevented from waiting for an anſwer by obſerving

Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness[4]:
He passes[5].

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate[6]: But, for that—

Poet. *When we for recompence*[7] *have prais'd the vile,*
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.

observing so many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend. "See, Magick of bounty!" &c. This surely is very natural. MALONE.

I can by no means approve of the arrangement proposed by Dr. Johnson; for as the poet and the painter are going to pay their court to Timon, it would be strange if the latter should point out to the former, as *a particular rarity which manifold record* could not match, a merchant and a jeweller, who came there on the same errand. MASON.

4 — *breath'd as it were,*

To an untirable and continuate *goodness:*] *Breathed* is *inured by constant practice*; so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse, is to exercise him for the course. JOHNSON.

— *continuate*—] This word is used by many ancient English writers. Thus, by Chapman in his version of the 4th book of the *Odyssey*:

"Her handmaids join'd in a *continuate* yell." STEEVENS.

5 *He* passes.] i. e. he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Why this *passes*, master Ford." STEEVENS.

6 — *touch the estimate:*—] Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

7 *When we for recompence*, &c.] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes[9]
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shews not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes[1]. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment[2], sir.

Let's

9 —*which* oozes—] The folio copy reads—*which* uses. The modern editors have given it—*which* issues. JOHNSON.

The only ancient copy reads—*Our poesie* is *as a* gowne *which* uses. STEEVENS.

Gum and *issues* were inserted by Mr. Pope; *oozes* by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

1 —*and, like the current, flies*
Each bound it chafes.] This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes.* This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: but the images in the comparison are so ill-sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is, that having *touch'd on one subject, it flies off in quest of another.* The old copy seems to read:

Each bound it chases.

The letters *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished from each other, especially when the types have been much worn, as in the first folio. If *chases* be the true reading, it is best explained by the "—*se sequitur-que fugitque*—" of the Roman poet.

Some what similar occurs in *the Tempest*:

"Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
"When he pursues." STEEVENS.

In *Julius Cæsar*, we have—

"The troubled Tyber *chafing* with her shores,—". MALONE.

2 *Upon the heels of my presentment,*] As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

The patrons of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons*.

"I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, because *forty shillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will bestow

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent[3].

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace

Speaks his own standing[4]? what a mental power

This

on these matters." Preface to a *Woman is a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612. STEEVENS.

It should however be remembered, that forty shillings at that time were equal to at least six, perhaps eight, pounds at this day. MALONE.

[3] —*this* comes off *well and excellent.*] The meaning is: The figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevé.* JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applause I do not exactly know. It occurs again in the *Widow*, by B. Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton: "It *comes off* very fair yet." Again, in *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1616: "Put a good tale in his ear, so that it *comes off cleanly*, and there's a horse and man for us, I warrant thee."

Again, in the first part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellido*, 1602:

"*Flu.* Faith, thy song will seem to *come off* hardly.

"*Catz.* Not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *how this* grace

Speaks his own standing?] This relates to the attitude of the figure, and means that it stands judiciously on its own centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing likewise. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, speaking of another picture, says:

"A *station* like the herald, Mercury,

"New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

which lines Milton seems to have had in view, where he says of Raphael:

"At once on th' eastern *cliff of Paradise*

"He *lights*, and to his proper shape returns.

"——*Like Maia's son he stood.*" WARBURTON.

This sentence seems to me obscure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace speaks his own standing*, is only, *The gracefulness of this figure shews how it stands.* I am inclined to think something corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

——— *how this* standing

Speaks his own graces?

How this posture displays its own *gracefulness.* But I will indulge conjecture further, and propose to read:

——— *how this grace*

Speaks understanding? *what a mental power*

This eye shoots forth? JOHNSON.

This eye ſhoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to the dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret[5].

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll ſay of it,
It tutors nature: artificial ſtrife
Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life[6].

The paſſage, to my apprehenſion at leaſt, *ſpeaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it ſtands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixture. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witneſs to *propriety*. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act II. ſc. iv:

" —— never ſaw I figures
" So likely to *report themſelves*." STEEVENS.

[5] — *to the dumbneſs of the geſture*

One might interpret.] The figure, though dumb, ſeems to have a capacity of ſpeech. The alluſion is to the puppet-ſhows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time. The perſon who ſpoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act III. ſc. v. MALONE.

[6] — *artificial* ſtrife

Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life.] *Strife* is either the conteſt of art with nature;

" *Hic ille eſt* Raphael, *timuit, quo ſoſpite vinci*
" *Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.*"

or it is the contraſt of forms or oppoſition of colours. JOHNSON.

So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne:

" Faithorne, with nature at a noble *ſtrife*,
" Hath paid the author a great ſhare of life," &c. STEEVENS.

That *artificial ſtrife* means, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it, *the conteſt of art with nature*, and not *the contraſt of forms* or *oppoſition of colours*, may appear from our author's *Venus and Adonis*, where the ſame thought is more clearly expreſſed:

" Look, when a *painter* would *ſurpaſs* the *life*,
" In limning out a well-proportion'd ſteed,
" His *art* with *nature's workmanſhip* at *ſtrife*,
" As if the *dead* the *living* ſhould exceed;
" So did this horſe excell," &c.

In Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, printed I believe in 1596, (afterwards entitled *The Barons' Wars*,) there are two lines nearly reſembling theſe:

" Done for the laſt with ſuch exceeding *life*,
" As *art* therein *with nature* were *at ſtrife*." MALONE.

Enter

Enter certain Senators, and paſs over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The ſenators of Athens;—Happy men[7]!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſitors[8].

I have, in this rough work, ſhap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly[9], but moves itſelf
In a wide ſea of wax[1]: no levell'd malice[2]

7 —*Happy* men!] I think we had better read—*Happy* man! It is the happineſs of *Timon*, and not of the ſenators, upon which the Poet means to exclaim. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald reads—happy *man*; and certainly the emendation is ſufficiently plauſible, though the old reading may well ſtand. MALONE.

8 *This confluence, this great flood of viſitors.*]

"*Mane ſalutantûm totis vomit ædibus undam.*" JOHNSON.

9 *Halts not particularly,*] My deſign does not ſtop at any ſingle characters. JOHNSON.

1 *In a wide ſea of wax:*] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron ſtile. HANMER.

I once thought with Hanmer that this was only an alluſion to the Roman practice of writing with a ſtyle on waxen tablets; but it appears that the ſame cuſtom prevailed in England about the year 1395. It ſeems alſo to be pointed out by implication in many of our old collegiate eſtabliſhments. See Warton's *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 151. STEEVENS.

Mr. Aſtle obſerves in his very ingenious work *On the Origin and Progreſs of Writing*, quarto, 1784, that "the practice of writing on table-books covered with *wax* was not entirely laid aſide till the commencement of the *fourteenth* century." As Shakſpeare, I believe, was not a very profound Engliſh antiquary, it is ſurely improbable that he ſhould have had any knowledge of a practice which had been diſuſed for more than two centuries before he was born. The Roman practice he might have learned from Golding's Tranſlation of the ninth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*:

"Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the emptie *waxe*," &c. MALONE.

2 — *no* levell'd *malice*] To *level* is to *aim*, to point the ſhot at a mark. Shakſpeare's meaning is, my poem is not a ſatire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any ſingle perſon; I fly like an eagle into the general expanſe of life, and leave not, by any private miſchief, the trace of my paſſage. JOHNSON.

Infects

Infects one comma in the courſe I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you[3].
You ſee, how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and ſlippery creatures[4], as
Of grave and auſtere quality,) tender down
Their ſervices to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſs-fac'd flatterer[5]
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf: even he drops down
The knee before him[6], and returns in peace
Moſt rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The baſe o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts[7], all kind of natures,
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
To propagate their ſtates[8]: amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſovereign lady[9] fix'd,
One do I perſonate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;

3 *I'll unbolt*—] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

4 —*glib and ſlippery creatures*,—] Hanmer, and Warburton after him, read—*natures*. *Slippery* is *ſmooth*, unreſiſting. JOHNSON.

5 —*glaſs-fac'd flatterer*—] That ſhows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

6 —*even he drops down*, &c.] Either Shakſpeare meant to put a falſhood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the enſuing ſcenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers. STEEVENS.

7 —rank'd *with all deſerts*,] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

8 *To* propagate *their ſtates*:] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

9 *Feign'd* Fortune *to be thron'd*:—
—— *on this* ſovereign lady, &c.] So, in the *Tempeſt*:
" —— bountiful *fortune*,
" Now *my dear lady*," &c. MALONE.

Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to ſcope [1].
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſs'd
In our condition [2].

Poet. Nay, ſir, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain ſacrificial whiſperings in his ear [3],
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop, and through him
Drink the free air [4].

Pain. Ay, marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When Fortune, in her ſhift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him ſlip down [5],
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew [6],

[1] — *conceiv'd to ſcope.*] Properly imagined, appoſitely, to the purpoſe. JOHNSON.

[2] *In our* condition.] *Condition*, for art. WARBURTON.

[3] *Rain ſacrificial whiſperings in his ear,*] Whiſperings attended with ſuch reſpect and veneration as accompany ſacrifices to the gods. Such, I ſuppoſe, is the meaning. MALONE.

[4] —— *through him*
Drink the free air.] That is, catch his breath in affected fondneſs. JOHNSON.
So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:
" His noſtrils *drink the air.*"
Again, in *The Tempeſt*:
" I *drink the air* before me." MALONE.

[5] — *let him* ſlip *down,*] The old copy reads—*let him* ſit *down.* The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[6] *A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew,*] Shakſpeare ſeems to intend in this dialogue to expreſs ſome competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himſelf to have ſhewn, the painter thinks he could have ſhewn better. JOHNSON.

That

That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune's[7]
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes[8] have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the servant of* Ventidius *talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort[9].

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me[1]. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—

[7] — *these quick blows of* fortune's—] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time, as I have already observed in a note on *K. John*, Vol. IV. p. 464, n. 7. The modern editors read, more elegantly,—*of fortune*. MALONE.

[8] — *mean eyes*—] i. e. inferior spectators. So, in *Wotton's Letter to Bacon*, dated March the last, 1613: "Before their majesties, and almost as many other *meaner eyes*," &c. TOLLET.

[9] Periods, *&c.*] To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakspeare's introduction into the English language. I find it however used by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634:

"How easy could I *period* all my care."

Again, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:

"To *period* our vain grievings." STEEVENS.

[1] — *when he must need me.*] When he cannot but want my assistance. I once idly conjectured that Shakspeare wrote—When he *most needs* me; and so, I have since found, the third folio reads: but if such capricious innovations were to be admitted, every line in these plays might be changed. MALONE.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up [2],
But to support him after.—Fare you well.
Ven. Serv. All happineſs to your honour [3]! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd Lucilius.
Tim. I have ſo: What of him?
Old Ath. Moſt noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordſhip's ſervice.
Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
Myſelf have ſpoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honeſt.

2 *'Tis not enough*, &c.] This thought is better expreſſed by Dr. Madden in his Elegy on archbiſhop Boulter:

" —— He thought it mean
" Only to help the poor to beg again." JOHNSON.

3 —*your honour!*] The common addreſs to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently uſed with your lordſhip. See any old letter, or dedication of that age. STEEVENS.

Old Ath.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon[4]:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*to* Lucil.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;

4 *Therefore* he will be, *Timon:*] Therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of virtue; he does not need the additional blessing of a beautiful and accomplished wife.

It has been objected, I forget by whom, if the old Athenian means to say that Lucilius will still continue to be virtuous, what occasion has he to apply to Timon to interfere relative to this marriage? But this is making Shakspeare write *by the card.* The words mean undoubtedly, that he will be honest in his *general conduct* through life; in every other action except that now complained of. MALONE.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— May he continue
" Long in his highness' favour; *and do justice*
" *For truth's sake and his conscience.*"

Again, more appositely, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— This hath been
" Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,
" He will remain so." STEEVENS.

I rather think an emendation necessary, and read:

Therefore well be him, *Timon:*
His honesty rewards him in itself.

That is, *If he is honest,* bene sit illi, *I wish him the proper happiness of an honest man, but his honesty gives him no claim to my daughter.* The first transcriber probably wrote *will be him,* which the next, not understanding, changed to, *he will be.* JOHNSON.

To

To build his fortune, I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Moſt noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promiſe.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordſhip: Never may
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you [5]! [*Exeunt* Luc. *and old* Ath.

Poet. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your lordſhip!

Tim. I thank you; you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beſeech
Your lordſhip to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almoſt the natural man;
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outſide: Theſe pencil'd figures are
Even ſuch as they give out [6]. I like your work;
And you ſhall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preſerve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: Give me your hand;
We muſt needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.

Jew. What, my lord? diſpraiſe?

[5] ——*never may*
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd *to you!*] The meaning is, let me never henceforth conſider any thing that I poſſeſs, but as *owed* or *due* to you; held for your ſervice, and at your diſpoſal. JOHNSON.

So Lady Macbeth ſays to Duncan:

"Your ſervants ever
"Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt,
"To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
"Still to return *your own.*" MALONE.

[6] ——*pencil'd figures are*
Even ſuch as they give out.] Pictures have no hypocriſy; they are what they profeſs to be. JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. A meer ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unelew me quite[7].

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe, which ſell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their maſters[8]: believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he ſpeaks the common tongue,
Which all men ſpeak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.[9]

Jew. We will bear, with your lordſhip.

Mer. He'll ſpare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, ſtay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog[1], and theſe knaves honeſt.

[7] — unclew *me quite.*] To *unclew*, is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclew* a man, is to draw out the whole maſs of his fortunes. JOHNSON.

[8] *Are prized by their maſters:*] Are rated according to the eſteem in which their poſſeſſor is held. JOHNSON.

[9] *Enter* Apemantus.] See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philoſophers*; and how well Shakſpeare has copied it. WARBURTON.

[1] *When thou art Timon's dog,*] When thou haſt gotten a better character, and inſtead of being Timon, as thou art, ſhalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become worthy of kindneſs and ſalutation. JOHNSON.

Apemantus, I think, means to ſay, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good morrow from him till that ſhall happen which never will happen; till Timon is transformed to the ſhape of his dog, and his knaviſh followers become honeſt men. Stay for thy good morrow, ſays he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the ſame time when thou art Timon's dog, &c. i. e. never. MALONE.

When thou art Timon's dog,] This is ſpoken δειικτικῶς, as Mr. Upton ſays ſomewhere:—ſtriking his hand on his breaſt.

"Wot you who named me firſt the kinge's dogge?" ſays Ariſtippus in *Damon and Pythias*. FARMER.

Tim.

Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves? thou know'ſt them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'ſt, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likeſt thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's ſhe, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So thou apprehend'ſt it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing[2], which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lieſt.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

[2] *Not ſo well as plain-dealing,*] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a *jewel*, but they that uſe it die beggars." STEEVENS.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lieſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord[3].—Art thou not a merchant?

3 *That I had* no angry *wit, to be a lord.*] The meaning may be, I ſhould hate myſelf for *patiently enduring to be a lord.* This is ill enough expreſſed. Perhaps ſome happy change may ſet it right. I have tried, and can do nothing. JOHNSON.

If I hazard one conjecture, it is with the ſmalleſt degree of confidence. By *an angry wit* Apemantus may mean *the poet*, who has been provoking him. The ſenſe will then be this: *I ſhould hate myſelf, becauſe I could prevail on no captious wit (like him) to take the title in my ſtead.* The *Reviſal* reads:

That I had ſo wrong'd my *wit to be a lord.* STEEVENS.

I believe Shakſpeare was thinking of the common expreſſion—*he has wit in his anger*; and that the difficulty ariſes here, as in many other places, from the original editor's paying no attention to abrupt ſentences. Our author, I ſuppoſe, wrote:

That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!—
Art thou, &c.

Apemantus is aſked, why after having wiſhed to be a lord, he ſhould hate himſelf. He replies, For this reaſon; that I *had no wit* [or diſcretion] *in my anger*, but was abſurd enough to wiſh myſelf one of that ſet of men, whom I deſpiſe. He then exclaims with indignation—To be a lord!—Such is my conjecture, in which however I have not ſo much confidence as to depart from the mode in which this paſſage has been hitherto exhibited.

Wit, in the ſenſe of a witty or ingenious *perſon*, was not, I ſuſpect, the language of Shakſpeare's time. MALONE.

Mer.

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets ſound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and ſome twenty horſe,
All of companionſhip[4].
Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt ſome Attendants.*
You muſt needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; when dinner is done,
Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your ſights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his company.*

Moſt welcome, ſir!
Apem. So, ſo; there!—
Aches contract and ſtarve your ſupple joints!—
That there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet knaves,
And all this courteſy! The ſtrain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey[5].
Alc. Sir, you have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungrily on your ſight.
Tim. Right welcome, ſir:
Ere we depart[6], we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but* Apemantus.

4 *All of companionſhip.*] This expreſſion does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all ſuch as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and ſets on a level with himſelf.* STEEVENS.

5 — *The ſtrain of man's bred out*
Into baboon and monkey.] Man is exhauſted and degenerated; his *ſtrain* or lineage is worn down into monkey. JOHNSON.

6 *Ere we* depart,—] *Depart* and *part* have the ſame meaning.
" Hath willingly *departed* with a part." *King John.*
i. e. Hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in queſtion. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 332, n. 3, and Vol. IV. p. 488, n. 2. MALONE.

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

1. *Lord.* That time ſerves ſtill.

Apem. The moſt accurſed thou, that ſtill omit'ſt it.

2. *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feaſt?

Apem. Ay; to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2. *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2. *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'ſt have kept one to thyſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

1. *Lord.* Hang thyſelf.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requeſts to thy friend.

2. *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll ſpurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the aſs. [*Exit.*

1. *Lord.* He's oppoſite to humanity. Come, ſhall we in,
And taſte lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindneſs.

2. *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his ſteward: no meed[7], but he repays
Sevenfold above itſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All uſe of quittance[8].

1. *Lord.* The nobleſt mind he carries,

[7] — *no* meed,] *Meed*, which in general ſignifies reward or recompence, in this place ſeems to mean *deſert*. So, in a comedy called *Look about you*, 1600:

"Thou ſhalt be rich in honour, full of ſpeed;
"Thou ſhalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*."

STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 268, n. 4. MALONE.

[8] *All uſe of quittance.*] i. e. All the cuſtomary returns made in diſcharge of obligations. WARBURTON.

That

That ever govern'd man.

2. *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1. *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A State-Room in Timon's *house.*

Hautboys playing loud muſick. A great banquet ſerved in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then Enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other* Athenian *Senators, with* VENTIDIUS *and* Attendants. *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS *diſcontentedly.*

Ven. Moſt honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods
to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honeſt Ventidius: you miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly ſay, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair[9].

Ven.

9 *If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare,*
To imitate them; Faults that are rich are fair.] Dr. Warburton, with his uſual love of innovation, transfers the laſt word of the firſt of theſe lines, and the whole of the ſecond to Apemantus. Mr. Heath has juſtly obſerved that this cannot have been Shakſpeare's intention, for thus Apemantus would be made to addreſs Timon perſonally, who muſt therefore have ſeen and heard him; whereas it appears from a ſubſequent ſpeech that Timon had not yet taken notice of him, as he ſalutes him with ſome ſurprize—"O, Apemantus!—you are welcome."

The term—*our betters*, being uſed by the inferior claſſes of men when they ſpeak of their ſuperiors in the ſtate, Shakſpeare uſes theſe words, with his uſual laxity, to expreſs perſons of high rank and fortune. Dr. Warburton idly ſuppoſes, he meant the gods. MALONE.

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

[*They all ſtand ceremonioufly looking on* Timon.

Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devis'd at firſt,
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown;
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They ſit.*

1. *Lord.* My lord, we always have confeſs'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſs'd it? hang'd it, have you not[1]?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No; you ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They ſay, my lords, *ira furor brevis eſt*,
But yond' man is ever angry[2].
Go, let him have a table by himſelf;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

I cannot ſee that theſe lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whoſe character of generoſity and condeſcenſion they are very ſuitable. To ſuppoſe that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harſh, becaure to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the higheſt pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modeſty. If I would make any alteration, it ſhould be only to reform the numbers thus:

Our betters play that game; we muſt not dare
T' imitate them: faults that are rich are fair. JOHNSON.

The faults of rich perſons, and which contribute to the increaſe of riches, wear a plauſible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithſtanding. HEATH.

[1] *—confeſs'd it? hang'd it, have you not?*] There ſeems to be ſome alluſion here to a common proverbial ſaying of Shakſpeare's time: "Confeſs and be hang'd." See *Othello*, Act IV. ſc. i. MALONE.

[2] *But yond' man is* ever *angry.*] The old copy has—very *angry*; which can hardly be right. The emendation now adopted was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Perhaps we ſhould read—But yon man is very *anger*; i. e. anger itſelf, which always maintains its violence. STEEVENS.

Apem.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thine own peril*, Timon;
I come to obſerve; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myſelf would have no power[3]; 'pr'y-thee, let my meat make thee ſilent.

Apem. I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I ſhould
Ne'er flatter thee[4].—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he ſees them not!
It grieves me, to ſee ſo many dip their meat
In one's man blood[5]; and all the madneſs is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare truſt themſelves with men:
Methinks, they ſhould invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readieſt man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I ſhould fear to drink at meals;

* —*at thine* own peril,—] The old copy reads—at thine *apperil*. I have not been able to find ſuch a word in any dictionary, nor is it reconcileable to etymology. I have therefore adopted an emendation made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

3 —*I myſelf would have no power*;] Theſe words refer to what follows, not to that which precedes. *I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being maſter of the houſe: I wiſh not by my commands to impoſe ſilence on any one: but though I myſelf do not enjoin you to ſilence, let my meat ſtop your mouth.* MALONE.

I underſtand Timon's meaning to be: *I myſelf would have no power* to make thee ſilent, but I wiſh thou would'ſt *let my meat make thee ſilent*. Timon, like a polite landlord, diſclaims *all power* over the meaneſt or moſt troubleſome of his gueſts. TYRWHITT.

4 *I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choke me,* for *I ſhould*
Ne'er flatter thee.—] The meaniug is, I could not ſwallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would ſtick in my throat. JOHNSON.

For has here perhaps the ſignification of *becauſe*. So, in *Othello*:
" —Haply, *for* I am black." MALONE.

5 ——*ſo many dip their meat*
In one man's blood;] The alluſion is to a pack of hounds trained to purſuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chaſe. JOHNSON.

Leſt they ſhould ſpy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes[6]:
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart[7]; and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!
A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Thoſe healths * will make thee, and thy ſtate, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myſelf:
Grant I may never prove ſo fond,
To truſt man on his oath, or bond;

[6] — *wind-pipe's dangerous* notes:] The notes of the wind-pipe ſeem to be only the indications which ſhew where the wind-pipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare is very fond of making uſe of muſical terms, when he is ſpeaking of the human body, and *wind-pipe*, and *notes* ſavour ſtrongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

[7] *My lord, in heart*;] That is, *my lord's health with ſincerity*. An emendation has been propoſed thus:

My love *in heart*;—

but it is not neceſſary. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by B. and Fletcher:

"I will be never more *in heart* to you."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act IV. ſc. i:

"—*in heart* deſiring ſtill
"You may behold," &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:

"——Doſt thou not wiſh *in heart*,
"The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?" STEEVENS.

* —*Timon*,

Thoſe healths—] This ſpeech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as proſe in the old copy; nor could it be exhibited as verſe but by transferring the word *Timon*, which follows—*look ill*, to its preſent place. The tranſpoſition was made by Mr. Capell. The word might have been an interlineation, and ſo have been miſplaced. Yet, after all, I ſuſpect many of the ſpeeches in this play, which the modern editors have exhibited in a looſe kind of metre, were intended by the author as proſe; in which form they appear in the old copy. MALONE.

Or

Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that ſeems a ſleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*
Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfaſt of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wiſh my beſt friend at ſuch a feaſt.

Apem. 'Would all thoſe flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but have that happineſs, my lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves for ever perfect[8].

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have much help from you: How had you been my friends elſe? why have you that charitable title from thouſands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart[9]? I have told more of you to myſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own

[8] —*for ever perfect.*] That is, arrived at the perfection of happineſs. JOHNSON.

[9] —*why have you that* charitable *title from thouſands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart?*] *Charitable* ſignifies, dear, endearing. So Milton:

" Relations dear, and all the *charities*
" Of father, ſon, and brother—".

Alms, in Engliſh, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our anceſtors knew well in what the virtue of alms-giving conſiſted; not in the *act*, but the *diſpoſition*. WARBURTON.

The meaning is probably this. Why are you diſtinguiſhed from thouſands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourſe of tenderneſs between you and me. JOHNSON.

behalf;

behalf; and thus far I confirm you [1]. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of them? they were the moſt needleſs creatures living, ſhould we ne'er have uſe for them: and [2] would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why, I have often wiſh'd myſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born [3]! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks [4]: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink [5], Timon.

2. *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that inſtant, like a babe [6] ſprung up.

Apem.

[1] *I confirm you.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.

[2] — *were the moſt needleſs creatures living, ſhould we ne'er have uſe for them: and*—] This paſſage I have reſtored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

[3] *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!*] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, ſupplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he ſeldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleaſure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away*, deſtroyed, turned to tears, before *it can be born*, before it can be fully poſſeſſed. JOHNSON.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
"And in their triumph die."

The old copy has—*joys*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:*] Perhaps the true reading is this, *Mine eyes cannot hold out*; they *water*. *Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water*, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.

[5] — *to make them drink,*] The covert ſenſe of Apemantus is, *what thou loſeſt, they get.* JOHNSON.

[6] — *like a babe*—] That is, a *weeping babe.* JOHNSON.

I queſtion if Shakſpeare meant the propriety of alluſion to be carried quite

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3. *Lord.* I promiſe you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much[7]! [*Tucket ſounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Pleaſe you, my lord, there are certain ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to ſignify their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taſte!—The five beſt ſenſes
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous boſom:
The ear, taſte, touch, ſmell, all pleas'd from thy table riſe[8];

They

quite ſo far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expreſſion. So, in *Love's Miſtreſs*, by Heywood, 1636:

"Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes."

Again, in the *Loyal Subject*, by B. and Fletcher:

"—Can you *look babies*, ſiſter,
"In the young gallant's eyes?" STEEVENS.

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumſtances preceding the birth, and mean, joy was conceived in their eyes, and ſprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

The word *conception* in the preceding line ſhews, I think, that Mr. Tollet's interpretation of this paſſage is the true one. MALONE.

7 *Much!*] Apemantus means to ſay, That's extraordinary. *Much* was formerly an expreſſion of admiration. See Vol. III. p. 208, n. 8. MALONE.

8 *The ear, taſte, touch, ſmell, all pleas'd from thy table riſe;*] The old copy reads:

There taſte, touch, all, &c.

The word *There* was corrected, and the word *ſmell* inſerted by Dr. Warburton. He and the ſubſequent editors omit the word *all*; but omiſſion is the moſt dangerous mode of emendation. The corrupted word *There* ſhews that *The ear* was intended to be contracted into one ſyllable;

They only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:—

Muſick, make their welcome [9]. [*Exit* CUPID.

1. *Lord.* You ſee, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Muſick. Re-enter CUPID, *with a maſque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey day! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance [1]! they are mad women.

Like madneſs is the glory of this life,

As this pomp ſhews to a little oil, and root [2].

ſyllable; and *table* alſo was probably uſed as taking up only the time of a monoſyllable. MALONE.

The five ſenſes, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing*, *taſte*, *touch*, and *ſmell*, are all feaſted at thy board; and theſe ladies come with me to entertain your *ſight* in a maſque. Maſſinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the paſſage from Shakſpeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where, ſpeaking of a banquet, he ſays:

" ——— *All that may be had*

" *To pleaſe the* eye, *the* ear, taſte, touch, *or* ſmell,

" *Are carefully provided.*" WARBURTON.

[9] *Muſick, make their welcome.*] Perhaps the poet wrote:

Muſick, make *known* their welcome.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" We will require her welcome,—

" *Pronounce* it for me, ſir, to all our friends." STEEVENS.

[1] *They dance!*—] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we ſhould read,

Theſe *are mad women.* TYRWHITT.

[2] *Like madneſs is the glory of this life,*

As this pomp ſhews to a little oil, and root.] *The glory of this life is very near to madneſs*, as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philoſopher is feeding on *oil and roots*. When we ſee by example how few are the neceſſaries of life, we learn what madneſs there is in ſo much ſuperfluity. JOHNSON.

The word *like* in this place does not expreſs *reſemblance*, but *equality*. Apemantus does not mean to ſay that the glory of this life was like madneſs, but it was *juſt as much madneſs* in the eye of reaſon, as the pomp appeared to be, when compared to the frugal repaſt of a philoſopher. MASON.

We

We make ourſelves fools, to diſport ourſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one ſpurn to their graves of their friends' gift[3]?
I ſhould fear, thoſe, that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: It has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt a ſetting ſun.

The Lords riſe from table, with much adoring of Timon; *and, to ſhew their loves, each ſingles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto it, and luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device[4];
I am to thank you for it.

1. *Lady.* My lord[5], you take us even at the beſt[6].

Apem.

3 — *of their friends' gift?*] That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

4 — *mine own device*;] The maſk appears to have been deſign'd by Timon to ſurpriſe his gueſts. JOHNSON.

5 1. Lady. *My lord*;] This ſpeech, which in the old copy is given to the firſt lord, has been transferred to the firſt lady, on the ſuggeſtion of Dr. Johnſon, who obſerves that *L* only was probably ſet down in the Mſ. His conjecture is well founded; for that abbreviation is uſed in the old copy in this very ſcene, and in many other places. Mr. Edwards and Mr. Heath, as Mr. Steevens has remarked, propoſed the ſame emendation. The next ſpeech, however coarſe the alluſion couched under the word *taking* may be, puts the matter beyond a doubt. MALONE.

6 — even *at the beſt.*] Perhaps we ſhould read,

—— ever *at the beſt.*

So, Act III. ſc. vi.

Ever *at the beſt.* TYRWHITT.

Take us even at the beſt, I believe, means, you have ſeen the beſt we can do. They are ſuppoſed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in ſuch a confeſſion. STEEVENS.

I believe

Apem. 'Faith, for the worſt is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you [7]. Pleaſe you to diſpoſe yourſelves.

All Lad. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* CUPID, *and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little caſket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no croſſing him in his humour; [*Aſide.*
Elſe I ſhould tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then, an he could [8].
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind [9];
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind [1].

[*Exit, and returns, with the caſket.*

1. *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readineſs.

2. *Lord.* Our horſes.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word

I believe the meaning is, "You have conceived the faireſt of us," (to uſe the words of Lucullus in a ſubſequent ſcene;) you have eſtimated us too highly, perhaps above our deſerts. So Spenſer, *F. Q.* B. VI. c. 9:

"He would commend his guift, and *make the beſt.*" MALONE.

7 — *there is an idle banquet attends you.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"We have a *fooliſh trifling* ſupper towards." STEEVENS.

8 — *he'd be* croſs'd *then, an he could.*] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *croſs'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *croſs'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old ſilver penny, uſed before King Edward the firſt's time, which had a *croſs* on the reverſe with a creaſe, that it might be more eaſily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expreſſion derived, *I have not a* croſs *about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

The poet certainly meant this equivoque, but one of the ſenſes intended to be conveyed was, he will then too late wiſh that it were poſſible to undo what he had done: he will in vain lament that I did not *thwart* him in his career of prodigality. MALONE.

9 — *eyes behind*;] To ſee the miſeries that are following her. JOHNSON.

1 — *for his mind.*] For nobleneſs of ſoul. JOHNSON.

To

To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel[2]; accept it, and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1. *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

Enter another Servant.

2. *Serv.* May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now? what news?

3. *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,

[2] —*to*
Advance *this jewel*;] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

To

To ſhew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good;
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is ſo kind, that he now
Pays intereſt for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch that do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourſelves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2. *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3. *Lord.* O, he is the very ſoul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courſer I rode on: it is yours, becauſe you liked it.

2. *Lord.* O, I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I tell you true[3]. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms[4] to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

[3] I *tell you true.*] The old copy reads—*I'll* tell you true. The correction was made by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

[4] — *'tis not enough to give;*
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms—] What I have already given, ſays Timon, is not ſufficient on the occaſion: Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. I could diſpenſe them on every ſide with an ungrudging diſtribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

Thou

Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. Ay, defiled land[5], my lord.

1. *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound,—

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinite endear'd,—

Tim. All to you[6].—Lights, more lights.

1. *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *Lords, &c.*

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks[7], and jutting out of bums!
I doubt, whether their legs[8] be worth the ſums

That

5 *Ay, defiled land,*—] This is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his eſtate lieth in a* pitch'd *field.* Now *pitch*, as Falſtaff ſays, *doth defile.* Alcibiades therefore replies, that his eſtate lies *in defiled land.* This, as it happened, was not underſtood, and all the editors publiſhed:

I defy *land*,—. JOHNSON.

I being always printed in the old copy for *Ay*, the editor of the ſecond folio made the abſurd alteration mentioned by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

6 *All to you.*] i. e. all good wiſhes, or all happineſs to you. So, *Macbeth:*

"*All to all.*" STEEVENS.

7 *Serving of* becks,] *Beck* means a ſalutation made with the head. So Milton:

"Nods and *becks*, and wreathed ſmiles."

To *ſerve a beck*, is to offer a ſalutation. JOHNSON.

To *ſerve a beck*, means, I believe, *to pay a courtly obedience to a nod.* Thus, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"And with a low *beck*
"Prevent a ſharp check."

In *Merry Tricks or Ram-Alley*, 1611, I find the ſame word:

"I had my winks, my *becks*, treads on the toe."

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"——— wanton looks,
"And privy *becks*, ſavouring incontinence."

That are given for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs:
Methinks, falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'ſt ſin the faſter.
Thou giv'ſt ſo long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyſelf in paper ſhortly[9]:
What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on ſociety once, I am ſworn, not to give regard to you. Farewel; and come with better muſick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So;—
Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou ſhalt not then, I'll lock
Thy heaven[1] from thee. O, that men's ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

Again, in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"And he that with a *beck* controuls the heavens."

It happens then that the word *beck* has no leſs than four diſtinct ſignifications. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *ſmall ſtreams of water*. In Shakſpeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common meaning—*a ſign of invitation made by the hand*. In *Timon*, it appears to denote a *bow*, and in Lylly's play, a *nod of dignity or command*. STEEVENS.

See Surrey's Poems, p. 29:

"And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete."

TYRWHITT.

[8] *I doubt, whether their* legs, &c.] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it ſignifies a *limb* and a *bow* or *act of obeiſance*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 180, n. 4. MALONE.

[9] — *I fear me, thou*

Wilt give away thyſelf in paper *ſhortly*:] i. e. be ruined by his ſecurities entered into. WARBURTON.

[1] *Thy heaven*—] The pleaſure of being flattered. JOHNSON.

Apemantus never intended in any event to flatter Timon, nor did Timon expect any flattery from him. By his *heaven*, he means good advice, the only thing by which he could be ſaved. The following lines confirm this explanation. MASON.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in a Senator's *House.*

Enter a Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore,
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses[2]: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles[3], and still invites

All

[2] — *it foals* me, *straight,*
And able horses:] *If I give my horse to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces* more, *but* able *horses.* The same construction occurs in *Much ado about Nothing:* "—and men are only turned into tongue, *and trim ones* too." Something similar occurs also in B. and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant:*

"——some twenty young and handsome,
"As also able maids, for the court and service." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the letters of the word *me* were transposed at the press. Shakspeare might have written:

——it foals *'em* straight,
And able horses.

If there be no corruption in the text, the word *twenty* in the preceding line, is understood here after *me.*

We have had this sentiment differently expressed in the preceding act:

"—— no meed but he repays
"Seven-fold above itself; no gift to him,
"But *breeds* the giver a return exceeding
"All use of quittance." MALONE.

[3] — *No porter at his gate;*
But rather one that smiles, &c.] I imagine that a line is lost here, in which the behaviour of a surly porter was described. JOHNSON.

There is no occasion to suppose the loss of a line. *Sternness* was the characteristick of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth castle, [1575,] "a *porter*, tall of parson, big of lim, and *stearn* of *countinaunce.*" FARMER.

All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety[4]. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd[5]
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah*,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspéct,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,

The word *one* in the second line does not refer to *porter*, but means a person. He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate to keep people out, but a person who invites them in. MASON.

4 — *no reason*
Can found *his state in safety.*] In my copy of the first folio the word appears to be *sound*. I have printed *found* for the reason assigned by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

The supposed meaning of "Can *sound* his state," &c. must be, *No reason*, by *sounding*, fathoming, or trying, *his state*, can find it *safe*. But as the words stand, they imply, that *no reason can* safely *sound his state*. I read thus:

——— *no reason*
Can found *his state in safety.*

Reason cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*.

The types of the first printer of this play were so worn and defaced, that *f* and *ſ* are not always to be distinguished. JOHNSON.

5 — *be not* ceas'd] i. e. stopp'd. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Why should Tiberius' liberty be *ceas'd*." STEEVENS.

* —*sirrah,*] was added for the sake of the metre by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Lord

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull [6],
Which flashes [7] now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt [8].
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Hall in Timon's *House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind [9].

What

[6] — *a naked* gull,] A *gull* is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phœnix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. STEEVENS.

[7] Which *flashes*, &c.] *Which*, the pronoun relative, relating to *things*, is frequently used, as in this instance, by Shakspeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to *persons*. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer. STEEVENS.

[8] — *take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in compt.] The old copy reads—have the dates in. *Come.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Certainly, ever since bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and these bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapsed. The Senator's charge to his servant must be to the tenour as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them. THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in *Macbeth*:

"Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, *in compt.*
STEEVENS.

[9] — *Never mind*
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.] Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed: and all for the sake of a wretched rhime. To make it sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus:

What ſhall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the ſervants of* Iſidore *and* Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro[1]: What,
You come for money?

—— *Never mind*
Was [made] *to be ſo unwiſe,* [in order] *to be ſo kind.*

i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuſe mind, never before endowed any man with ſo large a ſhare of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expreſſion, converſation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks." JOHNSON.

[1] *Good even, Varro:*] It is obſervable, that this *good evening* is before dinner: for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will *go forth again as ſoon as dinner's done,* which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cœna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repaſt. I do not ſuppoſe the paſſage corrupt: ſuch inadvertencies neither author nor editor can eſcape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Iſidore ſink a few lines afterwards into the ſervants of Varro and Iſidore. Whether ſervants, in our author's time, took the names of their maſters, I know not. Perhaps it is a ſlip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In like manner in the fourth ſcene of the next act the ſervant of Lucius is called by his maſter's name; but our author's intention is ſufficiently manifeſted by the ſtage-direction in the fourth ſcene of the third act, where we find in the firſt folio, (p. 86. col. 2.) "Enter Varro's *man,* meeting others." I have therefore in the preſent edition always annexed *Serv.* to the name of the maſter. MALONE.

In the old copy it ſtands: *Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro.* STEEV.

Good even, or, as it is ſometimes leſs accurately written, *Good den,* was the uſual ſalutation from *noon,* the moment that Good-morrow became improper. This appears plainly from the following paſſage. *Romeo and Juliet,* Act II. ſc. iv:

"*Nurſe.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
"*Mercutio.* God ye *good den,* fair gentlewoman.
"*Nur.* Is it *good den?*
"*Merc.* 'Tis no leſs I tell you; for the ..... hand of the dial is now upon .... *noon.*"

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act I. ſc. i. Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I preſume, of this wide ſenſe of *Good even,* have altered it to *Good morning;* without any neceſſity, as from the courſe of the incidents, precedent and ſubſequent, the day may well be ſuppoſed to be turn'd of *noon.* TYRWHITT.

Var.

Var. Serv. Is't not your buſineſs too?
Caph. It is;—And yours too, Iſidore?
Iſid. Serv. It is ſo.
Caph. 'Would we were all diſcharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and Lords, &c.*

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again[2],
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my ſteward.
Caph. Pleaſe it your lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new days this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit[3],
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyſelf, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's ſervant, my good lord,—
Iſid. Serv. From Iſidore;

[2] —*we'll forth again,*] i. e. to hunting, from which diverſion we find by Flavius's ſpeech he was juſt returned. It may be here obſerved, that in our author's time it was the cuſtom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle*, we find that Queen Elizabeth always while there, hunted in the afternoon. "Monday was hot, and therefore her highneſs kept in till *five o'clock* in the evening; what time it pleaſed her to ryde forth into the chaſe, to hunt the hart of fors; which found anon, and after ſore chaſed," &c. Again: "Monday the 18 of this July, the weather being hot, her highneſs kept the caſtle for coolneſs till about *five o'clock*; her majeſty in the chaſe hunted the hart (as before) of fors." So, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, 1592, Act II. ſc. i:

'He means this *evening* in the park to hunt." REED.

[3] *That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occaſion in a manner conſiſtent with your other noble qualities. STEEVENS.

He humbly prays your ſpeedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my maſter's wants,—
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, ſix weeks,
And paſt.—
Iſid. Serv. Your ſteward puts me off, my lord;
And I am ſent expreſsly to your lordſhip.
Tim. Give me breath:—
I do beſeech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *and Lords.*
I'll wait upon you inſtantly.—Come hither, pray you.
[*to* Flavius.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd,
With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds[4],
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?
Flav. Pleaſe you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your importunacy ceaſe, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do ſo, my friends:
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* TIMON.
Flav. Pray draw near. [*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS, *and a Fool*[5].

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

4 —*of* date-*broken bonds,*] The old copy reads—of *debt* broken bonds. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable; to which I ſhould not have ventured to give a place in the text, but that ſome emendation is abſolutely neceſſary, and this appears to be eſtabliſhed beyond a doubt by a former line in the preceding ſcene:

"And my reliances on his *fracted dates.*"

The tranſcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors evaded the difficulty by omitting the corrupted word, *debt.* MALONE.

5 *Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.*] I ſuſpect ſome ſcene to be loſt, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by ſome introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or ſome other courteſan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the enſuing jocularity. JOHNSON.

Var.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Iſid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How doſt, fool?

Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. Serv. I ſpeak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyſelf.—Come away. [*To the* Fool.

Iſid. Serv. [*to* Var. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He laſt aſk'd the queſtion.—Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want[6]!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Aſſes.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you aſk me, what you are, and do not know yourſelves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your miſtreſs?

[6] *Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds,* &c.] This is ſaid ſo abruptly, that I am inclined to think it miſplaced, and would regulate the paſſage thus:

Caph. *Where's the fool now?*
Apem. *He laſt aſk'd the queſtion.*
All. *What are we, Apemantus?*
Apem. *Aſſes.*
All. *Why?*
Apem. *That you aſk me what you are, and do not know yourſelves. Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak,* &c.

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the paſſage tranſpoſed was forgot in the copy, and inſerted in the margin, perhaps, a little beſide the proper place, which the tranſcriber wanting either ſkill or care to obſerve, wrote it where it now ſtands. JOHNSON.

The tranſpoſition propoſed is unneceſſary. Apemantus does not addreſs theſe words to any of the others, but mutters them to himſelf; ſo that they do not enter into the dialogue or compoſe a part of it. MASON.

Fool.

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are[7]. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth[8].

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page[9].

Page. [*to the* Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

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7 *She's e'en setting on water to* scald, &c.] The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *brenning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms. JOHNSON.

The same thought appears in the *Old Law*, by Massinger:

" —— look parboil'd

" As if they came from Cupid's *scalding* house." STEEVENS.

8 *'Would we could see you at Corinth.*] A cant name for a bawdy-house, I suppose, from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has these words: " CORINTHI *super mille prostitutæ in templo Veneris assiduæ degere, & inflammata libidine quæstui meretricio operam dare, et velut sacrorum ministræ Deæ famulari solebant.*" Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, says: " Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatick old prelatess, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for such a one." WARBURTON.

See Vol. V. p. 264, n. 2. MALONE.

9 —*my* mistress' *page.*] In the first passage the Fool speaks of his *master*, in the second [as exhibited in the modern editions] of his *mistress*. In the old copy it is *master* in both places. It should rather, perhaps, be *mistress* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding passage:

" *All.* How does your *mistress?*"

" *Fool.* My *mistress* is one, and I am her fool." STEEVENS.

I have not hesitated to print *mistress* in both places. *Master* was frequently printed in the old copy instead of *mistress*, and *vice versa*, from the ancient mode of writing an M only, which stood in the Mss. of Shakspeare's time either for the one or the other; and the copyist or printer completed the word without attending to the context. This abbreviation is found in *Coriolanus*, folio, 1623, p. 21:

" Where's Cotus? My *M.* calls for him."

Again, more appositely, in the *The Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

" What ho, M. [*Master*] Lorenzo, and M. [*Mistress*] Lorenzo."

In Vol. III. p. 267, n. 4, and Vol. VI. p. 130, n. 6, are found corruptions similar to the present, in consequence of the printer's completing the abbreviated word of the Ms. improperly. MALONE.

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou waſt whelp'd a dog; and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Even ſo, thou out-run'ſt grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon ſtay at home.—You three ſerve three uſurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they ſerved us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman ſerved thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant: My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merry; but they enter my miſtreſs' houſe[1] merrily, and go away ſadly: The reaſon of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whore-maſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit: ſometime, it appears like a lord; ſome-

[1] — *my* miſtreſs' houſe—] Here again the old copy reads—*maſter's*. I have corrected it for the reaſon already aſſigned. The context puts the matter beyond a doubt. Mr. Theobald, I find, had ſilently made the ſame emendation; but in ſubſequent editions the corrupt reading of the old copy was again reſtored. MALONE.

time,

time, like a lawyer; ſometime, like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than his artificial one[2]: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all ſhapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man: as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become Apemantus.

All. Serv. Aſide, aſide; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON, *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime, the philoſopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

Fla. Pray you, walk near; I'll ſpeak with you anon.

[*Exeunt* Serv.

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me;
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leiſures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back;
And that unaptneſs made your miniſter[3],
Thus to excuſe yourſelf.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay, you found them in mine honeſty.

[2] — *his artificial one:*] Meaning the celebrated philoſopher's ſtone, which was in thoſe times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of thoſe who loſt conſiderable ſums in ſeeking of it. JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the laſt eminent men who entertained hopes of being ſucceſsful in this purſuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden houſe. STEEV.

[3] — *made your miniſter,*] The conſtruction is: *And made that unaptneſs your miniſter.* MALONE.

When,

When, for ſome trifling preſent, you have bid me
Return ſo much *, I have ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainſt the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe: I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greateſt of your having [4] lacks a half
To pay your preſent debts.

Tim. Let all my land be ſold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues: the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning [5]?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word [6];
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you ſuſpect my huſbandry, or falſhood,

* *Return* ſo much,—] He does not mean ſo *great* a ſum, but a certain ſum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uſes this kind of expreſſion. See a note on the words—"with *ſo many* talents," p. 54, n. 6. MALONE.

4 *Though you bear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,*
The greateſt of your having, &c.] Though you now *at laſt* liſten to my remonſtrances, yet now your affairs are in ſuch a ſtate that the whole of your remaining fortune will ſcarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wiſe too late. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time,—

and his emendation has been adopted in the late editions. But it is certainly unneceſſary. MALONE.

5 *What ſhall defend the interim? and at length*
How goes our reckoning?] How will you be able to ſubſiſt in the time intervening between the payment of the preſent demands (which your whole ſubſtance will hardly ſatisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatſoever; and finally on the ſettlement of all accounts in what a wretched plight will you be? MALONE.

6 *O my good lord, the world is but a word;*] The meaning is, as the *world* itſelf may be compriſed in a word, you might give it away in a breath. WARBURTON.

Call

Call me before the exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the gods bleſs me,
When all our offices have been oppreſt
With riotous feeders [7]; when our vaults have wept
With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſy;
I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock [8],
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I ſaid, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves, and peaſants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,

[7] *With riotous* feeders;] *Feeders* are ſervants, whoſe low debaucheries are practiſed in the *offices* of a houſe. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. xi: "—one who looks on *feeders*." It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houſes of offices*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, late edit. v. 8140:

"*Houſes of office* ſtuffed with plentee
"Ther mayſt thou ſee of deinteous vittaille." STEEVENS.

[8] —*a waſteful cock*,] i. e. a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *waſteful cock*, ſignifies a garret lying in waſte, neglected, put to no uſe. HANMER.

Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently miſtaken. A *waſteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with a turning ſtopple *running* to *waſte*. In this ſenſe, both the terms have their uſual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever uſed for *cockloft*. or *waſteful* for *lying in waſte*, or that lying in waſte is at all a phraſe. JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the preſent paſſage, it is certain, that *lying in waſte* is ſtill a very common phraſe. FARMER.

A *waſteful cock* is what we now call a *waſte pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of ciſterns and other reſervoirs, by carrying off their ſuperfluous water. This circumſtance ſerved to keep the idea of Timon's unceaſing prodigality in the mind of the ſteward, while its remoteneſs from the ſcenes of luxury within the houſe, was favourable to meditation. COLLINS.

The reader will have a perfect notion of the method taken by Mr. Pope in his edition, when he is informed that, for *waſteful cock*, that editor reads—*lonely room*. MALONE.

The

The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt; one cloud of winter ſhowers,
Theſe flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath paſs'd my heart;
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given [9].
Why doſt thou weep? Canſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the argument [1] of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Flav. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

Tim. And, in ſome ſort, theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe
Shall I try friends: You ſhall perceive, how you
Miſtake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there,—Flaminius [2]! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſeverally,—You, to lord Lu-

9 *No villainous bounty yet hath paſs'd my heart;*
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.] Every reader muſt rejoice in this circumſtance of comfort which preſents itſelf to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, conſoles himſelf with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the purſuit of guilty pleaſures. STEEVENS.

1 *And try the* argument—] The licentiouſneſs of our author forces us often upon far fetched expoſitions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or for *evidences* and *proofs*. JOHNSON.

The matter contained in a poem or play was in our author's time commonly thus denominated. The contexts of his *Rape of Lucrece*, which he certainly publiſhed himſelf, he calls *The Argument*. Hence undoubtedly his uſe of the word. If I would, ſays Timon, by borrowing, try of what men's hearts are *compoſed*, what they *have in them*, &c. The old copy reads—*argument*, not, as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed, *arguments*. MALONE.

2 —*Flaminius!*—] The old copy has *Flavius*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The error probably aroſe from *Fla.* only being ſet down in the Mſ. MALONE.

cius,—

cius,—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;—commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph! [*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir, [*to another* Serv.] to the senators, (Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way[3],)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters[4],
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions[5],

[3] —*I knew it the most* general *way*,)] *General* is not speedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

[4] —*intending*—] is *regarding, turning their notice* to other things. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the same meaning. So, in the *Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Good sir, *intend* this business." STEEVENS.

So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595:

"Tell this man that I am going to dinner to my lord maior, and that I can not now *intend* his tittle-tattle."

Again, in Pasquil's *Night-Cap*, a poem, 1623:

"For we have many secret ways to spend,
"Which are not fit our husbands should *intend*." MALONE.

[5] —*and these* hard fractions,] *Broken* hints, *interrupted* sentences, *abrupt* remarks. JOHNSON.

With

With certain half-caps[6], and cold-movings nods[7],
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them!—
'Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows have
Their ingratitude in them hereditary[8]:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy[9].—
Go to Ventidius,—[*to a* Serv.] Pr'ythee, [*to* Flavius.] be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to* Serv.] Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend[1], which craves to be remember'd

6 — *half-caps,*] A *half-cap* is a *cap* slightly moved, not put off. JOHNSON.

7 — *cold-moving nods,*] By *cold-moving* I do not understand with Mr. Theobald, *chilling* or *cold-producing* nods, but a slight motion of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

Cold-moving is the same as coldly-moving. So—*perpetual sober* gods, for—*perpetually* sober; *lazy-pacing clouds,—lowing-jealous,—flattering-sweet,* &c.—Such distant and uncourteous salutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly disposition. MALONE.

8 — *in them* hereditary:] *Hereditary*, for by natural constitution. But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude so. WARBURTON.

9 *And nature, as it grows again toward earth,*
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—] The same thought occurs in *The Wife for a Month* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
" *Beside, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,*
" *Which shews all honour is departed from us,*
" *And we are earth again.*" STEEVENS.

1 *Bid him suppose, some* good *necessity*
Touches his friend,] *Good*, as it may afford Ventidius an opportunity of exercising his bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former kindness: or, some *honest* necessity, not the consequence of a *villainous and ignoble bounty*. I rather think this latter is the meaning. MALONE.

With those five talents:—that had, [*to* Flavius] give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought is bounty's foe;
Being free[2] itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Lucullus's *House.*

Flaminius *waiting. Enter a* Servant *to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer* to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir[3].—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit* Servant.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

[2] *Free,*] is *liberal*, not parsimonious. JOHNSON.

* — *a silver bason and ewer*—] These utensils of silver being much in request in Shakspeare's time, he has, as usual, not scrupled to place them in the house of an Athenian nobleman. So again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"———— my house within the city
"Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
"*Basons and ewers* to lave her dainty hands."

See Vol. III. p. 292, n. 3. MALONE.

[3] — *very* respectively *welcome*, &c.] i. e. respectfully. So, in *K. John*:

"'Tis too *respective*," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 456, n. 8. MALONE.

Lucul.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, ſir: And what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, ſir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to ſupply; who, having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents, hath ſent to your lordſhip to furniſh him; nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, ſays he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to ſupper to him, of purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs: and yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honeſty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine.*

Serv. Pleaſe your lordſhip, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Lucul. I have obſerved thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, ſirrah. [*To the* Servant, *who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honeſt Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wiſe; and thou know'ſt well enough, although thou comeſt to me, that this is no time to lend money; eſpecially upon bare friendſhip, without ſecurity. Here's three ſolidares[4] for thee; good boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible, the world ſhould ſo much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd[5]? Fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

4 — *three* ſolidares—] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS.

5 *And we alive, that liv'd?*] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to ſay, *in ſo ſhort a time.* WARBURTON.

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit* LUCULLUS.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation [6],
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights [7]? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave,
Unto his honour [8], has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature [9]
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour [1]! [*Exit.*

[6] *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In the *Shepherd's Colendar*, however, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fullfill and repleniſh them of their insatiate covetise." Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled *The dead Man's Song:*

"And ladles full of melted gold
"Were poured down their throats." STEEVENS.

This probably alludes to the story of Marcus Crassus and the Parthians, who are said to have poured molten gold down his throat, as a reproach and punishment for his avarice. MASON.

[7] *It* turns *in less than two nights?*] Alluding to the *turning* or acescence of milk. JOHNSON.

[8] *Unto his honour,*] Thus the old copy. What Flaminius seems to mean is,—This slave (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read, *unto this hour*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

[9] — *of* nature—] Flaminius considers that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as constituting a great part of his animal system. STEEVENS.

[1] — *his hour!*] i. e. the hour of sickness. *His* for *its*. STEEVENS.

His in almost every scene of these plays is used for *its*, but here I think "*his* hour" relates to Lucullus, and means *his life*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter LUCIUS, *with three* Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1. *Stran.* We know him for no less[2], though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done * and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents[3]; nay, urged extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2. *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mis-

2 *We know him for no less*, &c.] That is, *we know him* by report to be *no less* than you represent him, though we are strangers to his person. JOHNSON.

* — *are* done —] i. e. consumed. See Vol. VI. p. 79, n. 8. MALONE.

3 — *to borrow so many talents*;] Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily, *fifty talents*. *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number. The stranger might not know the exact sum. STEEVENS.

So Queen Elizabeth to one of her parliaments: "And for me, it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a queen having reigned *such a time*, [i. e. the time that she should have reigned, whatever time that might happen to be] lived and died a virgin." MALONE.

took him, and ſent to me [4], I ſhould ne'er have deny'd his occaſion ſo many talents [5].

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have ſweat to ſee his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

[*To* LUCIUS.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, ſir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your honour, my lord hath ſent—

Luc. Ha! what has he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that lord; he's ever ſending; How ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Ser. He has only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my lord; requeſting your lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with ſo many talents [6].

[4] —*yet had he* miſtook *him, and ſent to me,*] Lucius has juſt declared that he had had fewer preſents from Timon, than Lucullus had received, who therefore ought to have been the firſt to aſſiſt him. Yet, ſays he, had Timon *miſtook him*, or overlooked that circumſtance, and ſent to me, I ſhould not have denied, &c. STEEVENS.

Had he miſtook *him* means, had he by miſtake thought him under leſs obligations than me, and ſent to me accordingly. HEATH.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *him* relates to Timon, and that *miſtook him* is a reflective participle. MALONE.

[5] —*deny'd his occaſion* ſo many *talents.*] i. e. a certain number of talents, ſuch a number as he might happen to want. This paſſage, as well as a former, (ſee n. 3,) ſhews that the text below is not corrupt. MALONE.

[6] —*with ſo many talents.*] Such again is the reading with which the old copy ſupplies us. Probably the exact number of the *talents wanted* was not expreſsly ſet down by Shakſpeare. If this was the caſe, the player who repreſented the character ſpoke of the firſt number that was uppermoſt in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouſe books, put down an indefinite for the definite ſum, which remained unſpecified. The modern editors read again in this inſtance, *fifty talents*. Perhaps the ſervant brought a note with him which he tender'd to Lucullus. STEEVENS.

There is, I am confident, no error. I have met with this kind of phraſeology in many books of Shakſpeare's age. In *Julius Cæſar* we have the phraſe uſed here. Lucilius ſays to his adverſary,

"There is *ſo much* that thou wilt kill me ſtraight." MALONE.

Luc. I know, his lordſhip is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my lord.
If his occaſion were not virtuous [7],
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully [8].

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, ſir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might have ſhewn myſelf honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour [9]?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beaſt, I ſay:—I was

7 *If his occaſion were not* virtuous,] *Virtuous*, for ſtrong, forcible, preſſing. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be;—If he did not want it for a good uſe. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explication is certainly right. We had before:

"Some *good neceſſity* touches his friend." MALONE.

8 — *half ſo* faithfully.] *Faithfully*, for fervently. WARBURTON.

Zeal or *fervour* uſually attending *fidelity*. MALONE.

9 — *that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little* part, *and undo a great deal of honour?*—] Though there is a ſeeming plauſible antitheſis in the terms, I am very well aſſured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only ſubſtantive that follows in the ſentence. How much is the antitheſis improved by the ſenſe which my emendation gives? "That I ſhould purchaſe —for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!" THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, like all others, by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in ſuſpecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchaſe the day before for a little* park. JOHNSON.

I am ſatisfied with the old reading, which is ſufficiently in our author's manner. By purchaſing what brought me but little honour, I have loſt the more honourable opportunity of ſupplying the wants of my friend. Dr. Farmer, however, ſuſpects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation, and *honour* (i. e. the *lordſhip* of a place) in a legal ſenſe. See Jacob's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Johnſon's reading is the true one. I once ſuſpected the phraſe "purchaſe *for*;" but a more attentive examination of our authour's works and thoſe of his contemporaries has ſhewn me the folly of ſuſpecting corruptions in the text, merely becauſe it exhibits a different phraſeology from that uſed at this day. MALONE.

ſending to uſe lord Timon myſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind:— And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, ſir, I ſhall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.

True, as you ſaid, Timon is ſhrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1. *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius?

2. *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1. *Stran.* Why this is the world's ſoul, and juſt of the ſame piece
Is every flatterer's ſpirit[1]. Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the ſame diſh? for in my knowing
Timon has been this lord's father, and kept
His credit with his purſe;
Supported his eſtate; nay, Timon's money

[1] —*flatterer's* ſpirit.] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other [modern] editions read,

Why this is the world's ſoul;
Of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſport.

Mr. Upton has not unluckily tranſpoſed the two final words, thus;

Why, this is the world's ſport;
Of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſoul.

The paſſage is not ſo obſcure as to provoke ſo much enquiry. *This*, ſays he, *is the ſoul* or ſpirit *of the world: every flatterer* plays the ſame game, makes *ſport* with the confidence of his friend. JOHNSON.

The emendation, *ſpirit*, belongs not to Dr. Warburton, but to Mr. Theobald. The word was frequently pronounced as one ſyllable, and ſometimes, I think, written *ſpirt*. Hence the corruption was eaſy; whilſt on the other hand it is highly improbable that two words ſo diſtant from each other as *ſoul* and *ſport* [or *ſpirit*] ſhould change places. Mr. Upton did not take the trouble to look into the old copy; but finding *ſoul* and *ſport* the final words of two lines in Mr. Pope's and the ſubſequent editions, took it for granted they held the ſame ſituation in the original edition, which we ſee was not the caſe. I do not believe this ſpeech was intended by the authour for verſe. MALONE.

Has

Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!
He does deny him, in reſpect of his[2],
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1. *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never taſted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him[3],

So

[2] — *in reſpect of his,*] That is, *in reſpect of his* fortune: what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius poſſeſſes, leſs than the uſual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON.

[3] *I would have put my wealth into* donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,] *Had his neceſſity made uſe of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the beſt half of what I had gained myſelf, or received from others, ſhould have found its way to him.* Either ſuch licentious expoſition muſt be allowed, or the paſſage remain in obſcurity.

The following lines in *Hamlet*, Act II. ſc. ii. perſuade me that my explanation of—*put my wealth into donation*—is very doubtful:

" *Put* your dread pleaſures more *into command*
" Than to entreaty."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. iv:

" And mad'ſt me *put into contempt* the ſuits
" Of princely fellows," &c.

Perhaps the ſtranger means to ſay, I would have treated my wealth as a preſent originally received from him, and on this occaſion have return'd him the half of that whole for which I ſuppoſed myſelf to be indebted to his bounty. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the latter very happy interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one; and I ſhould have omitted the former, but that it was ſo connected with what follows as not to be eaſily ſeparated. Though, (ſays the ſpeaker) I never taſted Timon's bounty in my life, I would have *ſuppoſed* my whole fortune to have been a *gift* from him, &c. So, in the common phraſe,—*Put* yourſelf [i. e. ſuppoſe yourſelf] in my place. The paſſages quoted by Mr. Steevens fully ſupport the phraſe—*into* donation.

" *Return'd*

So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Sempronius's *House.*

Enter Sempronius, *and a Servant of* Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove all others?
He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison[4]: All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd[5], and found base metal; for
They have all deny'd him?

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—
It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over[6]; Must I take the cure upon me? He

"*Return'd* to him" necessarily includes the idea of having *come from* him, and therefore can not mean simply—*found its way*, the interpretation first given by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

[4] *And now Ventidius is wealthy too,*
Whom he redeem'd from prison:] This circumstance occurs likewise in the anonymous unpublished comedy of *Timon*:

"O yee ingrateful! have I freed yee
"From bonds in prison, to requite me thus,
"To trample ore mee in my misery?" Malone.

[5] *They have all been* touch'd,] That is, *tried*; alluding to the *touch-stone*. Johnson.

[6] — *his friends, like physicians,*
Thrive, give him over?] Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plausibly enough. Instead of *three* proposed by Mr. Pope, I should read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. Johnson.

Perhaps we should read—*shriv'd*. They *give him over shriv'd*; that is, *prepared for immediate death by shrift*. Tyrwhitt.

Perhaps the following passage in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy* is the best comment after all:

"— Physicians

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't, But

" —— Physicians thus,
" *With their hands full of money*, use to *give o'er*
" Their patients."

The passage will then mean:—" His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish, and forsake him*, or give his case up as desperate." *To give over* in the *Taming of the Shrew* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but simply means to leave, to forsake, to quit:

" And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
" *To give you over* at this first encounter,
" Unless you will accompany me thither." STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio, the first and principal corrupter of these plays, for *Thrive*, substituted *Thriv'd*, on which the conjectures of Sir Thomas Hanmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt were founded.

The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Dutchess of Malfy*, is a strong confirmation of the old reading; for Webster appears both in that and in another piece of his (*The White Devil*) to have frequently imitated Shakspeare. Thus, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, we find:

" —— Use me well, you were best;
" What I have done, I have done; I'll confess nothing."

Apparently from *Othello*:

" Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
" From this time forth I never will speak word."

Again, the Cardinal, speaking to his mistress Julia, who had importuned him to disclose the cause of his melancholy, says:

" —— Satisfy thy longing;
" The only way to make thee keep thy counsel,
" Is, not to tell thee."

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

—— " for secrecy
" No lady closer; for I well believe
" Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know."

Again, in *The White Devil*:

" Terrify *babes*, my lord, with *painted devils*."

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——'tis the eye of *childhood*,
" That fears a *painted devil*."

Again, in *The White Devil*:

" —— the secret of my prince,
" Which I will *wear* i' th' *inside of my heart*."

Copied, I think, from these lines of *Hamlet*:

" —— Give me the man
" That is not passion's slave, and I will *wear* him
" *In my heart's core*, ay, in my heart of heart."

The

But his occaſions might have woo'd me firſt;
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think ſo backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it laſt? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the reſt,
And amongſt lords I be thought* a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
He had ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake;
I had ſuch a courage to do him good[7]. But now return,
And with their faint reply this anſwer join;
Who bates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent[8]! Your lordſhip's a goodly villain.

The White Devil was not printed till 1612.—*Hamlet* had appeared in 1604. See alſo another imitation quoted in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. ii.; and the laſt ſcene of the fourth act of *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, which ſeems to have been copied from our author's *King John*, Act IV. ſc. ii.

The Dutcheſs of Malfy had certainly appeared before 1619, for Burbage, who died in that year, acted in it; I believe, before 1616, for I imagine it is the play alluded to in Ben Jonſon's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, printed in that year:

"To make a child new-ſwaddled to proceed
"Man," &c.

So that probably the lines above cited from Webſter's play by Mr. Steevens, were copied from *Timon* before it was in print; for it firſt appeared in the folio, 1623. Hence we may conclude, that *thrive* was not an error of the preſs, but our author's original word, which Webſter imitated, not from the printed book, but from the repreſentation of the play, or the Mſ. copy.

It is obſervable, that in this piece of Webſter's, the dutcheſs, who, like Deſdemona, is ſtrangled, revives *after long ſeeming* dead, ſpeaks a few words, and then dies. MALONE.

* —I *be thought*—] The perſonal pronoun was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

7 *I had ſuch a courage*—] Such an ardour, ſuch an eager deſire. JOHNSON.

8 *Excellent!* &c.] I ſuppoſe the former part of this ſpeech to have been originally written in verſe, as well as the latter; though the players having printed it as proſe, (omitting ſeveral ſyllables neceſſary to the metre) it cannot now be reſtored without ſuch additions as no editor is at liberty to inſert in the text. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect no omiſſion whatſoever here. MALONE.

The

The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he croſs'd himſelf by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will ſet him clear[9]. How fairly this lord ſtrives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like thoſe that, under hot ardent zeal, would ſet whole realms on fire[1].
Of ſuch a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.

9 *The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick*; *he croſs'd himſelf by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will ſet him clear.*] The meaning, I think, is this:—*The devil did not know what he was about,* [how much his reputation for wickedneſs would be diminiſhed] *when he made man crafty and intereſted*; *he thwarted himſelf by it*; [by thus raiſing up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to ſurpaſs him;] *and I cannot but think that at laſt the enormities of mankind will riſe to ſuch a height, as to make even Satan himſelf, in compariſon, appear* (what he would leaſt of all wiſh to be) *ſpotleſs and innocent.*

Clear is in many other places uſed by our authour and the contemporary writers, for *innocent.* So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" —— nothing but heart's ſorrow
" And a *clear* life enſuing."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" —— This Duncan
" Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
" So *clear* in his great office,—".

Again, in the play before us:

" Roots, ye *clear* gods!"

Again, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion,* 1657:

" —— I know myſelf am *clear*
" As is the new-born infant." MALONE.

1 — *takes* virtuous copies *to be wicked*; *like thoſe,* &c.] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. Theſe people were then ſet upon a project of new-modelling the eccleſiaſtical and civil government according to ſcripture rules and examples; which makes him ſay, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would ſet whole realms on fire.* So Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealouſy of friendſhip, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At beſt the ſimilitude is an aukward one; but it fitted the *audience,* though not the *ſpeaker.* WARBURTON.

And

And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe[1]. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Hall in Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter two ſervants of Varro, *and the ſervant of* Lucius, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other ſervants to* Timon's *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus, and Hortenſius.
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?
Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One buſineſs does command us all; for mine
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And ſir Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord ſeen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed ſhorter with him:

[1] —*keep his houſe.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. JOHNSON.
So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act III. ſc. ii. "You will turn good huſband now, Pompey; you will *keep the houſe.*" STEEVENS.

You

You muſt conſider, that a prodigal courſe
Is like the ſun's [2]; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'Tis deepeſt winter in lord Timon's purſe;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll ſhew you how to obſerve a ſtrange event.
Your lord ſends now for money.

Hor. Moſt true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is againſt my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord ſhould wear rich jewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge [3], the gods can witneſs:
I know, my lord hath ſpent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worſe than ſtealth.

1. *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns:
What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thouſand mine.

1. *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it ſhould ſeem by
the ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine;
Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd [4].

Enter

[2] ——— *a prodigal courſe*
Is like the ſun's;—] That is, like him in blaze and ſplendour.
" *Soles occidere et redire poſſunt.*" Catul. JOHNSON.
Theobald and the ſubſequent editors, elegantly enough, but without neceſſity, read—a *prodigal's* courſe. We have the ſame phraſe as that in the text in the laſt couplet of the preceding ſcene:
" And this is all a *liberal courſe* allows." MALONE.

[3] *I am weary of this charge*,] That is, of this *commiſſion*, of this *employment*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.*] Should it not be, *Elſe, ſurely*, mine *had equall'd*. JOHNSON.
The meaning may be, " The confidential friendſhip ſubſiſting between your maſter [Lucius] and Timon, was greater than that ſubſiſting

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

sisting between my master [Varro] and Timon; else surely the sum borrowed by Timon from your master had been *equal* to, and *not greater* than, the sum borrowed from mine; and this *equality* would have been produced by the application made to my master being *raised* from *three* thousand crowns to *five* thousand."

Two sums of unequal magnitude may be reduced to an equality, as well by addition to the lesser sum, as by subtraction from the greater. Thus, if A. has applied to B. for ten pounds, and to C for five, and C requests that he may lend A precisely the *same* sum as he shall be furnished with by B, this may be done, either by C's *augmenting* his loan, and lending ten pounds as well as B, or by B's *diminishing* his loan, and, like C lending only five pounds. The words of Varro's servant therefore may mean, Else surely the *same sums* had been borrowed by Timon from both our masters.

I have preserved this interpretation, because I once thought it *probable*, and because it may strike others as *just*. But the true explication I believe is this (which I also formerly proposed). *His* may refer to *mine*. "It should seem that the confidential friendship subsisting between your master and Timon, was greater than that subsisting between Timon and my master; else surely *his* sum, i. e. the sum borrowed from *my* master, [the last antecedent] had been as large as the sum borrowed from yours."

The former interpretation (though I think it wrong,) I have stated thus precisely, and exactly in *substance* as it appeared several years ago, (though the expression is a little varied,) because a shallow REMARKER has endeavoured to represent it as unintelligible. It may be so to him, for the wit of some men, like Falstaff's desert, "is too thick to shine, and too heavy to mount." This *Remarker*, however, it is observable, after a feeble attempt at jocularity, (to which our great Satyrist tells us such criticks are much addicted,) and saying, that he shall take no further notice of this editor's *see-saw conjectures*, with great gravity proposes a comment evidently formed on the latter of them, as an original interpretation of *his own*, on which the reader may *safely* rely.

MALONE.

Enter

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his ſteward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, ſir?

1. *Var. Serv.* By your leave, ſir,—

Flav. What do you aſk of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, ſir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſums and bills,
When your falſe maſters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could ſmile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the intereſt into their gluttonous maws;
You do yourſelves but wrong, to ſtir me up;
Let me paſs quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

Flav. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you;
For you ſerve knaves. [*Exit.*

1. *Var. Serv.* How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

2. *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? ſuch may rail 'gainſt great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS[5].

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we ſhall know
Some anſwer.

Ser. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen,
To repair ſome other hour, I ſhould
Derive much from it: for, take it on my ſoul,
My lord leans wond'rouſly to diſcontent.

[5] *Enter Servilius.*] It may be obſerved that Shakſpeare has unſkilfully filled his Greek ſtory with Roman names. JOHNSON.

His comfortable temper has forſook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And, if it be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks, he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for anſwer, ſir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage*; FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all mankind, ſhew me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord[6].

Both. Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em[7], cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

[6] Hor. Serv. *And mine, my lord.*] In the old copy this ſpeech is given to *Varro*. I have given it to the ſervant of *Hortenſius*, (who would naturally prefer his claim among the reſt,) becauſe to the following ſpeech in the old copy is prefixed, 2. *Var.* which from the words ſpoken [And *ours*, my lord,] meant, I conceive, *the two ſervants of Varro*. In the modern editions this latter ſpeech is given to Caphis, who is not upon the ſtage. MALONE.

[7] *Knock me down with 'em,*] Timon quibbles. They preſent their written *bills*; he catches at the word, alludes to the *bills*, or battle-axes, which the ancient ſoldiery carried, and were ſtill uſed by the watch in Shakſpeare's time. See the ſcene between Dogberry, &c. in *Much ado about Nothing*. Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know nobody*, 1633, Second Part, Sir John Greſham ſays to his creditors: "Friends, you cannot beat me down with *your bills*." Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—they durſt not *ſtrike down* their cuſtomers with large *bills*." STEEVENS.

Tim.

Tim. Cut my heart in ſums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thouſand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thouſand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?
1. *Var. Serv.* My lord,—
2. *Var. Serv.* My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!
[*Exit.*
Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our maſters may throw their caps at their money; theſe debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON, *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves: Creditors!—devils.
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it ſo:—My ſteward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius;
Ullorxa, all; I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There is not ſo much left, to furniſh out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. The Senate-Houſe.

The Senate ſitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

1. *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't; the fault's bloody;

'Tis neceſſary, he ſhould die:
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.
2. *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe him [8].
Alc. Honour, health, and compaſſion to the ſenate!
1. *Sen.* Now, captain?
Alc. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath ſtept into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man [9], ſetting his fate aſide [1],
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault)
But, with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas ſpent [2],
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1. *Sen.*

[8] — *ſhall bruiſe* him.] The old copy reads—ſhall bruiſe *'em*. The ſame miſtake has happened often in theſe plays. In a ſubſequent line in this ſcene we have in the old copy—with *him*, inſtead of—with *'em*. For the correction, which is fully juſtified by the context, I am anſwerable. MALONE.

9 *He is a man*, &c.] I have printed theſe lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

He is a man, ſetting his fault *aſide,*
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he ſoil, &c. JOHNSON.

This licentious alteration of the text, with a thouſand others of the ſame kind, was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[1] — *ſetting his* fate *aſide*,] i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the queſtion. STEEVENS.

[2] *And with ſuch ſober and* unnoted *paſſion*
He did behave *his anger, ere 'twas ſpent*, &c.] *Unnoted*, according to Dr. Warburton, means *common, bounded*. "Unnoted paſſion," I believe,

1. *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a paradox [3],
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-ſlaughter into form, and ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour miſbegot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe [4]; and make his wrongs
His outſides; to wear them like his raiment, careleſly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?
Alc. My lord,—

I believe, means a paſſion operating inwardly, but not accompanied with any external or boiſterous appearances; ſo regulated and ſubdued, that no ſpectator could *note*, or obſerve, its operation.

The old copy reads—He did *beboove*, &c. which does not afford any very clear meaning. *Behave*, which Dr. Warburton interprets, *manage*, was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I doubt the text is not yet right. Our author ſo very frequently converts nouns into verbs, that I have ſometimes thought he might have written—"He did *behalve* his anger"—i. e. ſuppreſs it. So, *Milton:*

"——yet put he not forth all his ſtrength,
"But check'd it *mid-way*." MALONE.

I would rather read:

——— *and unnoted paſſion*
He did behave, ere was his anger ſpent.

Unnoted paſſion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his paſſion, ſuch a one as has not hitherto been obſerved. *Behave his anger* may, however, be right. In Sir W. Davenant's play of the *Juſt Italian*, 1630, *behave* is uſed in as ſingular a manner:

"How well my ſtars *behave* their influence."

Again:

"——You an Italian, ſir, and thus
"*Behave* the knowledge of diſgrace!"

In both theſe inſtances, to *behave* is to *manage*. STEEVENS.

3 *You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,*] You undertake a paradox too *hard*. JOHNSON.

4 —*that man can* breathe;] i. e. can *utter*. So afterwards:

"You *breathe* in vain." MALONE.

1. *Sen.* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battle,
And not endure all threats? ſleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad[5]? why then, women are more valiant,
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it[6];
And the aſs, more captain than the lion; the fellow[7],
Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,
If wiſdom be in ſuffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extremeſt guſt[8];

[5] — *what make we*
Abroad?] *What do we*, or *what have we to do, in the field.* JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 275, n. 1. MALONE.

[6] — *if* bearing *carry it,*] Dr. Johnſon, when he propoſed to connect this hemiſtich with the following line inſtead of the preceding words, ſeems to have forgot one of our author's favourite propenſities. I have no doubt that the preſent arrangement is right. MALONE.

[7] *And the aſs*, more captain *than the lion*; *the fellow*, &c.] Mr. Pope, who rejected whatever he did not like, omitted the words—*more captain.* They are ſupported by what Alcibiades has already ſaid:

" My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
" If I ſpeak like a *captain.*—"

and by Shakſpeare's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is uſed with at leaſt as much harſhneſs as in the text:

" And captive good attending *captain* ill."

Again, in another of his Sonnets:

" Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
" Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet."

Dr. Johnſon with great probability propoſes to read *felon* inſtead of *fellow.* MALONE.

[8] — *ſin's extremeſt* guſt;] *Guſt* is here in its common ſenſe; the utmoſt degree of *appetite* for ſin. JOHNSON.

I believe *guſt* means *raſhneſs.* The alluſion may be to a ſudden *guſt of wind.* STEEVENS.

So we ſay, it was done in a ſudden *guſt* of paſſion. MALONE.

But,

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis moſt juſt[8].
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2. *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his ſervice done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1. *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I ſay *, my lords, he has done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em[9], he's
A ſworn rioter[1]: he has a ſin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour priſoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1. *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,

8 — *by* mercy, *'tis moſt juſt.*] The meaning is, *I call* mercy *herſelf* to witneſs, that defenſive violence is juſt. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, Homicide in our own defence, *by a merciful and lenient* interpretation of the laws, is conſidered as juſtifiable. MALONE.

* *Why*, I *ſay*,—] The perſonal pronoun was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

9 — *with* 'em,] The folio, *with* him. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

1 *A* ſworn *rioter:*] A *ſworn rioter* is a man who practiſes riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion ſeems to be ſimilar to that of *ſworn brother*. See Vol. V. p. 476, n. 4. MALONE.

Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security[2], I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1. *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2. *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3. *Sen.* What?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base[3],
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1. *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect[4];
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me?
Banish your dotage: banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1. *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.

---

2 — *your reverend ages love*
Security,] He charges them obliquely with being usurers. JOHNSON.
So afterwards:
" ——— banish *usury*,
" That makes the senate ugly." MALONE.

3 — *so* base,] *Base*, for dishonour'd. WARBURTON.

4 *Do you dare our anger?*
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;] This reading may pass, but perhaps the authour wrote:
——— *our anger?*
'Tis few in *words, but spacious in effect.* JOHNSON.

And,

And, not to swell our spirit[5],
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt* Senators.

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts[6].
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds[7];
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE

[5] *And, not to swell our spirit,*] I believe, means, *not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage*, take our definitive resolution. So, in *King Henry VIII.* Act III. sc. i:

"The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
"So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
"They *swell* and grow as terrible as storms." STEEVENS.

[6] — *and* lay *for hearts.*] I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, [as Dr. Warburton thought,] or that *lay* should be changed into *play* [as Dr. Johnson proposed]. We should now say *to lay out for* hearts, i. e. the affections of the people; but *lay* is used singly, as it is here, by Ben Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass*, Vol. IV. p. 33:

"*Lay* for some pretty principality." TYRWHITT.

A kindred expression occurs in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

"He *takes up* Spanish *hearts* on trust, to pay them
"When he shall finger Castile's crown." MALONE.

[7] *'Tis honour, with most* lands *to be at odds;*] I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *lands* cannot be right. To assert that it is honourable to fight with the *greatest* part of the *world*, is very wild. I believe therefore our author meant that Alcibiades in his spleen against the *Senate*, from whom alone he has received any injury, should say,

'Tis honour with most *lords* to be at odds. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. It is surely more honourable *to wrangle for a score of kingdoms*, (as Miranda expresses it) than to enter into quarrels with *lords*, or any other private adversaries. STEEVENS.

The

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in Timon's *House.*

Muſick. Tables ſet out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords [8], *at ſeveral doors.*

1. *Lord.* The good time of day to you, ſir.

2. *Lord.* I alſo wiſh it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1. *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring [9], when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the trial of his ſeveral friends.

2. *Lord.* It ſhould not be, by the perſuaſion of his new feaſting.

1. *Lord.* I ſhould think ſo: He hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2. *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs, but he would not hear my excuſe. I am

The objection to the old reading ſtill in my apprehenſion remains. It is not difficult for him who is ſo inclined, to quarrel with a lord; (or with any other perſon;) but not ſo eaſy to be at odds with his *land.* Neither does the obſervation juſt made prove that it is honourable to quarrel, or to be at odds, *with moſt* of the lands or kingdoms of the earth, which muſt, I conceive, be proved, before the old reading can be ſupported. MALONE.

[8] Enter *divers Lords*—] In the modern editions theſe are called *Senators*; but it is clear from what is ſaid concerning the baniſhment of Alcibiades, that this muſt be wrong. I have therefore ſubſtituted *Lords.* The old copy has "Enter divers *friends.*" MALONE.

[9] *Upon that were my thoughts* tiring,] A hawk, I think, is ſaid to *tire,* when ſhe amuſes herſelf with pecking a pheaſant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it.* JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnſon is miſtaken. *Tiring* means here, I think, *fixed, faſtened,* as the hawk faſtens its beak eagerly on its prey. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Like as an empty eagle, ſharp by faſt,
"*Tires* with her beak on feathers, fleſh, and bone,—".

MALONE.

ſorry,

ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1. *Lord.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2. *Lord.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1. *Lord.* A thouſand pieces.

2. *Lord.* A thouſand pieces!

1. *Lord.* What of you?

3. *Lord.* He ſent to me, ſir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1. *Lord.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your lordſhip.

2. *Lord.* The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willing, than we your lordſhip.

Tim. [*Aſide.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; ſuch ſummer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſick awhile; if they will fare ſo harſhly on the trumpet's ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1. *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O, ſir, let it not trouble you.

2. *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2. *Lord.* My moſt honourable lord, I am e'en ſick of ſhame, that, when your lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, ſir.

2. *Lord.* If you had ſent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2. *Lord.* All cover'd diſhes!

1. *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3. *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1. *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3. *Lord.*

3. *Lord.* Alcibiades is baniſh'd: Hear you of it?

1. 2. *Lord.* Alcibiades baniſh'd!

3. *Lord.* 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1. *Lord.* How? how?

2. *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3. *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.

2. *Lord.* This is the old man ſtill.

3. *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2. *Lord.* It does: but time will—and ſo—

3. *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs: your diet ſhall be in all places alike[1]. Make not a city feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place: Sit, ſit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts, make yourſelves praiſed: but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of villains: If there ſit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—The reſt of your fees[2]*, O gods,—the ſenators of Athens, together with the common lag* [*] *of people,—what is amiſs in them, you gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent friends,—as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The diſhes uncovered are full of warm water.*

[1] — *your diet ſhall be in all places alike.*] See a note on the *Winter's Tale*, Act I. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[2] — *The reſt of your* fees,] We ſhould read—*foes*. WARBURTON.

[*] — *the common* lag—] Old Copy—*leg*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Some

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?
Some other. I know not.
Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection[3]. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long[4],
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies[5],
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks[6]!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady[7]
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first,—thou too,—and thou;—
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

3 *Is your* perfection.] Your *perfection*, is *the highest of your excellence.* JOHNSON.

4 —*Live loath'd, and long,*] This thought has occurred twice before:

" —let not that part
" Of nature my lord paid for, be of power
" To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour!*

Again:

" Gods keep you *old* enough," &c. STEEVENS.

5 —*time's flies,*] Flies of a season. JOHNSON.

6 —*minute-jacks!*] A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. See Sir John Hawkins's note on a passage in *King Richard III.* Act IV. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

7 —*the infinite malady*] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter the Lords, *with other Lords and Senators.*

1. *Lord.* How now, my lords[8]?
2. *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?
3. *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?
4. *Lord.* I have lost my gown.
3. *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?
4. *Lord.* Did you see my cap?
2. *Lord.* Here 'tis.
4. *Lord.* Here lies my gown.
1. *Lord.* Let's make no stay.
2. *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.
3. *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.
4. *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,

[8] *How now, my lords?*] This and the next speech are spoken by the newly arrived lords. MALONE.

And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel[9]! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, obsequies, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live[1]!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!

[9] — *o' the brothel!*] The meaning is, go to thy master's bed, for he is alone; thy mistress is now *of* the brothel; is now there. In the old copy, *i'th'*, *o'th'*, and *a'th'*, are written with very little care, or rather seem to have been set down at random in different places. MALONE.

The sense is, Go, maid, with security to thy master's bed, *for thy mistress is a bawd to thy amours.* STEEVENS.

If the mistress was bawd to the maid, the maid must have known it without a prompter. MASON.

[1] — yet *confusion live!*] Hanmer reads, *let* confusion: but the meaning may be, *though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution*, yet *let not dissolution come, but the miseries of* confusion *continue.* JOHNSON.

And

And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter FLAVIUS[2], *with two or three* Servants.

1. *Serv.* Hear you, maſter ſteward, where is our maſter?
Are we undone? caſt off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1. *Serv.* Such a houſe broke!
So noble a maſter fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2. *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes[3]
Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,
Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe.

3. *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,

[2] *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his ſervants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domeſticks; nothing but impartial kindneſs can gain affection from dependants. JOHNSON.

[3] *So his familiars* to *his buried fortunes*, &c.] So thoſe who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the moſt ample manner participated of them, ſlink all away, &c. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors read—*from* his buried fortunes, but certainly, as Dr. Johnſon owns, without neceſſity. MALONE.

Hearing

Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into this ſea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Wherever we ſhall meet, for Timon's ſake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's ſhake our heads, and ſay,
As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes,
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;

[*giving them money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

O, the fierce wretchedneſs that glory brings us[3]!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted, like his varniſh'd friends?
Poor honeſt lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodneſs! Strange, unuſual blood[4],
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good!

Who

[3] *O, the* fierce *wretchedneſs*—] I believe *fierce* is here uſed for *haſty, precipitate.* Perhaps it is employed in the ſame ſenſe by Ben Jonſon in his *Poetaſter*:

"And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,
"One fit him with a larger pair of ears."

In another play our author has *fierce vanities.* In all inſtances it may mean *glaring, conſpicuous, violent.* So, in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, the Puritan ſays:

"Thy hobby-horſe is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol."

Again, in *King John*:

"O vanity of ſickneſs! *fierce* extremes
"In their continuance will not feel themſelves."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit." STEEVENS.

[4] —*Strange, unuſual* blood,] In the *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608, attributed to Shakſpeare, *blood* ſeems to be uſed for *inclination, propenſity*:

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Strange, unuſual blood, may therefore mean, ſtrange unuſual diſpoſition. STEEVENS.

Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb [5]
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature [6].
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord [7];

The

Throughout these plays *blood* is frequently used in the sense of natural propensity or disposition. See Vol. II. p. 48, n. 7; and p. 244, n. 7. MALONE.

5 — *below thy sister's orb*] That is, the moon's; this *sublunary* world. JOHNSON.

6 — *Not nature,*
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.] The meaning I take to be this: *Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother*; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, *besieged as it is by misery*, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when *elevated by fortune, will despise* beings of *nature like its own.* JOHNSON.

But by is here used for *without.* MALONE.

7 *Raise me this beggar, and* denude *that lord,*] The old copy reads—*deny't* that lord. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. So, as Theobald has observed, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures."

MALONE.

So

The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the paſture lards the brother's ſides,
The want that makes him lean[8]. Who dares, who dares,
In

So lord Rea in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1630:
" All theſe Hamiltons had *denuded* themſelves of their fortunes and
" eſtates."
And Charles the Fi-ſt, in his meſſage to the parliament, ſays:
" —*denude* ourſelves of all."—Clar. Vol. III. p. 15. octavo edit.
WARBURTON.

I believe the former reading to be the true one. Raiſe me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A lord is not ſo high a title in the ſtate, but that a man originally poor might be raiſed to one above it. We might read—*deveſt* that lord. *Deveſt* is an Engliſh law phraſe. Shakſpeare uſes the word in *King Lear*:

" Since now we will *deveſt* us, both of rule," &c.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, is not, however, uncommon. I find it in the *Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604:

" As one of all happineſs *denuded*." STEEVENS.

The objection to the reading of the old copy, *deny't*, is, that there is no antecedent to which the word *it* can be referred. MALONE.

[8] *It is the* paſture *lards the brother's ſides,*
The want that makes him lean.] This paſſage ſtands thus in the old copy:

It is the *paſtour* lards the brother's ſides,
The want that makes him *leaue*.

That it is corrupt, no one, I ſuppoſe, can doubt; emendation therefore in this and a few other places, is not a matter of choice but neceſſity. I have already more than once obſerved, that many corruptions have crept into the old copy, by the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. In *Coriolanus* we have *higher* for *hire*, and *hope* for *holp*; in the preſent play *reverends* for *reverends't*; and in almoſt every play ſimilar corruptions. In *King Richard II.* quarto, 1598, we find the very error that happened here:

" ——— and bedew
" Her *paſtors'* graſs with faithful Engliſh blood."

Again, in *As you like it*, folio, 1623, we find, " I have heard him read many *lectors* againſt it;" inſtead of *lectures*.

Paſture, when the *u* is founded thin, and *paſtor*, are ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable.

Thus, as I conceive, the true reading of the firſt diſputed word of this conteſted paſſage is aſcertained. In *As you like it* we have—" good paſture makes fat ſheep." Again, in the ſame play:

" ——— Anon, a careleſs herd,
" Full of *the paſture*, jumps along by him," &c.

In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, *This man's a flatterer*[9]? if one be,

So

The meaning then of the paſſage is, It is the land alone which each man poſſeſſes that makes him rich, and proud, and flattered; and the want of it, that makes him poor, and an object of contempt. I ſuppoſe, with Dr. Johnſon, that Shakſpeare was ſtill thinking of the rich and poor *brother* already deſcribed.

I doubt much whether Dr. Johnſon himſelf was ſatisfied with his far-fetched explication of *paſtour*, as applied to brother; [See his note.] and I think no one elſe can be ſatisfied with it. In order to give it ſome little ſupport, he ſuppoſes "*This* man's a flatterer," in the following paſſage, to relate to the imaginary *paſtor* in this; whereas thoſe words indubitably relate to *any* one individual ſelected out of the aggregate maſs of mankind. See note 9.

Dr. Warburton reads—*weather's* ſides; which affords a commodious ſenſe, but is ſo far removed from the original reading as to be inadmiſſible. Shakſpeare, I have no doubt, thought at firſt of thoſe animals that are fatted by *paſture*, and paſſed from thence to the *proprietor* of the *ſoil*.

I have ſometimes thought that he might have written—the *breather's* ſides. He has thrice uſed the word elſewhere. "I will chide no *breather* in the world, but myſelf," ſays Orlando in *As you like it*. Again, in one of his *Sonnets*:

"When all the *breathers* of this world are dead."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"She ſhews a body, rather than a life;
"A ſtatue, than a *breather*."

If this was the authour's word in the paſſage before us, it muſt mean *every living animal*. But I have little faith in ſuch conjectures.

Concerning the third word there can be no difficulty. *Leane* was the old ſpelling of *lean*, and the *u* in the Mſs. of our authour's time is not to be diſtinguiſhed from an *n*. Add to this, that in the firſt folio *u* is conſtantly employed where we now uſe a *v*; and hence, by inverſion, the two letters were often confounded (as they are at this day in almoſt every *proof*-ſheet of every book that paſſes through the preſs). Of this I have given various inſtances in a note in Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9. See alſo Vol. V. p. 252, n. 9.

But it is not neceſſary to have recourſe to theſe inſtances. This very word *leave* is again printed inſtead of *leane*, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. quarto, 1600.

"The lives of all your loving complices
"*Leave* on your health."

On the other hand, in *K. Henry VIII.* 1623, we have *leane* inſtead of *leave*: "You'll *leane* your noiſe anon, you raſcals." But any argument on this point is ſuperfluous, ſince the context clearly ſhews that *lean* muſt have been the word intended by Shakſpeare.

Such

So are they all; for every grize of fortune[z]
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,

Such emendations as thoſe now adopted, *thus founded* and ſupported, are not capricious conjectures, againſt which no one has ſet his face more than the preſent editor, but almoſt certainties.

This note has run out into an inordinate length, for which I ſhall make no other apology than that finding it *neceſſary* to depart from the reading of the old copy, to obtain any ſenſe, I thought it incumbent on me to ſupport the readings I have choſen, in the beſt manner in my power. MALONE.

Let us ſee what ſenſe the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, ſays the poet, *bears contempt hereditary*, and *wealth native honour*. To illuſtrate this poſition, having already mentioned the caſe of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by thoſe whom it leaſt becomes; *it is the* paſtour *that greaſes* or flatters *the rich* brother, and will greaſe him on till *want make him leave*. The poet then goes on to aſk, *Who dares to ſay, this man*, this paſtour, *is a flatterer?* the crime is univerſal; through all the world *the learned pate*, with alluſion to the paſtour, *ducks to the golden fool*. If it be objected, as it may juſtly be, that the mention of a paſtour is unſuitable, we muſt remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many ſuch anachroniſms in many others. I would therefore read thus:

It is the paſtour lards the brother's ſides,
'Tis *want that makes him leave.*

The obſcurity is ſtill great. Perhaps a line is loſt. I have at leaſt given the original reading. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote *paſterer*, for I meet with ſuch a word in Greene's *Farewel to Follie*, 1617: "Alexander before he fell into the Perſian delicacies, refuſed thoſe cooks and *paſterers* that Ada queen of Caria ſent to him." There is likewiſe a proverb among Ray's collection which ſeems to afford much the ſame meaning as this paſſage in Shakſpeare. "Every one baſteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"That were to *enlard* his *fat-already* pride." STEEVENS.

9 *And ſay*, This *man's a flatterer?*] *This man* does not refer to any particular perſon before mentioned, as Dr. Johnſon thought, but to ſome ſuppoſed individual. Who, ſays Timon, can with propriety lay his hand on *this* or *that* individual, and pronounce him a peculiar flatterer? All mankind are equally flatterers. So, in *As you like it*:

"Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
"When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?" MALONE.

[z] — *for every* grize *of fortune*] *Grize* for ſtep or degree. POPE. See Vol. IV. p. 66, n. 4. MALONE.

But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind[2]!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist[3]. Roots, you clear heavens[4]!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides[5];
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads[6]:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd[7]; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,

[2] —fang *mankind!*—] i. e. seize, gripe. This verb is used by Decker in his *Match me at London*, 1631: "—bite any catchpole that *fangs* for you." STEEVENS.

[3] — *no idle votarist.*] No insincere or inconstant supplicant. *Gold* will not serve me instead of *roots*. JOHNSON.

[4] —*you* clear heavens!] This may mean either ye *cloudless skies*, or *ye deities exempt from guilt*. Shakspeare mentions the *clearest gods* in *King Lear*. Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side,
"In his *clear* bed might have reposed still."

i. e. his *uncontaminated* bed. STEEVENS.

See p. 61, n. 9. MALONE.

[5] — *Why this*

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;] Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, Act V. sc. ii. makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

[6] *Pluck* stout *men's pillows from below their heads:*] i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor, supposing *stout* to signify *healthy*, alters it to *sick*, and this he calls emending. WARBURTON.

[7] —*the hoar leprosy*—] So, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. xxviii. ch. 12. "—the *foul white leprie* called *elephantiasis*." STEEVENS.

With

With ſenators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again[8];

She,

[8] *That makes the* wappen'd *widow wed again*;] *Waped* or *wappen'd* ſignifies both ſorrowful and terrified, either for the loſs of a good huſband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he ſays, can overcome both her affection and her fears. WARBURTON.

Of *wappened* I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To *awhape* is uſed by Spenſer in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I think not in either of the ſenſes mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *decayed by time*. So our authour in *K. Richard III*:

" *A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widow.*" JOHNSON.

In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Decker, 1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will eaſily explain for himſelf, when he has ſeen the following paſſage:

" Moll. And there you ſhall *wap* with me.
" Sir B. Nay, *Moll*, what's that *wap*?
" Moll. *Wappening* and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's Maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed*:

" Boarded at Tappington,
" *Bedded* at *Wap*pington."

Again, in *Martin Mark-all's Apologies to the Bel-man of London*, 1610. " *Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman: this word is not uſed now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping-morts* for whores."

It muſt not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in the *Complaint of Annelda*, line 217, uſes the word with the ſenſe in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

" My ſewertye in *waped* countenance."

Wappened, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean—*The widow whoſe curioſity and paſſions had been already gratified*. So, in *Hamlet*:

" The inſtances that ſecond marriage move,
" Are baſe reſpects of *thrift*, but none of *love*."

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the ſame ſentiment may be diſcovered there. There may, however, be ſome corruption in the text. STEEVENS.

The inſtances produced by Mr. Steevens fully ſupport the text in my apprehenſion, nor do I ſuſpect any corruption. *Unwapper'd* is uſed by Fletcher in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, for *freſh*, the oppoſite of *ſtale*; and perhaps we ſhould read there *unwappen'd*.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation however, is, I think, not quite exact, becauſe it appears to me likely to miſlead the reader with reſpect to the general import of the paſſage. Shakſpeare means not to account for the wappen'd widow's *ſeeking* a huſband, (though " her *curioſity* has been *gratified*,") but for her *finding* one. It is her gold, ſays he, that induces ſome one (more attentive to *thrift* than *love*) to *accept* in mar-

She, whom the ſpital-houſe and ulcerous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at[8], this embalms and ſpices

riage the hand of the *experienced* and *o'er-worn* widow.—*Wed* is here uſed for *wedded*. So, in *the Comedy of Errors*, Act I. ſc. i:

" In Syracuſa was I born, and *wed*
" Unto a woman, happy but for me."

If *wed* is uſed as a verb, the words mean, *that effects or produces her ſecond marriage*. MALONE.

[8] *She, whom the ſpital-houſe and ulcerous ſores*
Would caſt the gorge at,] Surely we ſhould read:
She, at *whoſe* ulcerous ſores the ſpital-houſe
Would caſt the gorge *up*, this, &c.

So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*:

" And all the way, moſt like a brutiſh beaſt,
" He ſpewed *up* his gorge."

The old reading is nonſenſe. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we have *honour and death*, for *honourable death*. " The ſpital-houſe and ulcerous ſores," therefore, may be uſed for *the contaminated ſpital-houſe*; the ſpital-houſe replete with ulcerous ſores If it be aſked, how can the ſpital-houſe, or how can ulcerous ſores, *caſt the gorge* at the female here deſcribed, let the following paſſages anſwer the queſtion:

" Heaven ſtops the *noſe* at it, and the moon *winks*." *Othello*.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" Whoſe *ſpirit*, with divine ambition puff'd,
" *Makes mouths* at the inviſible event."

Again, *ibid*:

" ——— till our *ground*,
" Sindging his *pate* againſt the burning zone," &c.

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" Over thy *wounds* now do I prophecy,—
" Which, like dumb mouths, do *ope* their ruby *lips*,—."

Again, in *the Merchant of Venice*:

" ——— when the bagpipe ſings i' the *noſe*,—".

Again, in the play before us:

" —— when our vaults have *wept*
" With drunken ſpilth of wine—."

In the preceding page, all *ſores* are ſaid to lay *ſiege* to nature; which they can no more do, if the paſſage is to be underſtood literally, than they can *caſt the gorge* at the ſight of the perſon here deſcribed.—In a word, the diction of the text is ſo very Shakſpearian, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould be ſuſpected of corruption.

The meaning is, Her, whom the ſpital-houſe, however polluted, would not admit, but reject with abhorrence, this embalms, &c. or, (in a looſer paraphraſe) Her, at the ſight of whom all the patients in the ſpital-houſe, however contaminated, would ſicken and turn away with loathing and abhorrence, diſguſted by the view of ſtill greater pollution than any they had yet experience of, this embalms and ſpices, &c. MALONE.

To

To the April day again[9]. Come, damned earth,
Thou, common whore of mankind, that put'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature[1].—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—
Thou'rt quick[2],
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, ſtrong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:—
Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*keeping ſome gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner*; PHRYNIA, *and* TYMANDRA.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeak.

Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For ſhewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? Is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thyſelf a man?

Tim. I am *miſanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.

9 *To the* April *day again.*] The *April day* does not relate to *the widow*, but to the other *diſeaſed female*, who is repreſented as the *outcaſt of an hoſpital*. She it is, whom gold *embalms and ſpices* to the *April day again*: i. e. gold reſtores her to all the *freſhneſs and ſweetneſs* of youth. Such is the power of gold, that it will

" —— make black, white; foul, fair;
" Wrong, right;" &c.

A quotation or two may perhaps ſupport this interpretation. In Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607, " He is a young man, and in the *April of his age*. Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, chap. iii. calls *youth* " the *April* of man's life." Shakſpeare's Sonnet entitled *Love's Cruelty*, has the ſame thought:

" Thou art thy mother's glaſs, and ſhe in thee
" Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime."

Daniel's 31ſt Sonnet has, " —— the *April* of my years." Maſter Fenton " ſmells *April* and May." TOLLET.

1 *Do thy right nature.*—] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. JOHNSON.

2 — *Thou'rt quick,*] Thou haſt life and motion in thee. JOHNSON.

* *I am* miſanthropos,] A marginal note in the old tranſlation of Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, furniſhed our authour with this epithet: " Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon *Miſanthropus*, the Athenian." MALONE.

Alc.

Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and ſtrange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not deſire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what ſhould war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more deſtruction than thy ſword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiſs thee [3]; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change!
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no ſuns to borrow of.
Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendſhip may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alc. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promiſe me friendſhip, but perform none:
If thou wilt not promiſe [4], the gods plague thee,
For thou art a man! if thou doſt perform,
Confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alc. I have heard in ſome ſort of thy miſeries.
Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them, when I had proſperity.
Alc. I ſee them now; then was a bleſſed time *.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?

[3] *I will not kiſs thee*;] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection tranſmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, ſays Timon, take the rot from thy lips by kiſſing thee. JOHNSON.

[4] *If thou wilt not promiſe*, &c.] That is, however thou may'ſt act, ſince thou art man, hated man, I wiſh thee evil. JOHNSON.

* — then *was a bleſſed time.*] I ſuſpect, from Timon's anſwer, that Shakſpeare wrote—*thine* was a bleſſed time. MALONE.

Tim. Art thou Tymandra?

Tyman. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore ſtill! they love thee not, that uſe thee;
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt.
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours[5]: ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down roſe-cheeked youth[6]
To the tub-faſt, and the diet[7].

Tyman.

5 *Be a whore ſtill! They love thee not that uſe thee;*
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt:
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, &c.] There is here a ſlight tranſpoſition. I would read:

—They love thee not that uſe thee,
Leaving with thee their luſt; give them diſeaſes,
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs and baths;—. JOHNSON.

6 *—bring down* roſe-cheeked *youth—*] This expreſſive epithet our authour might have found in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander:*

"*Roſe-cheek'd* Adonis kept a ſolemn feaſt." MALONE.

7 *To the* tub-*faſt, and the diet.*] Old Copy—*fub*-faſt. Corrected by Dr. Warburton. The preceding line, and a paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, fully ſupport the emendation:

"Truly, ſir, ſhe [the bawd] hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the *tub*." MALONE.

The authour is alluding to the *lues venerea*, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both caſes the patient was kept up very warm and cloſe; that in the firſt application the ſweat might be promoted; and leſt, in the other, he ſhould take cold, which was fatal. "The regimen for the courſe of guaiacum (ſays Dr. Friend in his *Hiſtory of Phyſick*, Vol. II. p. 380.) was at firſt ſtrangely circumſtantial; and ſo rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him ſweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expreſſes it, the bones, and the very man himſelf was macerated." Wiſeman ſays, in England they uſed a *tub* for this purpoſe, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was ſometimes continued for thirty-ſeven days (as he obſerves, p. 375.) and during this time there was neceſſarily an extraordinary *abſtinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-faſt*. WARBURTON.

So, in Jaſper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

"—You had better match a ruin'd bawd,
"One ten times cur'd by ſweating, and the *tub*."

The diet was likewiſe a cuſtomary term for the regimen preſcribed in

Tyman. Hang thee, monſter!

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet Tymandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How curſed Athens, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them[8],—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well:
Here is ſome gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cauſe.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conqueſt; and
Thee after, when thou haſt conquer'd!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou waſt born
To conquer my country.
Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

---

in theſe caſes. So, in a Collection of ancient Epigrams called the *Maſtive*, &c.

"She took not *diet*, nor the ſweat in ſeaſon."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*:

"—— caught us, and put us in a *tub*,
"Where we this two months ſweat, &c.
"This bread and water hath our *diet* been," &c. STEEVENS.

Of the tub mentioned in this note, there is a print in Holme's *Storehouſe of Armory and Blazon*, with an account of it in Book III. ch. xi. p. 421, which the reader, whoſe curioſity is alive to ſuch ſubjects, may be referred to. M. C. T.

[8] — *trod upon them,*] Hanmer reads—*bad* trod upon them. Shakſpeare was not thus minutely accurate. MALONE.

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air[9]: Let not thy ſword ſkip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an uſurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron,
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Herſelf's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes[1],
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

9 *Be as a planetary plague, when Jove*
Will o'er ſome high vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air:] This is wonderfully ſublime and picturesque. WARBURTON.

We meet with the ſame image in *King Richard II*:

" ——— or ſuppoſe,
" Devouring *peſtilence hangs in our air.*" MALONE.

1 *That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,*] The virgin that ſhews her boſom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is almoſt confirmed by the following paſſage in *Cymbelyne*:

" ——— or let her beauty
" *Look through a* caſement, *to allure falſe hearts,*
" And be falſe with them."

Shakſpeare at the ſame time might aim a ſtroke at this indecency in the women of his own time, which is animadverted on by ſeveral contemporary dramatiſts. So, in the ancient interlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalené*, 1567:

" Your garments muſt be worne alway,
" That your *white papps* may be ſeene if you may.—
" If young gentlemen may ſee your white ſkin,
" It will allure them to love, and ſoon bring them in.
" Both damſels and wives uſe many ſuch feates.
" I know them that will lay out their *faire teates.*"

And all this is addreſſed to Mary Magdalen. STEEVENS.

Our authour has again the ſame kind of imagery in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" ——— ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
" Some *beauty* peep'd through *lattice* of ſear'd age."

In the old copy *bars* is ſpelt *barne*.—I do not believe any particular ſatire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerſet, and many of the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus repreſented in their pictures; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehenſible than the ladies of the preſent day, who from the ſame extravagant purſuit of what is called faſhion, run into an oppoſite extreme. MALONE.

But

But ſet them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy[2];
Think it a baſtard[3], whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat[4] ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe: Swear againſt objects[5];
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſts in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers:
Make large confuſion; and, thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Haſt thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me,
Not all thy counſel.

Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heaven's curſe upon thee!

Phr. and Tym. Give us ſome gold, good Timon: Haſt thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd[6]. Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear,
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you[7],—ſpare your oaths,

2 — exhauſt *their mercy*;] For *exhauſt*, Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *extort*; but *exhauſt* here ſignifies literally to *draw forth*. JOHNSON.

3 — *a baſtard*,] An alluſion to the tale of Oedipus. JOHNSON.

4 — thy *throat*—] Old Copy—*the* throat. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 *Swear againſt objects*;] So, in our author's 152d Sonnet:

"Or made them *ſwear againſt the thing they ſee*." STEEVENS.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

—— 'gainſt *all objects*:

Perhaps *objects* is here uſed *provincially* for *abjects*. FARMER.

6 *And to make whores, a bawd.*] That is, *enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores*. JOHNSON.

7 *The immortal gods that hear you,*] The ſame thought is found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"Though you with ſwearing *ſhake the throned gods*."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths."

STEEVENS.

I'll

I'll truſt to your conditions[8]: Be whores ſtill;
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,
And be no turn-coats: Yet may your pains, ſix months,
Be quite contrary[9]: And thatch your poor thin roofs[1]
With

8 *I'll truſt to your conditions:*] You need not ſwear to continue whores, I will truſt to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

9 — *Yet may your* pains, *ſix months,*
Be quite contrary:] This is obſcure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expreſſion. The meaning is this: he had ſaid before, follow conſtantly your trade of debauchery: that is (ſays he) for ſix months in the year. Let the other ſix be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the ſevere diſcipline neceſſary for the repair of thoſe diſorders that your debaucheries occaſion, in order to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year be ſpent in theſe different occupations.— On this account he goes on, and ſays, *Make falſe hair*, &c. WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the authour and his readers to meet on eaſier terms. We may read:

— *Yet may your pains, ſix months,*
Be quite contraried.—

Timon is wiſhing ill to mankind, but is afraid leſt the whores ſhould imagine that he wiſhes well to them; to obviate which he lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and diſappointments enough to plague themſelves. He wiſhes that they may do all poſſible miſchief, and yet take *pains ſix months* of the year in vain.

In this ſenſe there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and *paint*.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was adviſed not to *contrary* the king. JOHNSON.

If Dr. Johnſon's explanation be right, which I do not believe, the preſent words appear to me to admit it, as well as the reading he would introduce. Such unneceſſary deviations from the text ſhould ever be avoided. Dr. Warburton's is a very natural interpretation, which cannot be often ſaid of the expoſitions of that commentator. The words that follow fully ſupport it: "And thatch your poor thin roofs," &c. i. e. after you have loſt the greater part of your hair by diſeaſe, and the medicines that for ſix months you have been obliged to take, then procure an artificial covering," &c. MALONE.

I believe

With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Tym. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And marr men's spurring[2]. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,

I believe Timon means,—*Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on harlots in houses of correction.* STEEVENS.

[1] — *thatch your poor thin roofs*, &c.] About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608: "—to wear perriwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind?" Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

"And with large sums they stick not to procure
"*Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean;
"To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet:

"Before the golden tresses of the dead,
"The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
"To live a second life on second head;
"Ere *beauty's dead fleece* made another gay."

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, B. ix. c. 47, is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stowe informs us, that "women's *periwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris." STEEVENS.

See also Vol. III. p. 57, n. 9. The *first* edition of Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuses* quoted above, was in 1583. Drayton's *Mooncalf* did not, I believe, appear till 1627. MALONE.

[2] — *men's* spurring.—] Hanmer reads—*sparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word. JOHNSON.

Spurring is certainly right. The disease that enfeebled their *shins*, would have this effect. STEEVENS.

Nor

Nor found his quillets ſhrilly[3]: hoar the flamen[4],
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf: down with the noſe,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee[5],
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The ſource of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all[6]!

Phr. and Tym. More counſel, with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more miſchief firſt; I have given you earneſt.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewel, Timon;

[3] *Nor ſound his* quillets *ſhrilly:*] *Quillets* are ſubtilties. So, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608: "— a *quillet* well applied!" STEEVENS.
Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders *quillet, res frivola, recula.* MALONE.

[4] — hoar *the flamen,*] Give the flamen the *hoary leproſy.* So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"—— ſhew like *leproſy*,
"The *whiter* the fouler."

And before, in this play:

"Make the *hoar leproſy* ador'd." STEEVENS.

[5] — *that his particular to* foreſee,] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the ſenſe is good. To *foreſee his particular*, is *to provide for his private advantage*, for which *he leaves the right ſcent of publick good.* In hunting, when hares have croſs'd one another, it is common for ſome of the hounds *to ſmell from the general weal, and foreſee their own particular.* Shakſpeare, who ſeems to have been a ſkilful ſportſman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes, here to hunting. JOHNSON.

[6] *And ditches* grave *you all!*] To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obſolete, though ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporary authors. So, in lord Surrey's Tranſlation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid:*

"Cinders (think'ſt thou) mind this? or *graved* ghoſtes?"
STEEVENS.

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it[7].

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TYMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast[8],
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm[9],
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven[1]
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;

[7] Tim. *Yes, thou spok'st well of me.*
Alc. *Call'st thou that harm?*
Tim. *Men daily find it.*] Shakspeare in this as in many other places, appears to allude to the sacred writings: "Woe unto him of whom all men speak well!" MALONE.

[8] *Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,*] *Whose infinite breast* means no more than *whose boundless surface.* STEEVENS.

[9] —*eyeless venom'd worm,*] The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia.* JOHNSON.

[1] —*below* crisp *heaven,*] We should read *cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In the *Tempest*, Ariel talks of riding

On the *curl'd* clouds.

Chaucer in his *House of Fame*, says,

"Her here that was *curdie* and *crips.*"

i. e. *wavy* and *curled.*

Again, in the *Philosophers Satires*, by Robert Anton:

"Her face as beauteous as the *crisped* morn." STEEVENS.

Yield

Yield him, who all thy human ſons[2] doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb[3],
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man[4]!
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled manſion all above[5]
Never preſented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas[6];
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquoriſh draughts,
And morſels unctuous, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Conſumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune[7]. Why this ſpade? this place?

[2] — *who all* thy *human ſons* doth *hate,*] Old Copy—*the* human ſons *do* hate. The former word was corrected by Mr. Pope; the latter by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] Enſear *thy fertile and conceptious womb,*] So, in *King Lear:*
" *Dry up* in her the organs of increaſe." STEEVENS.

[4] *Let it no more* bring out *ingrateful man!*] *Bring out* is *bring forth.* JOHNSON.

[5] — *the* marbled *manſion*—] So Milton, B. III. l. 564:
" Through the pure *marble* air—. STEEVENS.
Again, in *Othello:*
" Now, by yon *marble* heaven,—". MALONE.

[6] *Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plow-torn leas;*] The ſenſe is this: *O nature! ceaſe* to *produce men, enſear thy womb;* but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at leaſt ceaſe to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows,* on which they fatten with *unctuous morſels,* thy *vines,* which give them *liquoriſh draughts,* and thy *plow-torn leas.* Here are effects correſponding with cauſes, *liquoriſh draughts* with *vines,* and *unctuous morſels* with *marrows,* and the old reading literally preſerved. JOHNSON.

[7] *This is in thee a nature but* affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune.] The old copy reads *infected,* and *change of* future. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes[8], and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper[9].
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou was told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome[1],
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees[2],

[8] *Hug their diseas'd* perfumes,] i. e. their diseas'd perfumed mistresses. MALONE.

[9] — *the* cunning of a carper.] *Cunning* here seems to signify *counterfeit appearance*. JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the insidious art of a critick. Shame not these woods, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. *Maurice Kyffin* in the preface to his translation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588, says; "Of the *curious carper* I look not to be favoured." Again, *Ursula* speaking of the sarcasms of *Beatrice*, observes,

"Why sure, such *carping* is not commendable." STEEVENS.

[1] — *like tapsters, that* bid *welcome*,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
"Soothing the humour of fantastick wits."

The old copy has—*bad* welcome. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

[2] — moist *trees*,] Sir T. Hanmer reads very elegantly,
— *moss'd* trees. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV.

"Under an oak, whose boughs were *moss'd* with age." STEEV.

So also Drayton, in his *Mortimeriados*, no date:

"Even as a bustling tempest rousing blasts
"Upon a forest of old branching oakes,
"And with his furie teyrs their *mossy* loaks."

Moss'd is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE.

That have outliv'd the eagle[3], page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taſte,
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpight
Of wreakful heaven; whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer mere nature[4],—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou ſhalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.

Apem. I flatter not; but ſay, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thyſelf in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too[5]?

Apem. If thou didſt put this ſour cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly; thou'dſt courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery

3 — *outliv'd the eagle,—*] *Aquilæ ſenectus* is a proverb. I learn from *Turberville's* book of falconry, 1575, that the great age of this bird has been aſcertained from the circumſtance of its always building its *eyrie*, or neſt, in the ſame place. STEEVENS.

4 *Anſwer* mere nature,—] So, in *King Lear*, Act II.

"And with preſented nakedneſs outface
"The winds," &c. STEEVENS.

5 *What! a* knave *too?*] Timon had juſt called Apemantus *fool*, in conſequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes *to vex him*, Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool*; that *to vex by deſign* is *villainy*, *to vex without deſign* is *folly*. He then properly aſks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*, and when he anſwers, *yes*, Timon replies, *What! and knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but I now find thee likewiſe a *knave*. JOHNSON.

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before[6]:
The one is filling ſtill, never complete;
The other, at high wiſh: Beſt ſtate, contentleſs,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe than the worſt, content[7].
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath[8], that is more miſerable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd[9]; but bred a dog[1].

Hadſt

6 — *is* crown'd *before:*] Arrives ſooner at *high wiſh*; that is, at the *completion of its wiſhes.* JOHNSON.

So, in a former ſcene of this play:

" And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are *crown'd,*
" That I account them bleſſings."

Again, more appoſitely, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— my ſupreme *crown* of *grief.*" MALONE.

7 *Worſe than the worſt, content.*] Beſt ſtates contentleſs have a wretched being, a being worſe than that of the worſt ſtates that are content. JOHNSON.

8 — *by his breath,*] I believe, is meant *his ſentence.* To *breathe* is as licentiouſly uſed by Shakſpeare in the following inſtance from *Hamlet:*

" Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
" The youth you *breathe* of, guilty," &c. STEEVENS.

By his *breath* means in our authour's language, by his *voice* or *ſpeech,* and ſo in fact by his ſentence. Shakſpeare frequently uſes the word in this ſenſe. It has been twice ſo uſed in this play. See p. 65, n. 4. MALONE.

9 *Thou art a ſlave, whom Fortune's tender arm*
With favour never claſp'd;] In a Collection of Sonnets entitled *Chloris, or the Complaint of the paſſionate deſpiſed Shepheard,* by William Smith, 1596, a ſimilar image is found:

" Doth any live that ever had ſuch hap,
" That all their actions are of none effect?
" Whom *Fortune never dandled in her lap,*
" But as an abject ſtill doth me reject." MALONE.

1 — *but bred a* dog.] Alluding to the word *Cynick,* of which ſect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.

For the etymology of *Cynick* our authour was not obliged to have recourſe to the Greek language. The dictionaries of this time furniſhed him with it. See Cawdrey's *Dictionary of hard Engliſh words,* octavo, 1604. " CYNICAL, *Doggiſh,* froward." Again, in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor,* 1616: " CYNICAL, *Doggiſh,* or curriſh. There was in Greece an old ſect of philoſophers ſo called, becauſe they did ever ſharply

Had'ſt thou, like us[2], from our firſt ſwath[3], proceeded
The ſweet degrees[4] that this brief world affords
To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command*, thou would'ſt have plung'd thyſelf

ſharply *barke* at men's vices," &c. After all, however, I believe Shakſpeare only meant, thou wert born in a low ſtate, and uſed from thy infancy to hardſhips. MALONE.

2 *Hadſt thou, like us*, &c.] There is in this ſpeech a ſullen haughtineſs, and malignant dignity, ſuitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the earl of Eſſex, juſt before his execution, to another nobleman, a paſſage ſomewhat reſembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleaſed, though it is ſo ſerious and ſolemn that it can ſcarcely be inſerted without irreverence.

" God grant your lordſhip may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned converſion, but that you may never feel the torments I have ſuffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I ſaid, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breaſts, they would not have been ſo humble; or if my delights had been once taſted by them, they would not have been ſo preciſe. But your lordſhip hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greateſt fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford.* Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have ſtaked and buoyed all the ways of pleaſure unto you, and left them as ſea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For ſhut your eyes never ſo long, they muſt be open at the laſt, and then you muſt ſay with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*" JOHNSON.

A ſimilar thought occurs in the metrical romance of *William and the Werwolf*, preſerved in the library of King's College, Cambridge:

" For heretofore of hardneſſe hadſt thou never,
" But were brought forth in bliſſe as ſwitch a burde ought,
" With all maner gode metes, and to miſſe them now,
" It were a botleſs bale," &c. p. 26, B. STEEVENS.

3 — *from our firſt* ſwath—] From infancy. *Swath* is the dreſs of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" No more their cradles ſhall be made their tombs,
" Nor their ſoft *ſwaths* become their winding ſheets." STEEV.

4 *The* ſweet degrees—] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read *Through*, &c but this neglect of the preposition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

* — *command*,] Old Copy—*command'ſt*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect[5], but follow'd
The ſugar'd game before thee. But myſelf[6],
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment[7];
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's bruſh[8]
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every ſtorm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burden:

5 — *precepts of* reſpect,] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

Reſpect, I believe, means the *qu'en dira't on?* the regard of Athens, that ſtrongeſt reſtraint on licentiouſneſs: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *reſpect* here is put for age, the period of life entitled to reſpect. If ſo, the icy precepts of reſpect, means, the cold admonitions of *time-honour'd* age. MALONE.

6 But *myſelf*,] The connection here requires ſome attention. *But* is here uſed to denote oppoſition; but what immediately precedes is not oppoſed to that which follows. The adverſative particle refers to the two firſt lines.

Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd; but bred a dog.
——— *But myſelf,*
Who had the world as my confectionary, &c.

The intermediate lines are to be conſidered as a parentheſis of paſſion. JOHNSON.

7 — *than I could frame employment*;] i. e. frame employment *for*. Shakſpeare frequently writes thus. See Vol. VII. p. 128, n. 8, and p. 237, n. 6. MALONE.

8 — *with one winter's bruſh*
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare, &c.] Somewhat of the ſame imagery is found in our authour's 73d Sonnet:

" That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold,
" When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
" Upon thoſe boughs which ſhake againſt the cold,
" Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang."
MALONE.

So, in Maſſinger's *Maid of Honour*:

" ——— O ſummer friendſhip,
" Whoſe flatt'ring leaves that ſhadow'd us in our
" Proſperity, with the leaſt guſt drop off
" In the autumn of adverſity." STEEVENS.

Thy

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag [9],
Must be thy subject; who in spight, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou had'st not been born the worst of men,
Thou had'st been a knave, and flatterer [1].

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

[9] — *that poor rag,*] In *K. Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloster *rag* of honour; and in the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned. STEEVENS.

The term is yet used. The lowest of the people are yet denominated Tag, *rag*, &c. So, in *Julius Cæsar*: " — if the *tag-rag* people did not clap him and hiss him,—I am no true man." MALONE.

We yet use the word *Ragamuffin* in the same sense. MASON.

[1] *Thou had'st been a* knave, *and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to shew how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble. JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in *King Lear*, a *finical superserviceable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious. STEEVENS.

Tim.

Tim. First mend my company [2], take away thyself [3].

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest: For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o'nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou o'days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity [4]; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim.

[2] *First mend* my *company,*—] The old copy reads—mend *thy* company. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] —*take away thyself.*] This thought seems to have been adopted from Plutarch's life of Antony. It stands thus in Sir Thomas North's translation. "Apemantus said unto the other; O, here is a trimme banket, *Timon*. *Timon* aunswered againe, yea, said he, *so thou wert not here*." STEEVENS.

[4] —*for too much* curiosity;] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courtesy*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has explained the word justly. So, in Jervas Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1606. "— for all those eye-charming graces, of which with such *curiosity* she had boasted." So, in *Hobby's* translation of *Castiglione's* Cortegiano, 1556, "A waiting gentlewoman should flee *affection* or *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is here inserted as a synonyme to *affection* which means *affectation*. *Curiosity* likewise seems to have meant *capriciousness*. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Pharicles hath

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Doſt hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee[5].

Apem. An thou had'ſt hated medlers ſooner, thou ſhould'ſt have loved thyſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee; thou had'ſt ſome means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What would'ſt thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'ſt thou have thyſelf fall in the confuſion of men, and remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the aſs: if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou livedſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee, and oft thou

hath ſhewn me ſome curteſy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curioſity:* he hath made ſome ſhew of love, and I have not wholly ſeemed to miſlike." STEEVENS.

5 *Ay, though it look like thee.*] Timon here ſuppoſes that an objection againſt hatred, which through the whole tenor of the converſation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have anſwered,

Yes, *for it looks like thee.*

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun inſtead of the affirmative particle, has it,

I, though it look like thee.

Perhaps we ſhould read,

I thought *it* look'd *like thee.* JOHNSON.

ſhould'ſt

ſhould'ſt hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn[6], pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'ſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou would'ſt be ſeiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion[6], and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy ſafety were remotion[8]; and thy defence, abſence. What beaſt could'ſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, that ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation?

Apem. If thou could'ſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

[6] — *the unicorn*, &c.] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as ſoon as the lion ſees the unicorn he betakes himſelf to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the ſwiftneſs of his courſe, running at him, ſticks his horn faſt in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. *Geſner Hiſt. Animal.* HANMER.

See a note on *Julius Cæſar*, Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[7] — *thou wert german to the lion*,] This ſeems to be an alluſion to Turkiſh policy:

"Bears, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne."—*Pope.*

STEEVENS.

[8] — *were* remotion;] i. e. removal from place to place. So, in *King Lear*:

"'Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her." STEEVENS.

Remotion means, I apprehend, not a frequent removal from place to place, but merely *remoteneſs*, the being placed at a diſtance from the lion. See Vol. II. p. 218, n. 4; and Vol. V. p. 225, n. 8. MALONE.

Apem.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive[1].
Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.
Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curſe.
Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.
Apem. There is no leproſy, but what thou ſpeak'ſt.
Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee,—but I ſhould infect my hands.
Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!
Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I ſwoon to ſee thee.
Apem. Would thou would'ſt burſt!
Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am ſorry, I ſhall loſe
A ſtone by thee. [*throws a ſtone at him.*
Apem. Beaſt!
Tim. Slave!
Apem. Toad!
Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*
I am ſick of this falſe world; and will love nought
But even the meer neceſſities upon it.
Then, Timon, preſently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire[2]! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow

[1] *Thou art the cap*, &c.] The *top*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explication is, I think, right; but I believe our authour had alſo the *fool's cap* in his thoughts. MALONE.

[2] 'Twixt natural ſon and ſire!]

Διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφοὶ
Διὰ τοῦτον δ' τοκῆες. *Anac.* JOHNSON.

That

That lies on Dian's lap[2]! thou viſible god,
That ſolder'ſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,
To every purpoſe! O thou touch of hearts[3]!
Think, thy ſlave man rebels: and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere ſo;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll ſay, thou haſt gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy miſery!

Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die!—I am quit.

[*Exit* APEMANTUS.

More things like men[4]?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves[5].

1. *Thief.* Where ſhould he have this gold? It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder: The meer want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a maſs of treaſure.

[2] *Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow*
That lies on Dian's lap!] The imagery is here exquiſitely beautiful and ſublime. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have ſaid—Here is a very elegant turn given to a thought more coarſely expreſſed in *King Lear*:

"——yon ſimpering dame,
"Whoſe face *between her forks* preſages ſnow." STEEVENS.

[3] —*O thou* touch *of hearts!*] *Touch*, for *touchſtone*. STEEVENS.

[4] *More things like men?*] This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Sir T. Hanmer has tranſpoſed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unſkilfully, but with unwarrantable licence. JOHNSON.

I believe, as the name of Apemantus was prefixed to this line, inſtead of Timon, ſo the name of Timon was prefixed to the preceding line by a ſimilar miſtake. That line ſeems more proper in the mouth of Apemantus; and the words *I am quit*, ſeem to mark his *exit*. MALONE.

[5] *Enter Thieves.*] The old copy reads,—*Enter the Banditti*. STEEV.

3. *Thief.*

3. *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2. *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1. *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2. *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3. *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat[6]. Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots[7]?

[6] —*you want much of* meat.] Thus both the player and poetical editors have given us this passage; quite *sand-blind*, as honest Launcelot says, to our author's meaning. If these poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be cursed with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote,

—*you want much of* meet.

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be*; much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads,

—*you want much of* men.

They have been all busy without necessity. Observe the series of the conversation. The thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want.* Here is an ambiguity between *much want* and *want* of *much.* Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their *greatest want is*, that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, *Want? why want?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read,—your greatest want is, you want much of *me*;—rejecting the two last letters of the word. The sense will then be—your greatest want is that you expect supplies of *me* from whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply for relief to one in my situation. STEEVENS.

[7] —*The earth hath roots*, &c.]

Vile olus, et duris hærentia mora rubetis
Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:
Flumine vicino stultus sitit.

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions. JOHNSON.

Within

Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings:
The oaks bear maſt, the briars ſcarlet hips;
The bounteous huſwife, nature, on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?

1. *Thief.* We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes.

Tim. Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds, and fiſhes;
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con[8],
That you are thieves profeſt; that you work not
In holier ſhapes: for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions[9]. Raſcal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo 'ſcape hanging: truſt not the phyſician;
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob[1]: take wealth and lives together[2];
Do

[8] — *Yet* thanks *I muſt you* con,] To *con thanks* is a very common expreſſion among our old dramatick writers. So, in the *Story of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"Yea and well ſaid, I *con you* no thanke."

Again, in *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the Devil*, by Naſh, 1592: "It is well done to practiſe thy wit; but I believe our lord will *con thee little thanks* for it." STEEVENS.

[9] *In* limited *profeſſions.*] Regular, orderly, profeſſions. So, in *Macbeth*:

"For 'tis my *limited* ſervice."

i. e. my appointed ſervice, preſcribed by the neceſſary duty and *rules* of my office. MALONE.

[1] — *truſt not the phyſician;*
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob:] Our authour's favourite daughter who married a phyſician, three years I believe before this play was written, could not have been much pleaſed with this paſſage. MALONE.

[2] — *take wealth and lives together;*] Why any attempt has been made to amend this paſſage, it is difficult to gueſs. After having counſelled the thieves to endanger their own lives by intemperance, which may deſtroy them and ſo ſave them from the gallows, he proceeds to warn them not to truſt the phyſician, when attacked by the fever brought on by a diſſolute life, becauſe *he* is a greater maſter of the art of killing than even the thief. Timon then diverts to a new ſubject, and exhorts the thieves "to do villainy like workmen;" whenever they rob, to kill alſo. So afterwards: "Cut throats; All that you meet are thieves."

Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't [3],
Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears [4]; the earth's a thief,

That

thieves." Sir T. Hanmer changed *lives* to *life*, from his ignorance of our authour's phraseology. "Do not our *lives* consist of the four elements?" says Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night*: for which in the modern editions is substituted—"Does not our *life*," &c. MALONE.

[3] —*since you* profess *to do't*,] The old copy has—*protest*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[4] *The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves*
The moon into salt tears;] The *moon* is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be *resolved* by the *surges* of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: The sun, moon, and sea, all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

He says simply, that the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *sea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all: the sea, i. e. *liquid surge*, by supplying the *moon* with moisture, robs her in turn of the *soft* tears of *dew* which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *salt* is an easy change. In this sense Milton speaks of *her moist continent*, *Par. Lost*, b. v. l. 422. And, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says:

" —— the *moist* star

" Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands." STEEVENS.

Shakspeare knew that the moon was the cause of the tides, [See *The Tempest*, p. 99,] and in that respect the liquid surge, that is, the waves of the sea, rising one upon another, in the progress of the tide, may be said to *resolve the moon into salt tears*; the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humidity, and the accretion to the sea, in consequence of her tears, being the cause of *the liquid surge*. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our authour here and in other places to allude to the *watry* quality of that planet. In *Romeo and Juliet*, he speaks of her "*watry beams*." Again, in *Macbeth*:

" Upon the corner of the *moon*
" Hangs a *vaporous* drop profound."

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

" Quench'd in the chaste beams of the *watry moon*."

Again, more appositely in *K. Richard III.*

" That I, being *govern'd* by the *watry moon*,
" May bring forth plenteous *tears*, to drown the world."

Salt is so often applied by Shakspeare to *tears*, that there can be

That feeds and breeds by a compoſture [5] ſtolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip [6], in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourſelves; away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open ſhops; nothing can you ſteal,

no doubt that the original reading is the true one: nor had the poet, as I conceive, *dew*, at all in his thoughts. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "—your *ſalt tears'* head—." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"Diſtaſted with the *ſalt* of broken *tears*."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn *ſalt tears*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"——— to drain

"Upon his face an *ocean* of *ſalt tears*."

Mr. Tollet idly conjectures, (for conjecture is always idle where there is little difficulty,) that we ſhould read—The *main*, i. e. the main land or continent. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. ſc. i. "The continent melt itſelf into the ſea."—An obſervation made by this gentleman in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, p. 391, had he recollected it, might have prevented him from attempting to diſturb the text here: "No alteration ſhould be made in theſe lines that deſtroys the artificial ſtructure of them."—In the firſt line the ſun is the *thief*; in the ſecond he is himſelf *plundered* by that thief, the moon. The moon is ſubjected to the ſame fate, and, from being a *plunderer*, is herſelf *robbed* of moiſture (line 4th and 5th) by the ſea. MALONE.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of Engliſh Poſie*, 1589, quotes ſome one of a "reaſonable good facilitie in tranſlation, who finding *certaine* of Anacreon's odes very well tranſlated by Ronſard the French poet—comes our minion, and tranſlates the ſame out of French into Engliſh:" and his ſtrictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronſard; and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of tranſcribing it. Edit. fol. p. 507.

"La terre les eaux va boivant;
"L'arbre la boit par ſa racine,
"La mer ſalee boit le vent,
"Et le ſoleil boit la marine.
"Le ſoleil eſt beu de la lune,
"Tout boit ſoit en haut ou en bas:
"Suivant ceſte reigle commune,
"Pourquoy donc ne boirons-nous pas?" FARMER.

5 —*by a* compoſture—] i. e. compoſition, compoſt. STEEVENS.

6 *The laws, your curb and whip,*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"——— moſt biting *laws*,
"The needful *bites* and *curbs* for headſtrong ſteeds." MALONE.

But

But thieves do loſe it: Steal not leſs *, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howſoever!
Amen. [TIMON *retires to his cave.*

3. *Thief.* He has almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion, by perſuading me to it.

1. *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery [7].

2. *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1. *Thief.* Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens: There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true [8].

[*Exeunt* Thieves.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly beſtow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has deſperate want made [9]!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends!

* *Steal* not *leſs*,—] *Not*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 *'Tis in* the malice of mankind, *that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery.*] *The malice of mankind* is uſed for *his malicious hatred of mankind.* He does not give us this advice to purſue our trade of ſtealing and to cut throats, from any good will to us, or a deſire that we ſhould thrive in our profeſſion, but merely from the malicious enmity that he bears *to* the human race. MALONE.

8 *Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens: There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true.*] The ſecond thief has juſt ſaid, he'll give over his trade. It is time enough for that, ſays the firſt thief: let us wait till Athens is at peace. There is no hour of a man's life ſo wretched, but he always has it in his power to become a *true*, i. e. an honeſt man. I have explained this eaſy paſſage, becauſe it has, I think, been miſunderſtood.

Our authour has made Mrs. Quickly utter nearly the ſame exhortation to the dying Falſtaff. "—Now I bid him not think of God; *there was time enough* for that yet." MALONE.

9 *What an alteration of honour*
Has deſperate want made!] *An alteration of honour*, is an *alteration* of an *honourable ſtate* to a ſtate of diſgrace. JOHNSON.

How rarely [1] does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies [2]:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do [3]!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
Forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves [4], to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,

[1] *How* rarely—] How curiously; how happily. MALONE.

[2] *When man was wish'd to love his enemies:*] He forgets his Pagan system here again. WARBURTON.

[3] *Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo*
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!] It is plain, that in this whole speech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity*; for the *friend* is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or caress those that* would *mischief*, *that* profess to mean me mischief, *than those* that really *do* me *mischief under false professions of kindness*. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb; *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself*. This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage. JOHNSON.

[4] — *were* knaves,] *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a *servant* and a *rascal*. JOHNSON.

But

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. Before Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Poet, *and* Painter [9]; TIMON *behind, unseen.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor

[9] *Enter Poet, and Painter;*] The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him could see them: But the scenes of the thieves and steward have passed before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order, for the Painter alludes to the thieves when he says, *he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it must be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated, by alteration. JOHNS.

I perceive no difficulty. It is easy to suppose that the Poet and Painter, after having been seen at a distance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods separately in search of Timon's habitation. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c. before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they set out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the *thieves* and the *Steward* might have been gain'd in his rambles: Or, having searched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been descried by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens, and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty.—But Shakspeare was not very attentive to these minute particulars; and if *he* and the *audience* knew of the several persons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not scruple to impart this knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it. See Vol. VI. p. 367, n. 8.

The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding scene, has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be supposed to have elapsed between this scene and the last. The regulation now adopted was made by Mr. Capell MALONE.

ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity: 'Tis ſaid, he gave unto his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in Athens again, and flouriſh with the higheſt. Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppoſed diſtreſs of his: it will ſhew honeſtly in us; and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt. Promiſing is the very air o' the time it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed of ſaying is quite out of uſe[1]. To promiſe is moſt courtly and faſhionable: performance is a kind of will, or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as is thyſelf.

Poet. I am thinking, what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him: It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf[2]: a ſatire againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity; with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

[1] — *the deed* of ſaying *is quite out of uſe.*] *The* doing *of that which we have* ſaid *we would do, the accompliſhment and performance of our promiſe, is, except among the lower claſſes of mankind, quite out of uſe.* So, in *King Lear*:

" —— In my true heart
" I find ſhe names my very *deed of love.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *Hamlet*:

" As he, in his peculiar act and force,
" May give his *ſaying deed.*"

Mr. Pope rejected the words—*of ſaying*, and the four following editors adopted his licentious regulation. MALONE.

[2] — *It muſt be a* perſonating *of himſelf*:—] *Perſonating*, for repreſenting ſimply. For the ſubject of this projected ſatire was Timon's *caſe*, not his *perſon*. WARBURTON.

Tim.

But thorough luſt, and laughter. Pity's ſleeping[5]:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.

Tim. Had I a ſteward ſo true, ſo juſt, and now
So comfortable? It almoſt turns
My dangerous nature wild[6]. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
You perpetual-ſober gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man,—miſtake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a ſteward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf: But all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks, thou art more honeſt now, than wiſe;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure,)

5 — *Pity's ſleeping:*] So, in Daniel's Second Sonnet, 1594:
" Waken her *ſleeping pity* with your crying." MALONE.
I do not know that any correction is neceſſary, but I think we might read:

——— *eyes do never give,*
But thorough luſt and laughter, pity ſleeping:

Eyes never flow (to *give* is to diſſolve, as ſaline bodies in moiſt weather,) *but by luſt* or *laughter*, undiſturbed *by* emotions of *pity*. JOHNSON.

6 *It almoſt turns my dangerous nature wild.*] To *turn wild* is *to diſtract*. An appearance ſo unexpected, ſays Timon, *almoſt turns my ſavageneſs* to diſtraction. Accordingly he examines with nicety leſt his phrenzy ſhould deceive him:

Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.

And to this ſuſpected diſorder of mind he alludes:

Perpetual-ſober gods!—

Ye powers whoſe intellects are out of the reach of perturbation. JOHNS.
Dr. Warburton, with ſome probability, for *wild* reads *mild*. The letters *w* and *m* are frequently confounded in the old copy, MALONE.

Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
If not a uſuring kindneſs[7]; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one

Flav. No, my moſt worthy maſter, in whoſe breaſt
Doubt and ſuſpect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt:
Suſpect ſtill comes where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My moſt honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange
For this one wiſh, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourſelf.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis ſo!—Thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my miſery
Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou ſhalt build from men[8];
Hate all, curſe all: ſhew charity to none;
But let the famiſh'd fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men; let priſons ſwallow them,
Debts wither them to nothing: Be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods!
And ſo, farewel, and thrive.

Flav O, let me ſtay,
And comfort you, my maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt
Curſes, ſtay not; fly, whilſt thou 'rt bleſt and free:
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[7] *If not a uſuring*—] *If not* ſeems to have ſlipt in here, by an error of the preſs, from the preceding line. Both the ſenſe and metre would be better without it. TYRWHITT.

I do not ſee any need of change. Timon aſks—*Has not thy kindneſs ſome covert deſign? Is it not propoſed with a view to gain ſome* equivalent *in return, or rather to gain* a great deal more *than thou offereſt? Is it not at leaſt the offspring of avarice,* if not *of ſomething worſe, of uſury?* In this there appears to me no difficulty. MALONE.

[8] *—from men;*] Away from human habitations. JOHNSON.

ACT

Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain[6].

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught[7],
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—
Each man apart, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company[8].

If,

[6] —*a made-up villain.*] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite. JOHNSON.

I rather think, a complete or consummate villain: *omnibus numeris absolutus.* MALONE.

[7] —*in a draught,*] That is, *in the* jakes. JOHNSON.

[8] *You that way, and you this, but two in company:—*
Each man apart, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.] The first of these lines has been rendered obscure by false pointing; that is, by connecting the words, "but two in company," with the subsequent line, instead of connecting them with the preceding hemistick. The second and third line are put in apposition with the first line, and are merely an illustration of the assertion contained in it. Do you (says Timon,) go that way, and you this, and yet still *each* of you will have *two* in your company: each of you, though single and alone, will be *accompanied* by an arch-villain. Each man, being himself a villain, will *take a villain along with him*, and so each of you will have two in company. It is a mere quibble founded on the word *company*. See the former speech, in which Timon exhorts *each* of them to "hang or stab *the villain* in his *company*," i. e. himself. The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Promos and Cassandra* puts the meaning beyond a doubt. MALONE.

This passage may receive some illustration from another in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. "My master is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave*. The sense is, each man is *a double villain*, i. e. a villain with more than a single share of guilt. See Dr. *Farmer's* note on the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, &c. Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578. "Go, and *a knave with thee*." Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"——— if you needs will go away,
"Take *two knaves* with you by my faye."

There

If, where thou art, two villains ſhall not be,
[*to the* Painter.
Come not near him.—If thou would'ſt not reſide
[*to the* Poet.
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye ſlaves:
You have done work for me*, there's payment: Hence!—
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that:—
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter FLAVIUS, *and two* Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with Timon;
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing, but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promiſe to the Athenians,
To ſpeak with Timon.

2. *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and ſpeak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their moſt reverend ſenate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher.—"Take to your chamber when you pleaſe, there goes a black one with you, lady." STEEVENS.

* *You have* done *work*, &c.] For the inſertion of the word *done*, which, it is manifeſt, was omitted by the negligence of the compoſitor, I am anſwerable. Timon in this line addreſſes the Painter, whom he before called "excellent *workman*;" in the next the Poet. MALONE.

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's ſeek him:
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day ſerves [3], before black-corner'd night [4],
Find what thou want'ſt by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worſhipp'd in a baſer temple,
Than where ſwine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the foam;
Settleſt admired reverence in a ſlave:
To thee be worſhip! and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble maſter.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures—O abhorred ſpirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better:
You, that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen, and known.

3 *When the day ſerves*, &c.] Theobald with ſome probability aſſigns theſe two lines to the Poet. MALONE.

4 —*before* black-corner'd *night*,] I believe that Shakſpeare, by this expreſſion, meant only, Night which is as obſcure as a *dark corner*. In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "*a duke of dark corners*." STEEVENS.

Pain.

Pain. He, and myſelf,
Have travell'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honeſt men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our ſervice.

Tim. Moſt honeſt men! Why, how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.

Tim. You are honeſt men: You have heard that I have gold;
I am ſure, you have: ſpeak truth: you are honeſt men.

Pain. So it is ſaid, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honeſt men:—Thou draw'ſt a counterfeit[5]
Beſt in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the beſt;
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.

Pain. So, ſo, my lord.

Tim. Even ſo, ſir, as I ſay:—And, for thy fiction, [*to the* Poet,
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,
I muſt needs ſay, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monſtrous in you; neither wiſh I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beſeech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery, love him, feed him,

[5] — *a counterfeit*—] It has been already obſerved, that a *portrait* was ſo called in our author's time.

"——What find I here?
"Fair Portia's *counterfeit!*" *Merchant of Venice.* STEEVENS.

Keep

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn * !—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a bliſter! and each falſe
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue [9],
Conſuming it with ſpeaking!

1. *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but ſuch as you, and you of Timon.

2. *Sen.* The ſenators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1. *Sen.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for ourſelves in thee.
The ſenators, with one concent of love [1],
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lie
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2. *Sen.* They confeſs,
Toward thee, forgetfulneſs too general, groſs:
Which now the publick body [2],—which doth ſeldom

Play

* *Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn!*—] "Thine eyes," ſays Lear to one of his daughters, "do comfort, and not burn." STEEVENS.

9 — a *cauterizing*—] The old copy reads—*cantherizing*; the poet might have written, *canzerizing*. STEEVENS.

To *cauterize* was a word of our authour's time; being found in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, octavo, 1616, where it is explained, "To burn to a ſore." It is the word of the old copy, with the *u* changed to an *n*, which has happened in almoſt every one of theſe plays. Of the word *cancerize* I have found no example. MALONE.

1 — *with one* concent *of love*,] With one united voice of affection. So, in Sternhold's tranſlation of the 100th Pſalm:

"With one *conſent* let all the earth."

All our old writers ſpell the word improperly, *conſent*, without regard to its etymology, *concentus*. See Vol. V. p. 413, n. *; and p. 483, n. 3. MALONE.

2 Which *now the publick body*,—] Thus the old copy, ungramatically certainly; but our authour frequently thus begins a ſentence, and concludes it without attending to what has gone before: for which perhaps the careleſsneſs and ardour of colloquial language may be an apology. See Vol. I. p. 9, n. 6. So afterwards in the third ſcene of this act:

"*Whom,*

Play the recanter,—feeling in itſelf
A lack of Timon's aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of its own fall [3], reſtraining aid to Timon [4];
And ſend forth us, to make their ſorrowed render [5],
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram [6];
Ay, even ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,

" *Whom*, though in general part we were oppos'd,
" Yet our old love made a particular force,
" And made us ſpeak like friends."

See alſo the Poet's laſt ſpeech in p. 121.—Sir T. Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors read here more correctly—*And* now the publick body, &c. but by what overſight could *Which* be printed inſtead of *And?* MALONE.

3 *Of its own* fall,—] The Athenians *had ſenſe*, that is, felt the danger *of their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

I once ſuſpected that our authour wrote—of its own *fail*, i. e. failure. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" That if you *fail* in our requeſt, the blame
" May hang upon your hardneſs."

But a ſubſequent paſſage fully ſupports the reading of the text:

" ——— In, and prepare:
" Our's is the *fall*, I fear, our foes the ſnare.'

Again, in ſc. iv:

" Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
" Whoſe *fall* the mark of his ambition is." MALONE.

4 — *reſtraining aid to Timon*;] I think it ſhould be *refraining aid*, that is, with-holding aid that ſhould have been given *to* Timon. JOHNSON.

Surely this is the meaning of the word furniſhed by the old copy. MALONE.

5 — ſorrowed *render*,] Thus the old copy. *Render* is *confeſſion*. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. iv.

" ——— may drive us to a *render*
" Where we have liv'd."

The modern editors read—*tender*. STEEVENS.

6 — *a recompence more fruitful*
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;] A recompence ſo large that the offence they have committed, though every dram of that offence ſhould be put into the ſcale, cannot counterpoiſe it. The recompence will outweigh the offence, which, inſtead of *weighing down* the ſcale in which it is placed, will kick the beam. MALONE.

Ever

Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy ſenators.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with abſolute power[7], and thy good name
Live with authority:—ſo ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too ſavage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2. *Sen.* And ſhakes his threat'ning ſword
Againſt the walls of Athens.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, ſir, I will; therefore I will, ſir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he ſack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and, tell him, Timon ſpeaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chooſe but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worſt; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer: for myſelf,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp[8],
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'ſt throat in Athens. So I leave you

7 Allow'd *with abſolute power,*] *Allowed* is *licenſed, privileged, uncontrolled.* So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, it is ſaid, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to ſay what he will; a privileged ſcoffer. JOHNSON.

8 *There's not a* whittle *in th' unruly camp,*] A *whittle* is ſtill in the midland counties the common name for a pocket claſp knife, ſuch as children uſe. Chaucer ſpeaks of a "Sheffield *thwittell.*" STEEVENS.

To

To the protection of the prosperous gods [9],
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness [1]
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1. *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1. *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1. *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2. *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2. *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close [2],
That

[9] — *of the* prosperous *gods,*] I believe *prospercus* is used here with our poet's usual laxity, in an active, instead of a passive, sense: *the gods who are the authours of the prosperity of mankind.* So, in *Othello*:

" To my unfolding lend a *prosperous* ear."

I leave you, says Timon, to the protection of the gods, the great distributors of prosperity, that they may *so* keep and guard you, as jailors do thieves; i. e. for final punishment. MALONE.

[1] — *My long sickness*] The disease of life begins to promise me a period. JOHNSON.

[2] *I have a tree which grows here in my close,*] Our authour was indebted for this thought to Plutarch's *Life of Antony*: " It is reported of

That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the ſequence of degree[3],
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himſelf:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but ſay to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Whom once a day[4] with his boſſed froth[5]
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.—
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* TIMON.

of him alſo, that this Timon on a time, (the people being aſſembled in the market-place about diſpatch of ſome affaires) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly uſe to ſpeake unto the people; and ſilence being made, everie man liſtening to hear what he would ſay, becauſe it was a wonder to ſee him in that place, at length he began to ſpeak in this manner: My lordes of Athens, I have a little yard in my houſe where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themſelves; and becauſe I meane to make ſome building upon the place, I thought good to let you all underſtand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe, if any of you be deſperate, you may there in time go hang yourſelves." MALONE.

3 — *in the ſequence of degree,*] Methodically, from higheſt to loweſt. JOHNSON.

4 Whom *once a day*—] Old Copy—*Who*. For the correction I am anſwerable. *Whom* refers to Timon. All the modern editors (following the ſecond folio) read—"*Which* once," &c. MALONE.

5 —*emboſſed* froth—] When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was ſaid to be *emboſs'd*. See a note on the firſt ſcene of the *Taming of the Shrew*. The thought is from *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

Emboſſed froth, is ſwollen froth; from *boſſe*, Fr. a tamour. The term *emboſſed*, when applied to a deer, is from *emboçar*, Sp. to caſt out of the mouth. See Vol. III. p. 246, n. 2. MALONE.

1. *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2. *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril[6].

1. *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, *and a* Messenger.

1. *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2. *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend[7];—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends[8]:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators *from* Timon.

1. *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3. *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring

[6] *In our* dear *peril.*] *Dear*, in Shakspeare's language, is *dire, dreadful.* So, in *Hamlet*:

"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven." MALONE.

[7] — one *mine ancient friend*;] Mr. Upton would read,

—— once *mine ancient friend.* STEEVENS.

[8] Whom, *though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak *like friends*:] Our authour, hurried away by strong conceptions, and little attentive to minute accuracy, takes great liberties in the construction of sentences. Here he means, *Whom*, though we were on opposite sides in the publick cause, yet the force of our old affection wrought so much *upon*, as to make *him speak to me* as a friend. See p. 115, n. 2; and Vol. VII. p. 264, n. 3. MALONE.

Doth choke the air with duſt: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Woods. Timon's *Cave, and a tomb-ſtone ſeen.*

Enter a Soldier, *ſeeking* TIMON.

Sol. By all deſcription, this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho!—No anſwer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretch'd his ſpan:
Some beaſt read this; there does not live a man[9].
Dead, ſure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure ſkill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets ſound. Enter ALCIBIADES, *and Forces.*

Alc. Sound to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley ſounded.*

9 *Some beaſt* read *this*; *there does not live a man.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburtou read—Some beaſt *rear'd* this. "The ſoldier (ſays Theobald) had *yet* only ſeen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inſcription* upon it." In ſupport of this emendation, which was ſuggeſted to him by Dr. Warburton, he quotes theſe lines from Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*:

"Here is no food, nor beds; nor any *houſe*
"Built by a better architect than *beaſts.*" MALONE.

"The ſoldier" [ſays Dr. Warburton] "had only ſeen the rude heap of earth." He had evidently ſeen ſomething that told him Timon was dead, and what could tell him that but his tomb? The tomb he ſees, and the inſcription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peeviſhly, *ſome beaſt read this*, for it muſt be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is ſomething elaborately unſkilful in the contrivance of ſending a ſoldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may cloſe the play by being read with more ſolemnity in the laſt ſcene. JOHNSON.

Enter Senators *on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice; till now, myſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms [1], and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly: Now the time is fluſh [2],
When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,
Cries, of itſelf, *No more* [3]: now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe;
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe of fear,
We ſent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity [4].

2. *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means [5];
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

[1] — *travers'd arms*—] Arms acroſs. JOHNSON.

[2] — *the time is* fluſh,] A bird is *fluſh* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the neſt. *Fluſh* is *mature*. JOHNSON.

[3] *When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,*
Cries of itſelf, No more:—] The marrow was ſuppoſed to be the original of ſtrength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who riſes immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. WARBURTON.

The image may as juſtly be ſaid to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his ſhoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more*. MALONE.

[4] *Above* their *quantity.*] *Their* refers to *griefs*. "To give thy rages balm," muſt be conſidered as parenthetical. The modern editors have ſubſtituted *ingratitudes* for *ingratitude*. MALONE.

[5] — *by promis'd* means;] i. e. by promiſing him a competent ſubſiſtance. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. "Your *means* are very ſlender, and your waſte is great." MALONE.

1. *Sen.*

1. *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs[6]: nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great towers, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them[7].

2. *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you firſt went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs
Hath broke their hearts[8]. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners ſpread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the deſtin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.

1. *Sen.* All have not offended;
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare[9], to take,
On thoſe that are, revenges*: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and thoſe kin,
Which, in the bluſter of thy wrath, muſt fall

6 *You have receiv'd your* griefs.] The old copy has—*grief*; but as the ſenator in his preceding ſpeech uſes the plural, *grief* was probably here an error of the preſs. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

7 *For private faults in* them.] That is, in the perſons from whom you have received your griefs. MALONE.

8 *Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs*
Hath broke their hearts.] Shame in exceſs (i. e. extremity of ſhame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wiſe enough not to baniſh you) hath broke their hearts. THEOBALD.

I have no wiſh to diſturb the manes of Theobald, yet think ſome emendation may be offered that will make the conſtruction leſs harſh, and the ſentence more ſerious. I read:

Shame that they wanted, coming *in exceſs*,
Hath broke their hearts.

Shame which they had ſo long *wanted*, *at laſt* coming in *its utmoſt* exceſs. JOHNSON.

9 — *not ſquare*—] Not regular, not equitable. JOHNSON.

* — *revenges:*] Old Copy—*revenge*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. See the preceding ſpeech. MALONE.

With thoſe that have offended: like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2. *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1. *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope;
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay, thou'lt enter friendly.

2. *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports [1]:
Thoſe enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall paſs his quarter [2], or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds,
But ſhall be remedy'd [3], to your publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.

Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words [4].

[1] — *uncharged ports:* That is, *unguarded gates.* JOHNSON. *Uncharged* means unattacked. MASON.

[2] — *not a man*
Shall paſs his quarter,] Not a ſoldier ſhall quit his ſtation, or be let looſe upon you; and, if any commits violence, he ſhall anſwer it regularly to the law. JOHNSON.

[3] *But ſhall be* remedy'd,] The conſtruction is, But he ſhall be remedied; but Shakſpeare means, that his offence ſhall be remedied, the word offence being included in *offend* in a former line. The editor of the ſecond folio, for *to*, in the laſt line but one of this ſpeech, ſubſtituted *by*, which all the ſubſequent editors adopted. MALONE.

[4] Deſcend, *and keep your words.*] Old Copy—*Defend.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Enter

The Senators *deſcend, and open the gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the ſea:
And, on his grave-ſtone, this inſculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interprets for my poor ignorance *.

Alc. [reads.] *Here lies a wretched corſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:*
Seek not my name: A plague conſume you wicked caitiffs left [5]*!*
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill; but paſs, and ſtay not here thy gait.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhor'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brain's flow [6]; and thoſe our droplets which

* —*for my* poor *ignorance.*] *Poor* is here uſed as a diſſyllable, as *door* is in *the Merchant of Venice.* MALONE.

[5] —*caitiffs left!*] This epitaph is found in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* inſtead of *caitiffs.* STEEVENS.

This epitaph is formed out of two diſtinct epitaphs which Shakſpeare found in Plutarch. The firſt couplet is ſaid by Plutarch to have been compoſed by Timon himſelf as his epitaph; the ſecond to have been written by the poet Callimachus.

Perhaps the ſlight variation mentioned by Mr. Steevens, aroſe from our authour's having another epitaph before him, which is found in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577, and in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, Vol. I. Nov. 28.

TIMON HIS EPITAPHE.

" My wretched *caitiffe* daies expired now and paſt,
" My carren corps enterred here, is graſpt in ground,
" In weltring waves of ſwelling ſeas by ſourges caſte;
" My name if thou deſire, the gods thee doe confound!"

MALONE.

[6] —*our* brain's *flow,*—] *Our brain's flow* is *our tears.* JOHNSON.
So, in Sir *Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:
" I ſhed not the tears of my *brain.*"
Again, in the *Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:
" But he from *rocks* that fountains can command,
" Cannot yet ſtay *the fountains of his brain.*" STEEVENS.

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven [7]. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whoſe memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will uſe the olive with my ſword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war; make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's leach [8].—
Let our drums ſtrike [1]. [*Exeunt.*

[7] —*on faults forgiven.*] I ſuſpect that we ought to read:
On thy low grave.—*One* fault's forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, &c.

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from puniſhment by the death of the injured perſon. TYRWHITT.

I formerly thought Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture very probable, (*on* being frequently printed for *one* in theſe plays,) but the old reading and punctuation, which I have followed, appear to me now ſufficiently intelligible. Mr. Theobald aſks, "why ſhould Neptune weep over Timon's faults', or, indeed, what fault had he committed?" The faults that Timon had committed, were, 1. that boundleſs prodigality which his Steward ſo forcibly deſcribes and laments; and 2. his becoming a *Miſanthrope*, and abjuring the ſociety of all men for the crimes of a few.—Theobald ſuppoſes that Alcibiades bids the ſenate ſet forward, aſſuring them at the ſame time that he forgives the wrongs they have done him. *On:—Faults forgiven.* But how unlikely is it, that he ſhould deſert the ſubject immediately before him, and enter upon another quite different ſubject, in theſe three words; and then return to Timon again? to ſay nothing of the ſtrangeneſs of the phraſe —*faults forgiven*, for "faults *are* forgiven." MALONE.

[8] —*leach.*] i. e. phyſician. STEEVENS.

[1] The play of *Timon* is a domeſtick tragedy, and therefore ſtrongly faſtens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The cataſtrophe affords a very powerful warning againſt that oſtentatious liberality, which ſcatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendſhip.

In this tragedy, are many paſſages perplexed, obſcure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promiſe myſelf that my endeavours ſhall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the ſtage in 1678. In the *modeſt* title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the Man-hater, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a play.*

STEEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PREFACE to the quarto edition of this play, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never ſtal'd with the ſtage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet paſſing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your [r. *that*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you ſhould ſee all thoſe grand cenſors, that now ſtile them ſuch vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: eſpecially this authours commedies, that are ſo fram'd to the life, that they ſerve for the moſt common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, ſhewing ſuch a dexteritie and power of witte, that the moſt diſpleaſed with playes, are pleasd with his commedies. And all ſuch dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his repreſentations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-ſelves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte ſet upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and ſuch ſavored ſalt of witte is in his commedies, that they ſeeme (for their height of pleaſure) to be borne in that ſea that brought forth Venus. Amongſt all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for ſo much as will make you think your teſterne well beſtowd) but for ſo much worth, as even poore I know to be ſtuft in it. It deſerves ſuch a labour, as well as the beſt commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of ſale, you will ſcramble for them, and ſet up a new Engliſh inquiſition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleaſures loſſe, and judgements, refuſe not, nor like this the leſſe, for not being ſullied with the ſmoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the ſcape it hath made amongſt you: ſince by the grand poſſeſſors wills I believe you ſhould have prayd for them [r. *it*] rather then beene prayd. And ſo I leave all ſuch to bee prayd for (for the ſtates of their wits healths) that will not praiſe it. *Vale.*

PROLOGUE[1].

IN Troy, there lies the ſcene. From iſles of Greece
The princes orgillous[2], their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens ſent their ſhips
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ranſack Troy; within whoſe ſtrong immures
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris ſleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The freſh and yet unbruiſed Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's ſix-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with maſſy ſtaples,
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts[3],
Sperr up the ſons of Troy[4].

Now

1 This prologue is found only in the folio edition. MALONE.

2 *The princes* orgillous,] *Orgillous*, i. e. proud, diſdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is uſed in the ancient romance of *Richard Cueur de Lyon*:

"His atyre was *orgulous*." STEEVENS.

3 — fulfilling *bolts*,] To *fulfill* in this place means to fill till there be no room for more. In this ſenſe it is now obſolete. So, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 114:

"A luſtie maide, a ſobre, a meke,
"*Fulfilled* of all curtoſie."

Again:

"*Fulfilled* of all unkindſhip." STEEVENS.

To be *fulfilled* with grace and benediction, is ſtill the language of our liturgy. BLACKSTONE.

4 Sperr *up the ſons of Troy*.] The old copy has—*Stirre*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. To *ſperre*, he obſerves, is to *ſhut up*, to *defend* by *bars*.—The names of the gates are here exhibited as in the old copy, for the reaſon aſſigned by Dr. Farmer; except in the inſtance of *Antenorides*, inſtead of which the old copy has *Antenonydus*. The quotation from Lydgate ſhews that was an errour of the printer. MALONE.

So,

Now expectation, tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits,
On one and other ſide, Trojan and Greek,

So, in Spenſer's *Faëry Queen*, b. 5. c. 10:

" The other that was entred, labour'd faſt
" To *ſperre* the gate," &c.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. II. chap. 12:

" When chaſed home into his holdes, there *ſparred* up in gates." STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald informs us that the very names of the gates of Troy have been barbarouſly demoliſhed by the editors; and a deal of learned duſt he makes in ſetting them right again; much however to Mr. Heath's ſatisfaction. Indeed the learning is modeſtly withdrawn from the later editions, and we are quietly inſtructed to read—

" Dardan, and Thymbria, *Ilia*, *Scæa*, Trojan,
" And Antenorides."

But had he looked into the *Troy boke* of *Lydgate*, inſtead of puzzling himſelf with *Dares Phrygius*, he would have found the horrid demolition to have been neither the work of Shakſpeare, nor his editors.

" Therto his cyte | compaſſed enuyrowne
" Hadde gates VI to entre into the towne:
" The firſte of all | and ſtrengeſt eke with all,
" Largeſt alſo | and moſte pryncypall,
" Of myghty byldyng | alone pereleſs,
" Was by the kinge called | *Dardanydes*;
" And in ſtorye | lyke as it is founde,
" *Tymbria* | was named the ſeconde;
" And the thyrde | called *Helyas*,
" The fourthe gate | hyghte alſo *Cetheas*;
" The fyfthe *Trojana*, | the ſyxth *Anthonydes*,
" Stronge and myghty | both in werre and pes."

Lond. empr. by R. Pynſon, 1513, Fol. b. ii. ch. 11.

The *Troy Boke* was ſomewhat modernized, and reduced into regular ſtanzas, about the beginning of the laſt century, under the name of, *The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred mayne Battailes in open Field againſt the Grecians; wherein there were ſlaine on both Sides* Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thouſand, Fourſcore and Sixe Men.—Fol. no date. This work Dr. Fuller, and ſeveral other criticks, have erroneouſly quoted as the *original*; and obſerve in conſequence, that " if Chaucer's *coin* were of *greater weight* for *deeper learning*, Lydgate's were of a more *refined ſtandard* for *purer language*: ſo that one might miſtake him for a modern writer!" FARMER.

On other occaſions, in the courſe of this play, I ſhall inſert quotations from the *Troye Boke modernized*, as being the moſt intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

Sets

Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd[5],—but not in confidence
Of authour's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt[6] and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

5 *A prologue arm'd,*] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the authour's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play. JOHNSON.

6 —*the vaunt*—] i. e. the *avaunt*, what went before. STEEVENS.

The *vaunt* is the *van guard*, called in our author's time the *vaunt-guard*. PERCY.

Perſons Repreſented.

Priam, *king of* Troy:
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
} *his Sons.*
Æneas,
Antenor,
} Trojan *Commanders.*
Calchas, *a* Trojan *prieſt, taking part with the* Greeks.
Pandarus, *Uncle to* Creſſida.
Margarelon, *a baſtard ſon of* Priam.

Agamemnon, *the* Grecian *General:*
Menelaus, *his brother.*
Achilles,
Ajax,
Ulyſſes,
Neſtor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
} Grecian *Commanders.*
Therſites, *a deformed and ſcurrilous* Grecian.
Alexander, *ſervant to* Creſſida.
Servant to Troilus; *Servant to* Paris; *Servant to* Diomedes.

Helen, *wife to* Menelaus.
Andromache, *wife to* Hector.
Caſſandra, *daughter to* Priam; *a Propheteſs.*
Creſſida, *daughter to* Calchas.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Troy, *and the* Grecian *Camp before it.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter TROILUS *arm'd, and* PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet[2], I'll unarm again:
Why ſhould I war without the walls of Troy,
That

[1] The ſtory was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and ſince by Chaucer. POPE.

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the ſtory of *Troilus and Creſſida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom Gaſcoigne ſpeaks in *Dan Bartholmewe his firſt Triumph:* "Since *Lollius* and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that gloſe") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verſe, and that Chaucer tranſlated it. Lollius was a hiſtoriographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakſpeare received the greateſt part of his materials for the ſtructure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a tranſlator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Meſſina in Sicily, and wrote his *Hiſtory of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretenſis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On theſe, as Mr. Warton obſerves, he engrafted many new romantick inventions, which the taſte of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction eaſily admitted; at the ſame time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic ſtories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was publiſhed at Cologne in 1477, again in 1480: at Straſburgh 1486, and *ibidem* 1489. It appears to have been tranſlated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into Engliſh in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. ſo that there muſt have been yet ſome earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto ſeen or heard of, unleſs his firſt tranſlator had recourſe to a manuſcript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Creſſida famous, which very probably might have been Shakſpeare's inducement

That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is maſter of his heart,

Let

ment to try their fortune on the ſtage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynſon, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wiſe, between *Troilus* and *Creſſida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of Troilus and Creſſida, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The firſt of theſe entries is in the name of Edward White, the ſecond in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the hiſtory of Troilus and Creſſida." STEEVENS.

The entry in 1608-9 was made by the booksellers for whom this play was publiſhed in 1609. It was written, I conceive, in 1602. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Before this play of *Troilus and Creſſida*, printed in 1609, is a bookſeller's preface, ſhewing that firſt impreſſion to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was publiſhed without Shakeſpeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookſeller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the firſt of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his laſt; and the great number of obſervations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, ſeems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may rather learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakſpeare's plays thought it their intereſt to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the concluſion, theſe words: "Thank fortune for the 'ſcape it hath made amongſt you, ſince, by the grand poſſeſſors wills, I believe you ſhould have prayed for them, rather than been prayed," &c. By the *grand poſſeſſors*, I ſuppoſe, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival playhouſes at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to the *Malecontent*, written by Webſter, and augmented by Marſton, 1604, is the following paſſage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having intereſt in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo ſexto with them? They taught us a name for our plays; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to the *Engliſh Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are ſtill retained in the hands of ſome actors, who think it againſt their peculiar profit to have them come in print." STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practiſed by writers as well as actors. It ſtands on record againſt *Robert Greene*, the author of *Friar Bacon*

Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended[3]?

Tro. The Greeks are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder[4] than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs[5] as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan.

Bacon and Friar Bungay, and *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594 and 1599, that he ſold the laſt of theſe pieces to two different theatres: "Maſter R. G. would it not make you bluſh, &c. if you ſold not *Orlando Furioſo* to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, ſold the ſame play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Coneycatching, M. G.?" *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592. COLLINS.

Notwithſtanding what has been ſaid by a *late editor*, I have a copy of the *firſt folio*, including *Troilus and Creſſida*. Indeed, as I have juſt now obſerved, it was at firſt either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *liſt* of the plays, and is thruſt in between the *hiſtories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs intirely from the copy in the *ſecond folio*. FARMER.

I have conſulted *eleven copies* of the *firſt folio*, and *Troilus and Creſſida* is not wanting in any one of them. STEEVENS.

[2] — *my* varlet,] This word anciently ſignified a ſervant or footman to a knight or warrior. So, Holinſhed, ſpeaking of the battle of Agincourt: "— diverſe were releeved by their *varlets*, and conveied out of the field." Again, in an ancient epitaph in the churchyard of ſaint Nicas at Arras:

"Cy giſt Hakin et ſon *varlet*,
"Tout di-armè et tout di-pret,
"Avec ſon eſpé et ſalloche," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Will this geer ne'er be mended?*] There is ſomewhat proverbial in this queſtion, which I likewiſe meet with in the *Interlude of K. Darius*, 1565:

"Wyll not yet *this gere be amended*,
"Nor your ſinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

[4] — *fonder*—] i. e. more weak, or fooliſh. See Vol. III. p. 66, n. 5. MALONE.

[5] *And ſkill-leſs*, &c.] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this ſpeech as it ſtands, except that he has changed *ſkill-leſs* to *artleſs*, not for the better, becauſe *ſkill-leſs* refers to *ſkill* and *ſkilful*. JOHNSON.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word —hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herſelf, what goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench[6] at ſufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I ſit;
And when fair Creſſid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when ſhe comes!—When is ſhe thence?[7]

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſter-night fairer than ever I ſaw her look; or any woman elſe.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain;
Leſt Hector or my father ſhould perceive me,

A very *fond* and *ſkill-leſs Remarker* on this note, aſks, "and does not *artleſs* refer to *art* and *artful*?"—Where will he find *art* and *artful* in this paſſage? The other words mentioned by Dr. Johnſon have occurred before. MALONE.

[6] *Doth leſſer* blench—] To *blench* is to ſhrink, ſtart, or fly off. So, in *Hamlet*:

"——— if he but *blench*,
"I know my courſe——."

Again, in the *Pilgrim* by B. and Fletcher:

"——— men that will not totter,
"Nor *blench* much at a bullet." STEEVENS.

[7] —*when ſhe comes!—When is ſhe thence?*] Both the old copies read—*then* ſhe comes, when *ſhe is* thence. Mr. Rowe corrected the former error, and Mr. Pope the latter. MALONE.

I have

I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm [8])
Bury'd this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile *:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more compariſon between the women,—But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not, as they term it, praiſe her,—But I would ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did. I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter Caſſandra's wit: but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Creſſid's love: Thou anſwer'ſt, She is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe, O, that her hand [9],

In

8 — *a ſtorm*—] Old Copies—a *ſcorn*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

* — *in* wrinkle *of a* ſmile:] So, in *Twelfth Night:* "He doth *ſmile* his face into more *lines* than the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." MALONE.

9 Handleſt *in thy diſcourſe, O, that her hand,* &c.] *Handleſt* is here uſed metaphorically, with an alluſion at the ſame time to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *hand* and *handleſt* is perfectly in our authour's manner.

The beauty of a female hand ſeems to have made a ſtrong impreſſion on his mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra ſhould be touched:

"——To let a fellow that will take rewards,
"And ſay, *God quit you,* be familiar with
"My play-fellow, your *hand,*—this kingly ſeal,
"And plighter of high hearts."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"——they may ſeize
"On the white wonder of dear Juliet's *hand.*"

In the *Winter's Tale* Florizel with equal warmth, and not leſs poetically, deſcants on the hand of his miſtreſs:

"——I take thy hand; this hand
"As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it;
"Or Ethiopian's tooth; or the ſann'd ſnow
"That's bolted by the northern blaſts twice o'er."

In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman[1]! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands[2].

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

This passage has, I think, been wrong pointed in the late editions:

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse;—O that her hand!
In whose comparison, &c. MALONE.

[1] —*and* spirit *of sense*

Hard as the palm of ploughman!] *In comparison with* Cressida's *hand*, says he, *the spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his *Exercitations*, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman.

Warburton reads:—spite *of sense:* Hanmer,—to th' *spirit of sense.* It is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress in *spite of sense*; for though he often does it in *spite of the sense* of others, his own senses are subdued to his desires. JOHNSON.

[2] —*she has the mends in her own hands.*] She may mend her complexion by the assistance of cosmeticks. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means—*She may make the best of a bad bargain.* So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands.*" Again, in S. Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "—turne him with his back full of stripes, and *his hands loden with his own amendes.*" Again, in the *Wild-Goose Chase*, by B. and Fletcher:

"The *mends are in mine own hands*, or the surgeon's."

STEEVENS.

Tro.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as Helen: an ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on friday, as Helen is on ſunday. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool, to ſtay behind her father [3]; let her to the Greeks; and ſo I'll tell her, the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* PANDARUS. *An Alarm.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!
Fools on both ſides! Helen muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Creſſid, but by Pandar;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſte againſt all ſuit.

3 —*to ſtay behind her father*;] Calchas, according to Shakſpeare's authority, *The Deſtruction of Troy*, was "a great learned biſhop of Troy," who was ſent by Priam to conſult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As ſoon as he had made "his oblations and demaunds for them of Troy, Apollo" (ſays the book) "aunſwered unto him, ſaying; Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achylles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes ſhall have victorie of the Troyans by the agreement of the Gods." *Hiſt. of the Deſtruction of Troy*, tranſlated by Caxton, 5th edit. 4to. 1617. This prudent *biſhop* followed the advice of the Oracle, and immediately joined the Greeks. MALONE.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Creſſid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there ſhe lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium[4], and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourſelf, the merchant and this ſailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark[5].

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield[6]?

Tro. Becauſe not there; This woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good ſport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may.*—
But, to the ſport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

4 *Between our* Ilium,] *Ilium* or *Ilion* (for it is ſpelt both ways) was according to Lydgate and the authour of the *Deſtruction of Troy*, the name of Priam's palace, which is ſaid by theſe writers to have been built upon a high rock. See a note in Act IV. ſc. v. on the words—"Yon towers," &c. MALONE.

5 — *this ſailing Pandar,*

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"This punk is one of Cupid's *carriers*;
"Clap on more *ſails*," &c. MALONE.

6 *How now, prince* Troilus? *wherefore not afield?*] Shakſpeare, it appears from various lines in this play, pronounced *Troilus* improperly as a diſſyllable; as every *mere* Engliſh reader does at this day. So alſo, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Here manly Hector faints, here *Troilus* ſwounds."
MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA, *and* ALEXANDER.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd[7], to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose*, he was harness'd light[8],
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cre. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*[9],
And stands alone.

7 — *Hector, whose patience*
Is, as a virtue, fix'd,] Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. JOHNSON.

* — *as there were husbandry in war,*
Before the sun rose, &c.] *Husbandry* means economical prudence. Troilus alludes to Hector's early rising. So, in *K. Henry V.*

" — our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,
" Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*." MALONE.

8 — *he was* harness'd *light*,] i. e. he put on light armour. See Vol. IV. p. 429, n. 1. Dr. Warburton has written a long note to shew that light armour was very proper on this occasion, because " Æneas was to fight on *foot*." If he had looked into *The Destruction of Troy* already quoted, he would have found, in every page, that the leaders on each side were alternately tumbled from their *horses* by the prowess of their adversaries. MALONE.

9 — *per se*,] So, in Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide*:

" Of faire Cresseide, the floure and *a per se*
" Of Troie and Greece."

Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

" That is the *a per se* of all, the creame of all." STEEVENS.

Cre. So do all men; unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions *; he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humours, that his valour is cruſh'd into folly [1], his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it: he is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair [2]: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no uſe; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They ſay, he yeſterday coped Hector in the battle, and ſtruck him down; the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept Hector faſting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good-morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good-morrow, couſin Creſſid: What do you talk of?—Good-morrow, Alexander.—How do you, couſin? When were you at Ilium?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was ſhe?

* — *their particular additions*;] Their peculiar and characteriſtick qualities or denominations. The term in this ſenſe is originally forenſick. MALONE.

[1] — *that his valour is* cruſh'd into folly,] To be *cruſhed into folly*, is to be *confuſed* and mingled with *folly*, ſo as that they make one maſs together. JOHNSON.

[2] — *againſt the hair*:] is a phraſe equivalent to another now in uſe—*againſt the grain*. The French ſay—*à contrepoil*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 243, n. 4. MALONE.

Cre.

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

Cre. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above [3]; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit* this year.

[3] *Well, the gods are above*;] So, in *Othello*: "Heaven's above all." MALONE.

* — *his* wit—] Both the old copies have—*will*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Cre.

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herſelf ſwore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis, I muſt confeſs,)—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus ſhould have too much: if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry Greek[4], indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure ſhe does. She came to him the other day into the compaſs'd window[5],—and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter[6]?

Pan.

[4] — *a merry Greek,*] *Græcari* among the Romans ſignified to play the reveller. STEEVENS.

The expreſſion occurs in many old Engliſh books. See Act IV. ſc. iv.

" A woeful Creſſid 'mongſt the *merry Greeks.*" MALONE.

[5] — *compaſs'd window,*] The *compaſs'd window* is the ſame as the *bow-window.* JOHNSON.

A *cowed* cieling is yet in ſome places called a *compaſs'd* cieling. MALONE.

[6] — *ſo old a* lifter?] The word *lifter* is uſed for a *thief* by Greene, in his *Art of Coney-catching*, printed 1591: on this the humour of the paſſage

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cre. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones[7].

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. Jonson uses the expression in *Cynthia's Revels*: "One other peculiar virtue you possess is, *lifting*." Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611: "—cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foists, puggards, conrbers." STEEVENS.

Hliftus, in the Gothic language signifies a *thief*. See *Archæolog.* Vol. V. p. 311. BLACKSTONE.

7 —*her eyes ran o'er—with mill-stones.*] So, in *K. Richard III*:

"Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears."

MALONE.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen ſpied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true; make no queſtion of that. *One and fifty hairs*[8], quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons.* Jupiter! quoth ſhe, *which of theſe hairs is Paris, my huſband? The forked one,* quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was ſuch laughing! and Helen ſo bluſh'd, and Paris ſo chafed, and all the reſt ſo laugh'd, that it paſs'd.

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt May. [*A Retreat ſounded.*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs toward Ilium? good niece, do; ſweet niece Creſſida.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may ſee moſt bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they paſs by; but mark Troilus above the reſt.

Æneas *paſſes over the ſtage.*

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

[8] — One *and fifty hairs,*] The old copies, here and above, have —*Two* and fifty. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The well known number of Priam's ſons proves it to be right. MALONE.

Pan.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *passes over.*

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit[9], I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more[1].

Hector *passes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cre. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's

9 *That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,*]

" Anthenor was——

" Copious in words, and one that much time spent
" To jest, when as he was in companie,
" So driely, that no man could it espie;
" And therewith held his countenaunce so well,
" That every man received great content
" To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
" When he was pleasant, and in merriment:
" For tho' that he most commonly was sad,
" Yet in his speech some jest he always had."

Lidgate, p. 105. STEEVENS.

1 *If he do, the rich shall have more.*] The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, signify *a silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressid means, that *a noddy shall have more nods*. JOHNSON.

laying

laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris *passes over.*

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus *passes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *passes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd*, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's[2]; And

* —*how his* sword is bloody'd,] So Lydgate describing Troilus, in a couplet that reminds us of Dryden, or Pope:

"He was so ferle they might him not withstand,
"When that he helde his *blody sworde* in hand"

I always quote from the original poem, edit. 1555. MALONE.

[2] —*his helm more hack'd than Hector's*;] So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*, b. iii. 640:

"His *helme to hewin* was in twenty places," &c. STEEVENS.

how

how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot[2].

Forces pass over the stage.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye[3],—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles[4]; upon my secrecy, to defend mine

[2] —*an eye to boot.*] So the quarto. The folio, with less force, —give *money* to boot. JOHNSON.

[3] —*no* date *in the pye,*—] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Act I. "—your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge than in your cheek." STEEVENS.

[4] —*upon my wit, to defend my* wiles;] So read both the copies: yet perhaps the authour wrote:

—upon my wit, to defend my *will*.

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition. JOHNSON.

So,

mine honeſty; my maſk, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wards I lie, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another!

Enter Troilus' *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe; there he unarms him [5].

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit* Boy.] I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the ſame token—you are a bawd.— [*Exit* Pan.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thouſand fold I ſee
Than in the glaſs of Pandar's praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's ſoul lies in the doing [6]:
That ſhe [7] belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"What *wit* ſets down, is blotted ſtraight with *will.*"

Yet I think the old copy right. MALONE.

[5] —*there he unarms him.*] Theſe words are not in the folio. MALONE.

[6] —*joy's ſoul lies in the doing:*] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given:

— the *ſoul's joy* lies in doing. JOHNSON.

This taſteleſs alteration was originally made by the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *That ſhe*—] Means, that woman. JOHNSON.

That

That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Atchievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though [8] my heart's content [9] firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp.* *Before* Agamemnon's *Tent.*

Trumpets. *Enter* AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and Others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

[8] *Then though*—] The quarto reads *Then*; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *That*. JOHNSON.

[9] — *my heart's content*—] perhaps means, my heart's satisfaction or joy: my well pleased heart. So, in our author's Dedication of his *Venus and Adonis* to lord Southampton: "I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your *heart's content*."—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has *contents*. Dr. Warburton by *content* understands *capacity*. MALONE.

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad [1] and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat [2],
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words [3]. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast [4], making their way
With those of nobler bulk [5]?

1 — *broad*—] So the quarto; the folio reads *loud*. JOHNSON.

2 — thy godlike *seat*,] The throne in which thou sittest, "like a descended god." The quarto has—*the* godlike. The folio—Thy *godly*. MALONE.

3 *Nestor shall* apply
Thy latest words.] Nestor *applies* the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Nestor means, that he will *attend particularly to*, and consider, Agamemnon's latest words. So, in an ancient Interlude entitled *The Nice Wanton*, 1560:

"O ye children, let your time be well spent;
"*Applye* your learning, and your elders obey."

See also Vol. III. p. 258, n. 8. MALONE.

4 —*patient breast*,] The quarto not so well:—*ancient* breast. JOHNSON.

5 *With those of nobler bulk?*] Statius has the same thought, though more diffusedly expressed:

"Sic ubi magna novum Phario de littore puppis
"Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes
"Lataque veliferi porrexit brachia mali,
"Invasitque vias; it eodem angusta phaselus
"Æquore, et immensi partem sibi vendicat austri."

Pope has imitated the passage. STEEVENS.

But

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like Perſeus' horſe [6]: Where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd greatneſs? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for Neptune. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew, and valour's worth, divide
In ſtorms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize [7],
Than by the tyger: but when the ſplitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under ſhade [8], Why, then, the thing of courage [9],
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,

[6] *Bounding between the two moiſt elements,*

Like Perſeus' horſe:] Mercury according to the fable preſented Perſeus with *talaria*, but we no where hear of his horſe. The only flying horſe of antiquity was Pegaſus; and he was the property, not of Perſeus, but Bellerophon. But our poet followed a more modern fabuliſt, the authour of *the Deſtruction of Troy*, a book which furniſhed him with ſome other circumſtances of this play. Of the horſe alluded to in the text he found in that book the following account:

"Of the blood that iſſued out [from Meduſa's head] there engendered Pegaſus, or the *flying horſe*. By the flying horſe that was engendered of the bloud iſſued from her head, is underſtood, that of her riches iſſuing of that realme he [Perſeus] founded and made a *ſhip* named Pegaſe,—and *this ſhip was likened unto an horſe flying*," &c. Again: "By this faſhion Perſeus conquered the head of Meduſa, and did make Pegaſe, the moſt ſwift ſhip that was in all the world."—In another place the ſame writer aſſures us, that this ſhip, which he always calls Perſeus' flying horſe, "*flew on the ſea like unto a bird.*" *Deſt. of Troy*, 4to. 1617, p. 155,—164. MALONE.

7 —*by the* brize,] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horſe-fly*. STEEVENS. See Vol. VII. p. 520, n. 7. MALONE.

8 *And flies fled under ſhade,*] i. e. And flies *are* fled under ſhade. I have obſerved ſimilar omiſſions in the works of many of our authour's contemporaries. MALONE.

9 —*the thing of courage,*] It is ſaid of the tiger, that in ſtorms and high winds he rages and roars moſt furiouſly. HANMER.

Returns to chiding fortune [1].

Ulyſſ. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up,—hear what Ulyſſes ſpeaks.
Beſides the applauſe and approbation
The which,—moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,—
[*to* Agamemnon.
And thou moſt reverend for thy ſtretcht-out life,—
[*to* Neſtor.
I give to both your ſpeeches,—which were ſuch,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable Neſtor, hatch'd in ſilver,
Should with a bond of air (ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekiſh ears
To his experienc'd tongue [2],—yet let it pleaſe both,—
Thou great,—and wiſe,—to hear Ulyſſes ſpeak.

Agam.

[1] Returns *to chiding fortune.*] For *returns*, Hanmer reads *replies*, unneceſſarily, the ſenſe being the ſame. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. JOHNSON.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Chiding* is noiſy, clamourous. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"As doth a rock againſt the *chiding* flood."

See Vol. VII. p. 84, n. 3. MALONE.

[2] —*ſpeeches,—which were ſuch,*
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable Neſtor, hatch'd in ſilver,
Should with a bond *of air—knit all the Greekiſh ears*
To his experienc'd tongue,] Ulyſſes begins his oration with praiſing thoſe who had ſpoken before him, and marks the characteriſtick excellencies of their different eloquence,—ſtrength and ſweetneſs, which he expreſſes by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the inſtruction of poſterity. The ſpeech of Agamemnon is ſuch that it ought to be engraven in braſs, and the tablet held up by him on the one ſide, and Greece on the other, to ſhew the union of their opinion. And Neſtor ought to be exhibited in ſilver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his ſoft and gentle elocution. Braſs is the common emblem of ſtrength, and ſilver of gentleneſs. We call a ſoft voice a *ſilver* voice, and a perſuaſive tongue a *ſilver* tongue.—I once read for *hand*, the *band* of Greece, but I think the text

Agam. Speak [3], prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect

That

text right.—To *batch* is a term of art for a particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of *engraving* laws and publick records in *brass*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. Our author has the same allusion in *Measure for Measure*, Act V. sc. i. The Duke, speaking of the merit of Angelo and Escalus, says, that

" —— it deserves *with characters of brass*
" A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
" And razure of oblivion."

So far therefore is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *batch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to read,—*thatch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair*; the same metaphor being used by Timon, Act IV. sc. iv. to Phryne and Timandra:

" —*thatch* your poor thin roofs
" With burthens of the dead—."

But I know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; as I find, that the species of engraving, called *hatching*, was particularly used in the *hilts of swords*. See Cotgrave in v. *Hachè*; hacked, &c. also, *Hatched, as the hilt of a sword*: and in v. *Hacher*; to hacke, &c. also, *to hatch a hilt*. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, Vol. II. p. 90:

" When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,
" *Hatch'd* in the life of him—."

After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left so by the author. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary; *batch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver. The word is metaphorically used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

" His weapon *batch'd* in blood."

Again, literally, in the *Two merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

" Double and treble gilt,—
" *Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time."

Again, more appositely, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

" Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *batch'd*
" *With silver*—."

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, *a bond of air*, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the wind, was unseen. STEEVENS.

That matter needleſs, of importleſs burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,

When

In the following verſes in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*, nearly the ſame picture of Neſtor is given. The fifth line of the firſt ſtanza may leave us to the true interpretation of the words *hatch'd in ſilver*. In a ſubſequent paſſage the colour of the old man's beard is again mentioned: "I'll hide my *ſilver* beard in a gold beaver." Dr. Johnſon therefore is undoubtedly miſtaken in ſuppoſing that there is any alluſion to the ſoft voice or *ſilver tongue* of Neſtor.—The poet, however, might mean not merely that Neſtor looked *like* a figure engraved in ſilver (as Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes); but that he ſhould actually be ſo engraved.

With reſpect to the breath or ſpeech of Neſtor, here called a *bond of air*, it is ſo truly Shakſpearian, that I have not the ſmalleſt doubt of the genuineneſs of the expreſſion. Shakſpeare frequently calls words *wind*, and *air*. So, in one of his poems:

"— ſorrow ebbs, being blown with *wind* of *words*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Three civil broils, bred of an *airy* word."

Again, more appoſitely, in *Much ado about nothing*:

"Charm ache with *air*, and agony with words."

The verſes above alluded to are theſe:

"There pleading you might ſee grave *Neſtor* ſtand,
"As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
"Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,
"That it *beguil'd attention*, charm'd the ſight;
"In ſpeech, it ſeem'd, *his beard all ſilver white*
"Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
"Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the ſky.

"About him were a preſs of gaping faces,
"Which ſeem'd to ſwallow up his ſound advice,
"All jointly liſt'ning but with ſeveral graces,
"As if ſome mermaid did their ears entice;
"Some high, ſome low; the painter was ſo nice,
"The ſcalps of many almoſt hid behind
"To jump up higher ſeem'd, to mock the mind."

What is here called *ſpeech that beguil'd attention*, is in the text a *bond of air*; i. e. *breath*, or words, that ſtrongly enforced the attention of his auditors. In the ſame poem we find a kindred expreſſion:

"Feaſt-finding minſtrels, tuning my defame,
"Will *tie* the *hearers* to *attend* each line."

Again, more appoſitely, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. no date:

"Toilton, whoſe *tongue* men's ears in *chains* could *bind*."

The word *knit*, which alone remains to be noticed, is often uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſame manner. So, in *Macbeth*:

"— to

When rank Therſites opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.
Ulyſſ. Troy, yet upon his baſis, had been down,
And the great Hector's ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of rule [4] hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center [5],
Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office, and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd

" — to the which my duties
" Are with a moſt indiſſoluble *tie*
" For ever *knit*."

Again, in *Othello*: " I have profeſs'd me thy friend, and I confeſs me *knit* to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs." MALONE.

3 Agam. *Speak*, &c.] This ſpeech is not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

4 *The ſpecialty of rule*—] The particular rights of ſupreme authority. JOHNSON.

5 *When that the general* is not like *the hive*,] The meaning is, *When the general is not* to the army *like the hive* to the bees, the repoſitory of the ſtock of every individual, that to which each particular reſorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The ſenſe is clear, the expreſſion is confuſed. JOHNSON.

6 *The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this* center,] By this *center* Ulyſſes means the earth itſelf, not, as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſed, the center of the earth. According to the ſyſtem of Ptolemy, the earth is the center round which the planets move. MASON.

This illuſtration was probably derived from a paſſage in Hooker: " If celeſtial ſpheres ſhould forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven ſhould begin to ſtand; if the moon ſhould wander from her beaten way; and the ſeaſons of the year blend themſelves; what would become of man?" WARBURTON.

Amidſt the other; whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil[7],
And poiſs, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to diſorder wander[8],
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the ſea? ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrours,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate

[7] *Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,*] So the folio. The quarto reads:

Corrects the influence of evil planets. MALONE.

[8] — *But, when the planets,*

In evil mixture, to diſorder wander, &c.] I believe the poet, according to aſtrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aſpects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture.* JOHNSON.

The poet's meaning may be ſomewhat explained by Spenſer, to whom he ſeems to be indebted for his preſent alluſion:

" For who ſo liſt into the heavens looke,
" And ſearch the courſes of the rowling ſpheres,
" Shall find that from the point where they firſt tooke
" Their ſetting forth, in theſe few thouſand yeares
" They all are *wandred* much; that plaine appeares.
" For that ſame golden fleecy ram, which bore
" Phrixus and Helle from their ſtepdames feares,
" Hath now forgot where he was plaſt of yore,
" And ſhouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa bore.

" And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
" So hardly butted thoſe two twinnes of Jove,
" That they have cruſh'd the crab, and quite him borne
" Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
" So now all *range,* and do *at random rove*
" Out of their proper places far away,
" And all this world with them amiſſe doe move,
" And all his creatures from their courſe aſtray,
" Till they arrive at their laſt ruinous decay."

Faery Queen, B. V. c. i. STEEVENS.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were ſuppoſed to portend ſome diſaſters to mankind; indeed the planets themſelves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum,* as the etymology of their names demonſtrates. ANONYMUS.

The

The unity and married calm of ſtates [9]
Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is ſhak'd [1],
Which is the ladder of all high deſigns,
The enterprize is ſick [2]! How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities [3],
Peaceful commérce from dividable ſhores [4],
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, laurels,
But by degree, ſtand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And, hark, what diſcord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be lord of imbecility,
And the rude ſon ſhould ſtrike his father dead:
Force ſhould be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whoſe endleſs jar juſtice reſides)
Should loſe their names, and ſo ſhould juſtice too.
Then every thing includes itſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power,
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,

9 —married *calm of ſtates*—] The epithet married, which is uſed to denote an intimate union, is employed in the ſame ſenſe by Milton:

" —— Lydian airs
" *Married* to immortal verſe."

Again:

" —— voice and verſe
" *Wed* your divine ſounds."

Shakſpeare calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

1 — *O, when degree is ſhak'd,*] I would read:—So *when degree is ſhak'd*. JOHNSON.

2 *The enterprize*—] Perhaps we ſhould read:—Then *enterprize is ſick!* JOHNSON.

3 — *brotherhoods in cities,*] Corporations, companies, *confraternities*. JOHNSON.

4 —*from* dividable *ſhores,*] *Dividable* is here uſed to expreſs *divided*. MASON.

And

And, laſt, eat up himſelf. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection * of degree it is,
That by a pace [6] goes backward, with a purpoſe
It hath to climb [7]. The general's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation [8]:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs ſtands, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath Ulyſſes here diſcover'd
The fever whereof all our power is ſick.

Agam. The nature of the ſickneſs found, Ulyſſes,
What is the remedy?

Ulyſſ. The great Achilles,—whom opinon crowns
The ſinew and the forehand of our hoſt,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame [9],
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our deſigns: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,

* —*this* neglection—] This uncommon word occurs again in *Pericles*, 1609:

" —— If *neglection*
" Should therein make me vile,—". MALONE.

6 *That by a pace*—] That goes backward *ſtep by ſtep*. JOHNSON.

7 —*with a purpoſe*
It hath to climb:]] With a deſign in each man to aggrandize himſelf, by ſlighting his immediate ſuperior. JOHNSON.
Thus the quarto. Folio:—*in* a purpoſe. MALONE.

8 —*bloodleſs emulation*:] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and ſluggiſh. JOHNSON.

9 —*his* airy *fame*,] Verbal elogium; what our authour in *Macbeth* has called *mouth-honour*. See p. 166, n. MALONE.

Thy topleſs deputation [1] he puts on;
And, like a ſtrutting player,—whoſe conceit
Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage [2],—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted ſeeming [3]
He acts thy greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff,
The large Achilles, on his preſs'd bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe;
Cries—*Excellent!*—'*tis* Agamemnon *juſt.*—
Now play me Neſtor;—*hem, and ſtroke thy beard,*
As he, being 'dreſt to ſome oration.
That's done;—as near as the extremeſt ends
Of parallels [4]; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles ſtill cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Neſtor *right! Now play him me,* Patroclus,
Arming to anſwer in a night alarm.
And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth; to cough, and ſpit,
And with a palſy-fumbling on his gorget [5],

Shake

1 *Thy* topleſs *deputation*—] *Topleſs* is that which has nothing *topping* or *over-topping* it; ſupreme; ſovereign. JOHNSON.
So, in *Doctor Fauſtus*, 1604:
" Was this the face that launch'd a thouſand ſhips,
" And burnt the *topleſs* towers of Ilium?" STEEVENS.

2 *'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the* ſcaffoldage,] The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our authour, were ſometimes termed *the ſcaffolds*. See *The Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

3 — *o'er*-wreſted *ſeeming*—] i. e. wreſted beyond the truth; over-charged. Both the old copies, as well as all the modern editions, have *o'er-reſted*, which affords no meaning. MALONE.

4 — *as near as the extremeſt ends*, &c.] The parallels to which the alluſion ſeems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as eaſt to weſt. JOHNSON.

5 — *with a palſy*-fumbling *on his gorget*,] *Palſy*, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved, is here uſed adjectively, for *paralytick*.
Fumbling is often applied by our old Engliſh writers to the ſpeech. So, in *K. John*, 1591:
" —— he *fumbleth* in the *mouth*;
" His ſpeech doth fail."

Again,

Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough*, Patroclus;—
Or give me ribs of ſteel! I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact [7],
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs, or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes [8].

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain
(Whom, as Ulyſſes ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd; and bears his head
In ſuch a rein [9], in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts; rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an oracle: and ſets Therſites
(A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint [1],)
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How rank ſoever rounded in with danger [2].

Uly. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;

Again, in North's Tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "—he heard his wife Calphurnia being faſt aſleepe, weepe and ſigh, and put forth many *fumbling* lamentable *ſpeaches*." Shakſpeare, I believe, wrote—*in* his gorget. MALONE.

[7] *All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,*
Severals and generals of grace exact, &c.] All our good *grace exact*, means, our *excellence irreprehenſible*. JOHNSON.

[8] —*to make* paradoxes.] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and diſtinct. I wiſh the copies had given: —*to make* parodies. JOHNSON.

[9] —*bears his head*
In ſuch a rein,] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We ſtill ſay of a girl, *ſhe bridles*. JOHNSON.

[1] —*ſuch ſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint,*] i. e. as faſt as a mint coins *money*. See Vol. V. p. 147, n. 5. MALONE.

[2] *How* rank *ſoever rounded in with danger.*] A *rank weed* is a *high weed*. The modern editions ſilently read: *How* hard *ſoever*—. JOHNSON.

Count

Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Foreſtall pre-ſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand: the ſtill and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs calls them on; and know, by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this—bed-work, mappery, cloſet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horſe
Makes many Thetis' ſons. [*Trumpet ſounds.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears[3]?

Agam. With ſurety ſtronger than Achilles' arm[4]
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks[5]
Know

3 — *kingly* ears?] The quarto: — *kingly* eyes. JOHNSON.

4 — *Achilles' arm*] So the copies. Perhaps the authour wrote: —*Alcides'* arm. JOHNSON.

5 *A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks*] And yet this was the ſeventh year of the war. Shakſpeare, who ſo wonderfully preſerves character, uſually confounds the cuſtoms of all nations, and probably ſuppoſed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth act of this play, Neſtor ſays to Hector:

But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw till now.

Shakſpeare

Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay; I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek[6] be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart[7]. But peace, Æneas,
Peace,

Shakspeare might have adopted this error from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own. There are books in the British Museum of the age of king Henry VI; and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received the decorations. STEEV.

In *The Destruction of Troy*, Shakspeare found all the chieftains of each army termed knights, mounted on stately horses, defended with modern helmets, &c. &c. MALONE.

[6] — *bid the cheek*—] So the quarto. The folio has: — on *the cheek*. JOHNSON.

[7] — *they have galls,*
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart.] I have not the smallest doubt that the poet wrote—(as I suggested in my SECOND APPENDIX, 8vo. 1783)

— they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and Jove's *a god*
Nothing so full of heart.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and *jovial*
"Among your guests to-night."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Cæsar, why he's the *Jupiter* of men."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*."

The text in my apprehension is unintelligible, though I have not ventured

Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If that the prais'd himſelf bring the praiſe forth[8]:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praiſe, ſole pure, tranſcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourſelf Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's ſleeping hour:
That thou ſhalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy braſs voice through all theſe lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,

ventured on my own opinion to diſturb it. In the old copy there is no point after the word *accord*, which adds ſome ſupport to my conjecture. It alſo may be obſerved, that in peace the Trojans have juſt been compared to *angels*; and here Æneas in a ſimilar ſtrain of panegyrick compares them in war to that *God* who was proverbially diſtinguiſhed for high ſpirits.

The preſent punctuation of the text was introduced by Mr. Theobald. The words being pointed thus, he thinks it clear that the meaning is,—They have galls, good arms, &c. and, *Jove annuente*, nothing *is* ſo full of heart as they. Had Shakſpeare written "—*with* Jove's accord," and "*Nothing's* ſo full," &c. ſuch an interpretation might be received; but as the words ſtand, it is inadmiſſible.

The quarto reads—and *great* Jove's acc rd—&c. MALONE.

[8] *The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,*
If that the prais'd himſelf bring the praiſe forth:] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—power unto itſelf moſt commendable,
"Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
"To extol what it hath done." MALONE.

What

What Troy means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.

[*Trumpets ſound.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce[9]
Is ruſty[1] grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'ſt of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe;
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion[2],
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves[3],)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers[4],—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it,
He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compaſs in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouſe a Grecian that is true in love:

[9] —*long-continued* truce—] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is ſaid, that *Ajax coped Hector yeſterday in the battle.* JOHNSON.

Here we have another proof of Shakſpeare's falling into inconſiſtencies by ſometimes adhering to, and ſometimes deſerting, his original: a point, on which ſome ſtreſs has been laid in the Diſſertation printed at the end of the third part of *K. Henry VI.* See Vol. VI. p. 420.

Of this dull and long continued truce (which was agreed upon at the deſire of the Trojans, for ſix months) Shakſpeare found an account in the ſeventh chapter of the third book of the *Deſtruction of Troy*. In the fifteenth chapter of the ſame book the beautiful daughter of Calchas is firſt introduced. MALONE.

[1] *ruſty*—] Quarto, *reſty*. JOHNSON.

[2] —*more than* in confeſſion,] *Confeſſion*, for *profeſſion*. WARBURT.

[3] —*to her own lips he loves,*)] That is, *confeſſion made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.* JOHNSON.

[4] *In other* arms *than hers,*—] *Arms* is here uſed equivocally, for the arms of the body, and the armour of a ſoldier. MALONE.

If

If any come, Hector ſhall honour him;
If none, he'll ſay in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance[5]. Even ſo much.

Agam. This ſhall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none elſe, I am he.

Neſt. Tell him of Neſtor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandſire ſuck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian hoſt[6]
One noble man, that hath one ſpark of fire
To anſwer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace[7] put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood[8].

Æne. Now heavens forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

Ulyſſ. Amen.

[5] —*and not worth*
The ſplinter of a lance.—] This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have ſuited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. STEEVENS.

[6] —*in our Grecian* hoſt—] So the quarto. The folio has—Grecian *mould.* MALONE.

[7] *And in my* vantbrace—] An armour for the arm, *avantbras.* POPE.
Milton uſes the word in his *Sampſon Agoniſtes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:
"——peruſe his armour,
"The dint's ſtill in the *vantbrace.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *I'll prove this truth with my* three drops of blood.] So, in *Coriolanus*, one of the Volcian Guard ſays to old Menenius, "Back, I ſay, go, leſt I let forth your half pint of blood."
Thus the quarto. The folio reads—I'll *pawn* this truth. MALONE.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* Ulysses *and* Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape[9].

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride[1]
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery[2] of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

[9] *Be you my time*, &c.] i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. STEEVENS.

I believe Shakspeare was here thinking of the period of gestation, which is sometimes denominated a female's *time*, or reckoning. T. C.

[1] — *The seeded pride*, &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
" When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?" MALONE.

Shakspeare might have taken this idea from *Lyte's Herbal*, 1578, and 1579. The Oleander tree or Nerium " hath scarce one good propertie. It may be compared to a Pharisee, who maketh a glorious and beautiful show, but inwardly is of a corrupt and poisoned nature." —" It is high time, &c. to supplant it, (i. e. pharisaism) for it hath already floured, so that I feare it will shortly *seede*, and fill this wholesome soyle full of wicked Nerium." TOLLET.

[2] — *nursery* —] Alluding to a plantation called a nursery. JOHNSON.

Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up[3]:
And, in the publication, make no ſtrain[4],
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Ulyſſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?

Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; Whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from Hector bring thoſe honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a ſportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt palate: And truſt to me, Ulyſſes,
Our imputation ſhall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling[5]

3 *The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,*
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up:] That is, the purpoſe is as plain as *body* or ſubſtance; and though I have collected this purpoſe from many minute particulars, as a groſs body is made up of ſmall inſenſible parts, yet the reſult is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and viſible. This is the thought, though a little obſcured in the conciſeneſs of the expreſſion. WARBURTON.

Subſtance is eſtate, the value of which is aſcertained by the uſe of ſmall *characters*, i. e. numerals. So, in the prologue to *K. Henry V*:

"——a crooked figure may
"Atteſt, in little place, a million."

The *groſs ſum* is a term uſed in the *Merchant of Venice*. *Groſſneſs* has the ſame meaning in this inſtance. STEEVENS.

4 *And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,*] Neſtor goes on to ſay, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will diſcover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, Ulyſſes ſays:

I do not ſtrain *at the poſition.*

i. e. I do not heſitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOBALD.

5 —*ſcantling*—] That is, a *meaſure, proportion.* The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *ſcantling*. JOHNSON.

So, in John Florio's Tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſays*, folio 16 3: "When the lion's ſkin will not ſuffice, we muſt add a *ſcantling* of the fox's." MALONE.

Of good or bad unto the general;
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks[6]
To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant maſs
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, iſſues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miſcarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves?
Which entertain'd[7], limbs are in his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſſ. Give pardon to my ſpeech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,
And think, perchance, they'll ſell; if not,
The luſtre of the better ſhall exceed,
By ſhewing the worſe firſt[8]. Do not conſent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our ſhame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes; What are they?

Ulyſſ. What glory our Achilles ſhares from Hector,

[6] —*ſmall pricks*—] Small *points compared* with the volumes. JOHNSON.

Indexes were in Shakſpeare's time often *prefixed* to books. MALONE.

[7] *Which entertain'd*, &c.] Theſe two lines [and the concluding hemiſtick] are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[8] *The luſtre of the better ſhall exceed,*
By ſhewing the worſt firſt.] The folio reads:
The luſtre of the better, *yet to ſhew,*
Shall ſhew the better.

I once thought that the alteration was made by the authour; but a more diligent compariſon of the quartos and the firſt folio has convinced me that ſome arbitrary alterations were made in the latter copy by its editor. The quarto copy of this play is in general more correct than the folio. MALONE.

Were

Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare[9] with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in Africk ſun.
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion[1] cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockiſh Ajax[2] draw

The

[9] —*ſhare*—] So the quarto. The folio, *wear*. JOHNSON.

[1] —*our main opinion*—] is, our general eſtimation or character. See Vol. V. p. 256, n. 1. *Opinion* has already been uſed in this ſcene in the ſame ſenſe. MALONE.

[2] —*blockiſh Ajax*—] Shakſpeare on this occaſion has deſerted Lidgate, who gives a very different character of Ajax:

"Another Ajax (ſurnamed Telamon)
"There was, a man that *learning did adore*, &c."
"Who did ſo much in eloquence abound,
"That in his time the like could not be found."

Again:

"And one that *hated pride and flattery*," &c.

Our author appears to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out againſt him by Ulyſſes in the thirteenth book of Ovid's Metamorphoſis; or from the prologue to Harrington's *Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596, in which he is repreſented as "ſtrong, heady, boiſterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wiſe, learned, ſtaide, nor polliticke." STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect that Shakſpeare confounded Ajax *Telamonius* with Ajax *Oileus*. The characters of each of them are given by Lydgate. Shakſpeare knew that one of the *Ajaxes* was Hector's nephew, the ſon of his ſiſter; but perhaps did not know that he was Ajax *Telamonius*, and in conſequence of not attending to this circumſtance has attributed to the perſon whom he has introduced in this play part of the character which Lydgate had drawn for Ajax Oileus:

"Oileus Ajax was right corpulent;
"To be well cladde he ſet all his entent.
"In rich aray he was full curyous,
"Although he were of body corſyous.
"Of armes great, with ſhoulders ſquare and brode;
"It was of him almoſt a horſe-lode.
"High of ſtature, and boyſtrous in a pres,
"*And of his ſpeech rude, and rechleſs.*
"*Full many worde in ydel hym aſterte,*
"And but a coward was he of his herte."

Ajax Telamonius he thus deſcribes:

"An

The ſort [3] to fight with Hector: Among ourſelves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will phyſick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applauſe; and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainleſs Ajax come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion [4] ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,

" An other Ajax Thelamonyius
" There was alſo, diſerte and virtuous;
" Wonder faire and ſemely to behold,
" Whoſe heyr was black and upward ay gan folde,
" In compas wiſe round as any ſphere;
" And of muſyke was there none his pere.
" ——— yet had he good practike
" In armes eke, and was a noble knight.
" No man more orped, nor hardyer for to fight,
" Nor deſirous for to have victorye;
" Devoyde of pomp, hating all vayn glorye,
" All ydle laud ſpent and blowne in vayne."

Lydgate's *Auncient Hiſtorie*, &c. 1555.

There is not the ſmalleſt ground in Lydgate for what the authour of the *Riſacimento* of this poem publiſhed in 1614, has introduced, concerning his *eloquence* and *adoring learning*. See Mr. Steevens's note.

Perhaps, however, *The Deſtruction of Troy* led Shakſpeare to give this repreſentation; for the authour of that book, deſcribing theſe two perſons, improperly calls Ajax Oileus, ſimply *Ajax*, as the more eminent of the two:

" *Ajax* was of a huge ſtature, great and large in the ſhoulders, great armes, and always was well clothed, and very richly; and was of no great enterpriſe, and ſpake very quicke. *Thelamon Ajax* was a marvellous faire knight; he had black hayres, and he hadde great pleaſure in muſicke, and he ſang him ſelfe very well: he was of great proweſſe, and a valiant man of warre, and without pompe."

MALONE.

3 *The ſort*—] i. e. the lot. STEEVENS.
So, in Lydgate's *Auncient Hiſtorie*, &c.
" Calchas had experience
" Eſpecially of calculation;
" Of *ſorte* alſo, and divynation." MALONE.

4 —*under our opinion*—] Here again *opinion* means character. MALONE.

Our

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin [5] to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on [6], as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II[7]. SCENE I.

Another part of the Grecian *Camp.*

Enter AJAX, *and* THERSITES.

Ajax. Therſites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Therſites,—

Ther. And thoſe boils did run?—Say ſo,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come ſome matter from him; I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? Feel then. [*ſtrikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee [8], thou mungrel beef-witted lord [9]!

Ajax.

5 *Ulyſſes,*
Now I begin, &c.] The quarto and folio have—*Now, Ulyſſes,* I begin, &c. The tranſpoſition was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

6 *Muſt* tarre *the maſtiffs on,*] *Tarre,* an old Engliſh word ſignifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John,* Act IV. ſc. i.
" —— like a dog
" Snatch at his maſter that doth *tar* him on." POPE.

7 This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions. JOHNSON.

8 *The* plague of Greece *upon thee,*] The following lines of Lydgate's *Auncient Hiſtorie, &c. of the Warres between the Trojans and Grecians,* 1555, were probably here in our authour's thoughts:
" And

Ajax. Speak then, thou unſalted leaven[2], ſpeak: I will beat thee into handſomeneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs: but, I think, thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

" And in this whyle a great mortalyte,
" Both of ſworde and of *peſtilence*,
" *Among Greekes*, by fatal influence
" Of noyous hete and of corrupt eyre,
" Engendred was, that tho in great diſpayre
" Of theyr life in the fyelde they leye,
" For day by day ſodaynly they deye,
" Whereby theyr nombre faſt gan dyſcrece;
" And whan they ſawe that it ne wolde fece,
" By theyr advyſe the kyng Agamemnowne
" For a trewſe ſent unto the towne,
" For thirty dayes, and Priamus the kinge
" Without abode graunted his arynge." MALONE.

[1] —*thou* mongrel beef-witted *lord!*] So, in *Twelfth-Night*: " —I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my *wit*." STEEVENS.

He calls Ajax *mongrel* on account of his father's being a *Grecian* and his mother a *Trojan*. See Hector's ſpeech to Ajax in Act IV. ſc. v. " Thou art, great lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon," &c. MALONE.

[2] *Speak then, thou* unſalted *leaven,*] Thus the quarto. The folio has—thou *whinid'ſt* leaven, a corruption undoubtedly of *vinnewedſt*, or *vinniedſt*: that is, thou moſt *mouldy* leaven; " —thou compoſition" (to uſe Dr. Johnſon's words) " of muſtineſs and ſourneſs." In Dorſetſhire they at this day call cheeſe that is become mouldy, *vinny* cheeſe. MALONE.

Unſalted leaven means *ſour* without *ſalt*, malignity without wit. Shakſpeare wrote firſt *unſalted*; but recollecting that want of *ſalt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd*. JOHNSON.

The want of ſalt is no fault in leaven; but leaven without the *addition* of ſalt will not make good bread: hence Shakſpeare uſed it as a term of reproach. MALONE.

Unſalted is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's works, 1602, ſays: " Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and hoarie with over long lying." STEEVENS.

In the preface to James the Firſt's bible the tranſlators ſpeak of *fenowed* (i. e. vinewed or mouldy) traditions. BLACKSTONE.

Ther.

Ther. Doſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the loathſomeſt ſcab in Greece. When thou art forth[3] in the incurſions, thou ſtrikeſt as ſlow as another.

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as Cerberus is at Proſerpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'ſt at him[4].

Ajax. Miſtreſs Therſites!

Ther. Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf[5]!

Ther. He would pun thee into ſhivers[6] with his fiſt, as a ſailer breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whoreſon cur! [*beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

3 *When thou art forth*, &c.] Theſe words are not in the folio. MALONE.

4 —ay, *that thou bark'ſt at him.*] I read, *O* that thou *bark'dſt at him.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, ſhould have been changed into *ay*. TYRWHITT.

5 *Cobloaf!*] A cruſty uneven loaf is in ſome counties called by this name. STEEVENS.

Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, ſays that a *cobloaf* is a *bun*; but, I believe, he is miſtaken. A cob*nut* is a very large nut. So a cobloaf is, I ſuppoſe, a large, miſhapen loaf. MALONE.

6 —pun *thee into ſhivers*—] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*. JOHNSON.

It is uſed by P. Holland in his tranſlation of Pliny's Natural Hiſt. b. xxviii. ch. 12: "—*punned* altogether and reduced into a liniment." Again, b. xxix. ch. 4. "The gall of theſe lizards *punned* and diſſolved in water." STEEVENS.

Cole in his Dictionary, renders it by the Latin words *contero, contudo*. Mr. Pope, who altered whatever he did not underſtand, reads —*pound*, and was followed by three ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

Ajax.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch[7]!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou ſodden-witted lord! thou haſt no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an aſſinego[8] may tutor thee: Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here put to thraſh Trojans; and thou art bought and ſold[9] among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*beating him.*

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeneſs; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? How now, Therſites? what's the matter, man?

[7] *Thou ſtool for a witch!*—] In one way of trying a *witch* they uſed to place her on a chair or ſtool, with her legs tyed acroſs, that all the weight of her body might reſt upon her ſeat; and by that means, after ſome time, the circulation of the blood would be much ſtopped, and her ſitting would be as painful as the wooden horſe. GREY.

[8] — *an* aſſinego—] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Aſinaio* is Italian, ſays Hanmer, for an *aſs-driver*: but in *Mirza*, a tragedy by Rob. Baron, Act III. the following paſſage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

"——— the ſtout truſty blade,
"That at one blow has cut an *aſinego*
"Aſunder like a thread."—

"This (ſays the author) is the uſual trial of the Perſian ſhamſheers, or cemiters, which are crooked like a creſcent, of ſo good metal, that they prefer them before any other, and ſo ſharp as any razor."

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *aſs*, than an *aſs-driver*. From the following paſſage I ſhould ſuppoſe *aſinego* to be merely a cant term for a fooliſh fellow, an ideot: "They apparell'd me as you ſee, made a fool, or an *aſinego* of me." See *The Antiquary*, a comedy, by S. Marmion, 1641. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*: "——all this would be forſworn, and I again *an aſinego*, as your ſiſter left me." STEEVENS.

Aſinego is Portugueſe for a *little aſs*. MUSGRAVE.

[9] — *thou art bought and ſold*—] This was a proverbial expreſſion. See Vol. VI. p. 611, n. 7. MALONE.

Ther.

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whoſoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I ſay, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[Ajax *offers to ſtrike him,* Achilles *interpoſes.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit—

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I ſhall—

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Patr. Good words, Therſites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary[1]: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Even ſo?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. Hector ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therſites?

Ther. There's Ulyſſes and old Neſtor,—whoſe wit was mouldy ere your grandſires[2] had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good ſooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therſites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me[3], ſhall I?

Achil.

[1] —*is beaten* voluntary:] i. e. voluntarily. Shakſpeare often uſes adjectives adverbially. See Vol. V. p. 234, n. 3. MALONE.

[2] —*ere* your *grandſires*—] The old copies have *their* grandſires. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. In the Mſſ. of our authour's time ŷ ſtood for *your* and *their*. MALONE.

[3] —*when Achilles'* brach *bids me,*] The folio and quarto read,—Achilles' *brooch*. *Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' *hangers-on*. JOHNSON.

Brach I believe to be the true reading. He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles' dog. STEEVENS.

Broch was properly a trinket with a pin affixed to it, and is conſequently uſed by Shakſpeare for an ornament in general. So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— he is the *brooch* indeed
" And gem of all the nation.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— not the imperious ſhew
" Of the full fortun'd Cæſar ever ſhall
" Be *brooch'd* with me."

But Therſites could not mean to compliment Patroclus, and therefore this cannot, I think, be the true reading.—*Brach*, which was introduced

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector, by the first * hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

troduced by Mr. Rowe, might serve well enough, but that it certainly meant a *bitch*. [See Vol. III. p. 245, n. 1.] It is possible however that Shakspeare might have used the word as synonymous to *follower*, without any regard to sex.

I have sometimes thought that the word intended might have been Achilles's *brock*, i. e. that over-weening conceited coxcomb, who attends upon Achilles. Our authour has used this term of contempt in *Twelfth Night*: "Marry, hang thee, *brock!*" So, in *The Jests of George Peele*, quarto, 1657: "This self-conceited *brock* had George invited," &c. MALONE.

* —*the* first—] So quarto. Folio—the *fifth*—. MALONE.

Hect.

Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows*[4]?
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe, the tent that ſearches
To the bottom of the worſt. Let Helen go:
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Every tithe ſoul, 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes[5],
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing nor ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The paſt-proportion of his infinite[6]?
And buckle-in a waiſt moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fie, for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons[7],
You

4 —*Who knows what follows?*] Who knows what *ill* conſequences *may* follow from purſuing this or that courſe? MALONE.

5 —*many thouſand* diſmes,] *Diſme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the prologue to Gower's *Confeſſio Amantis*, 1554:

"The *diſme* goeth to the battaile."

Again, in Holinſhed's Reign of Rich. II: "—ſo that there was levied, what of the *diſme*, and by the devotion of the people," &c. STEEVENS.

6 *The* paſt-*proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatneſs to which no meaſure bears any proportion.* The modern editors ſilently give: *The* vaſt *proportion*—. JOHNSON.

7 —*though you* bite *ſo ſharp at* reaſons, &c.] Here is a wretched quibble between *reaſons* and *raiſins*, which in Shakſpeare's time were, I believe,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd[8]?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale[9], and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity

I believe, pronounced alike. Dogberry in *Much ado about Nothing* plays upon the same words: "If Justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more *reasons* in her ballance." MALONE.

[8] *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,*
Or like a star dis-orb'd?] These two lines are misplaced in all the folio editions. POPE.

[9] —*reason and* respect
Make livers pale, &c.] *Respect* is caution, a regard to consequences. So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating die!
"*Respect and* reason wait on wrinkled age!—
"Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage."

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

"——— and never learn'd
"The icy precepts of *respect,* but follow'd
"The sugar'd game before them."

In the passage last quoted, Vol. VIII. p. 104, n. 4, I have misinterpreted this word, as have the two preceding editors. See the Appendix in Vol. X. MALONE.

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive[1]
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit[2].

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will[3];
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them[4]; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve[5],
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full concent[6] belly'd his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;

[1] *And the will dotes, that is attributive*] So the quarto. The folio reads *inclinable*, which Mr. Pope says "is better." MALONE.

I think the first reading better; *the will dotes that attributes* or gives *the qualities which it affects*; that first causes excellence, and then admires it. JOHNSON.

[2] *Without some image of the* affected *merit.*] The will *affects* an object for some supposed *merit*, which Hector says is censurable, unless the *merit* so *affected* be really there. JOHNSON.

[3] —*in the* conduct *of my will*; i. e. under the guidance of my will. MALONE.

[4] —soil'd *them*;] So reads the quarto. The folio—*spoil'd* them.— JOHNSON.

[5] — *unrespective* sieve,] That is, into a *common voider*. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads,—*unrespective* fame; for which the modern editions have silently printed,—*unrespective* place. JOHNSON.

Place was the arbitrary correction made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[6] *Your breath with full* concent—] Your breaths all blowing together; your unanimous approbation. See Vol. V. p. 413, n. *. Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*of* full concent. MALONE.

And,

And, for an old aunt[7], whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning[8].
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did[9],
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves[1], unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

[7] *And, for an old aunt,*] Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax. MALONE.

[8] — makes pale *the morning.*] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,—stale *the morning.* JOHNSON.

[9] *And do a deed that fortune never did,*] If I understand this passage, the meaning is: "Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained. JOHNSON.

Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are now going to do what fortune never did.—Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

[1] But, *thieves,*] Hanmer reads—*Base* thieves—. JOHNSON.
That did in the next line means—that *which* did. MALONE.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Caſ. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.
Hect. Peace, ſiſter, peace.
Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders[2],
Soft infancy, that nothing canſt but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practiſe your eyes with tears!
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Ilion ſtand[3];
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or elſe let Helen go. [*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualify the ſame?
Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe Caſſandra's mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte[4] the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's ſons:
And Jove forbid, there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain!
Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity

2 — *wrinkled* elders,] So the quarto. Folio—wrinkled *old.* MALONE.

3 — *nor goodly* Ilion *ſtand*;] *Ilion*, according to Shakſpeare's authorities, Lydgate, and *The Deſtruction of Troy*, was the name of Priam's palace. MALONE.

4 — *diſtaſte*—] Corrupt; change to a worſe ſtate. JOHNSON.

As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full concent *
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights:
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not merely to myſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape [5]
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the ſubject: then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both ſaid well;
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but ſuperficially; not much

* —*your full* concent—] Your unanimous approbation. See p. 192, n. 6. MALONE.

[5] —*her fair* rape] *Rape* in our author's time commonly ſignified *the carrying away* of a female. MALONE.

Unlike young men, whom Ariſtotle [6] thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy:
The reaſons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleaſure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the huſband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills [7], reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law [8] in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known ſhe is,—theſe moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth [9]: yet, ne'ertheleſs,

[6] — *Ariſtotle*—] Let it be remember'd as often as Shakſpeare's anachroniſms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in thoſe ancient romances which ſeem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add that even claſſick authors are not exempt from ſuch miſtakes. In the fifth book of Statius's *Thebaid* Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Neſtor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. If on that occaſion ſomewhat ſhould be attributed to his augural profeſſion, yet if he could ſo freely mention, nay even quote as examples to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they muſt all have been prophets as well as himſelf, or they could not have underſtood him. STEEVENS.

[7] — *benumbed wills*,] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to ſuperior direction. JOHNSON.

[8] *There is a law*—] What the law does in every nation between individuals, juſtice ought to do between nations. JOHNSON.

[9] *Is this, in way of truth:*] Though conſidering *truth* and *juſtice* in this queſtion, this is my opinion; yet as a queſtion of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

My

My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep Helen ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens[1],
I would not wiſh a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I preſume, brave Hector would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offſpring of great Priamus.—
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowzy ſpirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general ſlept,
Whilſt emulation[2] in the army crept;
This, I preſume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

[1] —*the performance of our heaving ſpleens,*] The execution of ſpite and reſentment. JOHNSON.

[2] —*emulation*—] That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON. *Emulation* is now never uſed in an ill ſenſe; but Shakſpeare meant to employ it ſo. He has uſed the ſame word with more propriety in a former ſcene, by adding epithets that aſcertain its meaning:

" ——— ſo every ſtep,
" Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
" Of his ſuperior, grows to an *envious* fever
" Of *pale* and *bloodleſs emulation*." MALONE.

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Therſites? what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! 'would, it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer[3]. If Troy be not taken till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little leſs-than-little wit from them that they have! which ſhort-arm'd ignorance itſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing their maſſy irons[4], and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache[5]! for that, methinks, is the curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers; and devil, envy, ſay Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

3 — *a rare engineer.*] The old copies have—*enginer*, which was the old ſpelling of *engineer*. So *truncheoner*, *pioner*, *mutiner*, *ſonneter*, &c. MALONE.

4 — *without drawing their maſſy irons,*] That is, *without drawing their ſwords to cut the web.* They uſe no means but thoſe of violence. JOHNSON.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*the* maſſy irons. In the late editions *iron* has been ſubſtituted for *irons*, the word found in the old copies, and certainly the true reading. So, in *King Richard III.*

" Put in their hands thy bruiſing *irons* of wrath,
" That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
" The uſurping helmets of our adverſaries." MALONE.

5 — *the bone-ache!*] In the quarto, *the Neapolitan bone-ache.* JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Therſites? Good Therſites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not have ſlipp'd out of my contemplation[6]: but it is no matter; Thyſelf upon thyſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction[7] till thy death! then if ſhe, that lays thee out, ſays—thou art a fair corſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrowded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thyſelf in to my table ſo many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Therſites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

[6] *If I could have remember'd a gilt* counterfeit, *thou would'ſt not have* ſlipp'd *out of my contemplation:*] A play (as I obſerved in my SECOND APPENDIX, 8vo. 1783) is intended on the word *ſlip*, which in our authour's time was the name of a *counterfeit* piece of money. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv. MALONE.

[7] *Let thy* blood *be thy direction*—] Thy *blood* means, thy paſſions; thy natural propenſities. See Vol. III. p. 226, n. 5. MALONE.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question[8]. Agammemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool[9].

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive[1].

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover[2].—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no body:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling; and such knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions[3], and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo*[4] on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

[8] — decline *the whole question.*] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 572, n. *. MALONE.

[9] — *Patroclus is a fool.*] The four next speeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[1] — *a fool* positive.] The poet is still thinking of his grammar; the first degree of comparison being here in his thoughts. MALONE.

[2] — *of the prover.*—] So the quarto. JOHNSON.

The folio profanely reads—*of thy creator.* STEEVENS.

There seems to be a profane allusion in the last speech but one spoken by Thersites. MALONE.

[3] — *to draw* emulous *factions,*] i. e. envious, contending, factions. See p. 197, n. 2. MALONE.

[4] — *Now the dry* serpigo, *&c.*] This is added in the folio. JOHNSON.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-diſpos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He ſhent our meſſengers [5]; and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told ſo; leſt, perchance, he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

Uiyſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him ſhew us a cauſe.—A word, my lord. [*takes* Agamemnon *aſide.*

Neſt. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyſſ. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt. Who? Therſites?

Ulyſſ. He.

Neſt. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſſ. No; you ſee, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Neſt. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh, than their faction: But it was a ſtrong compoſure [6], a fool could diſunite.

5 *He ſhent our meſſengers;*] He rebuked our meſſengers. The quarto reads *ſate*; the folio—*ſent*. The correction was made by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads—He ſent *us* meſſengers. I have great doubts concerning the emendation now adopted, though I have nothing ſatisfactory to propoſe. Though *ſent* might eaſily have been miſprinted for *ſhent*, how could *ſate* (the reading of the original copy) and *ſhent* have been confounded? MALONE.

This word is uſed in common by all our ancient writers. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. vi.

"He for ſuch baſeneſs ſhamefully him *ſhent*." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 286, n. 3. MALONE.

6 — *compoſure,*] So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a ſtrong* counſel. JOHNSON.

Ulyſſ.

Ulyſſ. The amity, that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Neſt. No Achilles with him.

Ulyſſ. The elephant hath joints [7], but none for courteſy; his legs are legs for neceſſity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me ſay—he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate [8],
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digeſtion ſake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to loſe their gloſs;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholeſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,

[7] *The elephant hath joints*, &c.] So, in *All's loſt by Luſt*, 1633:
" ——— Is ſhe pliant?
" Stubborn as an *elephant's leg, no bending* in her."
Again, in *All Fools*, 1605:
" I hope you are no *elephant*, you have *joints*." STEEVENS.

[8] — *noble ſtate*,] Perſon of high dignity; ſpoken of Agamemnon. JOHNSON.

Noble ſtate rather means *the ſtately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.* STEEVENS.

State was formerly applied to a ſingle perſon. So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: "— The archbiſhop of Grenada ſaying to the archbiſhop of Toledo, that he much marvelled, he being ſo great a *ſtate*, would viſit hoſpitals—."
Again, in Harrington's tranſlation of *Arioſto*, 1591:
" The Greek demands her, whither ſhe was going,
" And which of theſe two great *eſtates* her keeps."
Yet Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me to agree better with the context here. MALONE.

We

We come to ſpeak with him: And you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay—we think him over-proud,
And under-honeſt; in ſelf-aſſumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs [9] he puts on;
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And under-write [1] in an obſerving kind
His humourous predominance; yea, watch
His pettiſh lunes [2], his ebbs, his flows, as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give [3]
Before a ſleeping giant:—Tell him ſo.

Patr. I ſhall; and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him.—Ulyſſes, enter you.
[*Exit* ULYSSES.

9 — tend *the ſavage* ſtrangeneſs—] i. e. ſhyneſs, diſtant behaviour. See Vol. X. p. 38, n. 4. To *tend* is to *attend upon*. MALONE.

1 —*under-write*—] To *ſubſcribe*, in Shakſpeare, is to *obey*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Lear*:

" You owe me no *ſubſcription*." STEEVENS.

2 *His pettiſh lunes*,] This is Hanmer's emendation of—his pettiſh *lines*. The old quarto reads—His *courſe and time*.

This ſpeech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads:

His *courſe and time*, his ebbs and flows, *and* if
The paſſage and whole *ſtream of his commencement*
Rode on his tide.

His [*his* commencement] was probably miſprinted for *this*, as it is in a ſubſequent paſſage in this ſcene in the quarto copy:

" And how his ſilence drinks up *his* applauſe. MALONE.

3 — allowance *give*] *Allowance* is *approbation*. So, in *K. Lear*:

——— if your ſweet ſway
Allow obedience." STEEVENS.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? Do you not think, he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Agam. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that's proud, eats up himſelf: pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe [4].

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads [5].

Neſt. And yet he loves himſelf; Is it not ſtrange? [*Aſide.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyſſ. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar and in ſelf admiſſion.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Untent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

4 — *whate'er praiſes itſelf*
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praiſe.] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" — power, unto itſelf moſt commendable,
" Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
" To extol what it hath done." MALONE.

5 — *the engendering of toads.*] Whoever wiſhes to comprehend the whole force of this alluſion, may conſult the late Dr. Goldſmith's *Hiſtory of the World, and animated Nature*, Vol. VII. p. 92, 93. STEEVENS.

Ulyſſ.

Ulyſſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: Poſſeſt he is with greatneſs;
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages[6],
And batters down himſelf: What ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it[7]
Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your requeſt, a little from himſelf.

Ulyſſ. O Agamemnon, let it not be ſo!
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam[8];
And never ſuffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf,—ſhall he be worſhipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;

[6] Kingdom'd *Achilles in commotion rages,*] So, in *Julius Cæſar*
" The genius and the mortal inſtruments
" Are then in council; and the ſtate of a man,
" Like to a little *kingdom,* ſuffers then
" The nature of an inſurrection." MALONE.

[7] —*the* death-tokens *of it*—] Alluding to the deciſive ſpots appearing on thoſe infected by the plague. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian:*
" Now, like the fearful *tokens* of the plague,
" Are mere fore-runners of their ends." STEEVENS.

[8] —*with his own* ſeam;] *Seam* is *hog's-lard.* See *Sherwood's* Engliſh and French Dictionary, folio, 1650. MALONE.

And

And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Neſt. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aſide.*

Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe! [*Aſide.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fiſt
I'll paſh him o'er the face[9].

Agam. O, no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride[1]:
Let me go to him.

Ulyſſ. Not for the worth[2] that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry inſolent fellow,—

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf! [*Aſide.*

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſſ. The raven chides blackneſs. [*Aſide.*

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood[3].

9 *I'll* paſh *him o'er the face.*] i. e. ſtrike him with violence. So, in *the Virgin Martyr*, 1623:

" —when the battering ram
" Were fetching his career backward, to *paſh*
" Me with his horns to pieces."

Again, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1596, p. 91: " —the pot which goeth often to the water comes home with a knock, or at length is *paſhed* all to pieces." REED.

1 — pheeze *his pride:*] To *pheeze* is to *comb* or *curry*. JOHNSON.

This undoubtedly is the meaning of the word here. Kerſey in his Dictionary, 1708, ſays that it is a ſea-term, and that it ſignifies, to ſeparate a cable by untwiſting the ends; and Dr. Johnſon gives a ſimilar account of its original meaning in Vol. III. p. 243, n. 2. But whatever may have been the origin of the expreſſion, it undoubtedly ſignified in our authour's time to beat, knock, ſtrike, or whip. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders it, *flagellare, virgis cædere*, as he does to *feage*, of which the modern ſchool-boy term, to *fag*, is a corruption. MALONE.

2 *Not for the worth—*] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. JOHNSON.

3 *I'll* let his humours blood.] In the year 1600 a collection of Epigrams and Satires was publiſhed with this quaint title: *The letting of humours blood* in the head-vaine. MALONE.

Agam.

Agam. He will be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient. [*Aſide.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyſſ. Wit would be out of faſhion. [*Aſide.*

Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo,
He ſhould eat ſwords firſt: Shall pride carry it?

Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aſide.*

Ulyſſ. He would have ten ſhares[4]. [*Aſide.*

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple:—

Neſt. He's not yet thorough warm: force him[5] with praiſes:
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aſide.*

Ulyſſ. My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike. [*to* Agamemnon.

Neſt. Our noble general, do not do ſo.

Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyſſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous[6], as Achilles is.

Ulyſſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreſon dog, that ſhall palter[7] thus with us?

4 *He would have ten ſhares.*] Theſe words, and all that follows to the words—*thorough warm*, are given by miſtake in the original copy in quarto to *Ajax*. The editor of the folio remedied the error in part, but left the words "He's not thorough warm" ſtill in the poſſeſſion of Ajax, which evidently belong to *Neſtor*. This inaccuracy was corrected by Mr. Theobald.

Neſtor is of the ſame opinion with Dr. Johnſon, who, ſpeaking of a metaphyſical Scotch writer, ſaid, that he thought there was "as much charity in helping a man *down hill* as up hill, if his tendency be downwards." See Boſwell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, third edit. p. 245. MALONE.

5 — *force him*—] i. e. ſtuff him. Farcir, Fr. STEEVENS.

6 *He is not* emulous,] *Emulous* is here uſed in an ill ſenſe, for *envious*. See p. 197, n. 2. MALONE.

7 — *that ſhall* palter—] That ſhall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"——what other band
"Than ſecret Romans, who have ſpoke the word,
"And will not *palter*?" MALONE.

'Would

'Would, he were a Trojan!

Neſt. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyſſ. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe?

Ulyſſ. Ay, or ſurly borne?

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected?

Ulyſſ. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;

Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all thy erudition:
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield[8]
To ſinewy Ajax. I will not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn[9], a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts: Here's Neſtor,—
Inſtructed by the antiquary times,
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe;—
But pardon, father Neſtor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Neſt. Ay, my good ſon[1].

[8] *Bull bearing Milo his* addition *yield*—] i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for ſtrength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, ſhewing his degree, occupation, &c. as eſquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c.

Our authour here as uſual pays no regard to chronology. Milo of Croton lived long after the Trojan war. MALONE.

[9] — *like a* bourn,] A *bourn* is a boundary, and ſometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. So, in *K. Lear*, Act III. ſc. vi:

"Come o'er the *bourn*, Beſſy, to me."

See the note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

[1] *Shall I call you* father?

Neſt. *Ay, my good ſon.*] In the folio and in the modern editions Ajax deſires to give the title of *father* to Ulyſſes; in the quarto, more naturally, to Neſtor. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare had a cuſtom prevalent about his own time, in his thoughts. B. Jonſon had many who called themſelves his *ſons*. STEEV.

Dio.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyſſ. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Pleaſe it our great general
To call together all his ſtate of war;
Freſh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We muſt with all our main of power ſtand faſt:
And here's a lord,—come knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flower, Ajax ſhall cope the beſt.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles ſleep:
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS, *and a* Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, ſir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I muſt needs praiſe him.

Serv. The lord be praiſed!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, ſir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I ſhall know your honour better*.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Serv. You are in the ſtate of grace. [*Muſick within.*

Pan. Grace! not ſo, friend; honour and lordſhip are my titles:—What muſick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, ſir; it is muſick in parts.

* *I hope, I ſhall* know your honour better.] The ſervant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at preſent. In his next ſpeech he chooſes to underſtand Pandarus as if he had ſaid he wiſhed to grow better, and hence the ſervant affirms that he is in the ſtate of *grace*. The ſecond of theſe ſpeeches has been pointed in the late editions, as if he had aſked, of what *rank* Pandarus was. MALONE.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?

Serv. Wholly, ſir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, ſir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Serv. At mine, ſir, and theirs that love muſick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who ſhall I command, ſir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, ſir: Marry, ſir, at the requeſt of Paris my lord, who is there in perſon; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's inviſible ſoul [2],—

Pan. Who, my couſin Creſſida?

Serv. No, ſir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the lady Creſſida. I come to ſpeak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeeths.

Serv. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, indeed!

Enter PARIS, *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair deſires, in all fair meaſure, fairly guide them!—eſpecially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken muſick.

Par. You have broke it, couſin: and, by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

[2] — *love's* inviſible *ſoul,*] may mean the *ſoul of love* inviſible every where elſe. JOHNSON.

Helen.

Helen. O, ſir,—

Pan. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my lord! well, you ſay ſo in fits[3].

Pan. I have buſineſs to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out: we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet queen, you are pleaſant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and moſt eſteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-ſweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, ſweet queen, go to:—commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, ſweet queen; that's a ſweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſour offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn; that ſhall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words; no, no.—And, my lord, he deſires you[4], that, if the king call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What ſays my ſweet queen; my very very ſweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where ſups he to-night?

[3] —*in fits.*] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or diviſion of a ſong, ſometimes a ſtrain in muſick, and ſometimes a meaſure in dancing. The reader will find it ſufficiently illuſtrated in the two former ſenſes by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry:* in the third of theſe ſignifications it occurs in *All for Money*, a Morality, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"*Satan.* Upon theſe chearful words I needs muſt dance a *fitte*." STEEVENS.

[4] *And, my lord, he deſires you,*—] Here I think the ſpeech of Pandarus ſhould begin, and the reſt of it ſhould be added to that of Helen; but I have followed the copies. JOHNSON.

Mr. Rowe had diſpoſed theſe ſpeeches in this manner. Hanmer annexes the words "And to make a ſweet lady," &c. to the preceding ſpeech of Pandarus, and in the reſt follows Rowe. MALONE.

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—.

Pan. What ſays my ſweet queen?—My couſin will fall out with you. You muſt not know where he ſups[5].

Par. I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer Creſſida.

[5] *You muſt not know where he ſups.*] Theſe words are in the quarto given to *Helen*, and the editor of the folio did not perceive the errour. In like manner in Act II. ſc. i. p. 185, four ſpeeches belonging to different perſons are all in the quarto aſſigned to Ajax. "Cob-loaf! He would pun thee," &c. and in the laſt ſcene of the ſame act, words that evidently belong to *Neſtor* are given to *Ajax*, [See p. 207, n. 4.] both in the quarto and folio. I have not therefore heſitated to add the words, "You muſt not know where he ſups," to the ſpeech of Pandarus. Mr. Steevens propoſes to aſſign the next ſpeech, "I'll lay my life," &c. to *Helen*, inſtead of *Paris*. This arrangement appeared to me ſo plauſible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But it is obſervable that through the whole of the dialogue Helen ſteadily perſeveres in ſoliciting Pandarus to ſing: "*My lord Pandarus*,"—"*Nay, but my lord*,"—&c. I do not therefore believe that Shakſpeare intended ſhe ſhould join in the preſent inquiry. Mr. Maſon's objection alſo to ſuch an arrangement is very weighty. "Pandarus," he obſerves, "in his next ſpeech but one clearly addreſſes *Paris*, and in that ſpeech he calls Creſſida his *diſpoſer*." In what ſenſe, however, Paris can call Creſſida his *diſpoſer*, I am altogether ignorant. Mr. Maſon ſuppoſes that "Paris means to call Creſſida his *governour* or *director*, as it appears from what Helen ſays afterwards that *they had been good friends*."

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*deſpiſer*. What Pandarus ſays afterwards, that "Paris and Creſſida are *twain*," ſupports this conjecture.

I do not believe that *depoſer* (a reading ſuggeſted below) was our authour's word; for Creſſida had not depoſed Helen in the affections of Troilus. A ſpeech in a former ſcene in which Pandarus ſays, Helen loves Troilus more than Paris, (which is inſiſted on by an anonymous Remarker,) proves nothing. Had he ſaid that Troilus once loved Helen better than Creſſida, and afterwards preferred Creſſida to her, the obſervation might deſerve ſome attention.

The words,—*I'll lay my life*—are omitted in the folio. The words—"You muſt not know where he ſups," I find Sir T. Hanmer had aſſigned to Pandarus. MALONE.

That Creſſida wanted to ſeparate Paris from Helen, or that the beauty of Creſſida had any power over Paris, are circumſtances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture by the author of *The Reviſal*. By giving, however, this line, *I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer Creſſida*, to Helen, and by changing the word *di poſer* into *depoſer*, ſome meaning may be obtained. She addreſſes herſelf, I ſuppoſe, to Pandarus, and, by her *depoſer*, means—ſhe who thinks her beauty (or, whoſe beauty you ſuppoſe) to be ſuperior to mine. STEEVENS.

Pan.

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſpoſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why ſhould you ſay—Creſſida? no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy[6].

Pan. You ſpy! what do you ſpy?—Come, give me an inſtrument.—Now, ſweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet queen.

Helen. She ſhall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, ſhe'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out[7], may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, ſweet lord[8], thou haſt a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins ſo:

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The ſhaft confounds[9]
Not that it wounds[1],
But tickles ſtill the ſore.

6 *I ſpy.*] This is the uſual exclamation at a childiſh game called *Hie, ſpie, hie.* STEEVENS.

7 *Falling in, after falling out,* &c.] i. e. The reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and ſo make three of two. TOLLET.

8 —*ſweet* lord,] In the quarto, ſweet *lad.* JOHNSON.

9 *The ſhaft* confounds—] To confound, it has already been obſerved, formerly meant to deſtroy. MALONE.

1 —*that it wounds,*] i. e. that *which* it wounds. MUSGRAVE.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still[2]:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. A Retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

2 *These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!*
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*
" For I have heard, it [love] is a *life* in *death*,
" That *laughs* and *weeps*, and all but in a breath!" MALONE.
The wound to kill may mean *the wound that seems mortal.* JOHNSON.
The wound to kill is the *killing wound.* MASON.

To

To help unarm our Hector: his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinews; you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland kings, diſarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, Paris:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-ſhines ourſelf.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Pandarus' *Orchard.*

Enter Pandarus, *and a* Servant, *meeting.*

Pan. How now? where's thy maſter? at my couſin Creſſida's?

Serv. No, ſir; he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Servant.

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Creſſid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her ſtraight.
[*Exit* Pandarus.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet
That it enchants my ſenſe; What will it be,
When that the watry palate taſtes indeed

Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction; or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, tun'd too ſharp [3] in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight: you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fray'd with a ſprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettieſt villain:—ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow.

[*Exit* Pandarus.

Tro. Even ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom [4]:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulſe;
And all my powers do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majeſty [5].

Enter PANDARUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you bluſh? ſhame's a baby.—Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me.—What, are you gone again?

[3] —*tun'd too ſharp*—] So the quarto, except that it has *to* inſtead of *too*. The folio reads—*and* too ſharp. MALONE.

[4] *Even ſuch a* paſſion *doth* embrace *my boſom:*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"——raſh-*embraced* deſpair." MALONE.

[5] *Like vaſſalage at unawares encount'ring*
The eye of majeſty.] Rowe ſeems to have imitated this paſſage in his *Ambitious Stepmother*, Act I:

"——Well may th' ignoble herd
"Start, if with heedleſs ſteps they unawares
"Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius
"Awes with ſuperior greatneſs all beneath him." STEEVENS.

you

you must be watch'd ere you be made tame[6], must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills[7].—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture[8]. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress[9]. How now, a kiss in fee-farm[1]! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The

6 — *you must be* watch'd *ere you be made tame,*] Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew:*

" —— to *watch* her as we watch these *kites.*" STEEVENS.

Hawks were tam'd by being *kept from sleep*, and thus Pandarus means that Cressida should be tamed. MALONE.

7 — *i'the* fills.] That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon. See Vol. III. p. 28, n. 9.

The editor of the second folio, for *fills*, the reading of the first folio, substituted *files*, which has been adopted in all the modern editions. The quarto has *filles*, which is only the more ancient spelling of *fills*. The words " *draw* backward" shew that the original is the true reading. MALONE.

8 *Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.*] It should seem from these words that Cressida, like Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, was intended to come in veil'd. Patroclus however had as usual a double meaning. MALONE.

9 *So, so; rub on, and* kiss *the* mistress.] The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems in Shakspeare's time to have been termed *the mistress*. A bowl that kisses *the jack* or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

" —— So, a fair riddance;

" There's three *rubs* gone; I've a clear way to the *mistress.*"

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

" *Mini.* Since he hath hit *the mistress* so often in the fore-game, we'll even play out the rubbers.

" *Sir Vaugh.* Play out your rubbers in God's name; by Jesu I'll never *bowl* in your alley." MALONE.

1 — *a kiss in* fee-farm!] is a kiss of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, reserving a certain rent. MALONE.

faulcon

faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river[2]: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*[3]—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty

[2] —*The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river:*—] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *faulcon* we generally understand the *female*. THEOBALD.

The meaning is, I will back the falcon against the tercel, I will wager that the falcon is *equal to* the tercel. MASON.

I think we should rather read:

" —— at *the tercel*,—. TYRWHITT.

In Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, l. iv. 410, is the following stanza, from which Shakspeare may have caught a glimpse of meaning, though he has not very clearly expressed it. Pandarus is the speaker:

" What? God forbid, alway that eche plesaunce
" In o thing were, and in non othir wight;
" If one can singe, anothir can wel daunce,
" If this be godely, she is glad and light,
" And this is faire, and that can gode aright;
" Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere,
" *Both heroner and faucon for rivere.*"

Again, in Fenton's, *Tragical Discourses*, 4to. 1567: " —how is that possible to make a froward kite a forward *hawke to the ryver?*" STEEVENS.

[3] —*the parties interchangeably*—] have set their hands and *seals*. So afterwards: " Go to, a bargain made: *seal* it, *seal* it." Shakspeare appears to have had here an idea in his thoughts that he has often express'd. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" But my *kisses* bring again,
" *Seals* of love, but seal'd in vain."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" Pure lips, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted,
" What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?" MALONE.

abruption?

abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes[4].

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers[5]; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it[6]: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his

4 — *if my* fears *have eyes.*] The old copies have—*tears*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 — *weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers*;] Here we have, not a Trojan prince talking to his mistress, but Orlando Furioso vowing that he will endure every calamity that can be imagined; boasting that he will achieve more than ever *knight* performed. MALONE.

6 — *our head shall go bare, till merit crown it:*] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare, till merit* louer part no affection *in reversion*, &c. Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. JOHNSON.

birth;

birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble[7]. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth[8]; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown[9].

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much

[7] —*his addition shall be humble.*] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON.
See p. 208, n. 8. MALONE.

[8] —*what* envy *can say worst, shall be a* mock for his truth;] i. e. shall be *only* a mock for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way except by ridiculing him for his constancy.—See Vol. VII. p. 42, n. 1, and p. 70, n. 5. MALONE.

[9] —*they'll stick where they are thrown.*] This allusion has already occurred in *Measure for Measure*:

"Nay, friar, I am a kind of *burr*, I shall stick." STEEVENS.

But

But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness[1], from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you[2];
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak[3].

[1] Cunning *in dumbness,*] The quarto and folio read—*Coming* in dumbness. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[2] *I have a kind of self resides with you;*] So, in our author's 133d Sonnet:

"——— for I, being pent in thee,
"Perforce am thine, and all that is in me." MALONE.

[3] ——*I would be gone:—*
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone. I speak I know not what. MALONE.

Tro.

Tro. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I ſhew more craft than love;
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wiſe;
Or elſe you love not; For to be wiſe, and love,
Exceeds man's might[4]; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,

4 —— *But* you are *wiſe*,
Or elſe you *love not*; *for to be wiſe and love*,
Exceeds man's might, &c.] I read:
—— but *we're not* wiſe,
Or elſe *we* love not; to be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might;—.
Creſſida, in return to the praiſe given by Troilus to her wiſdom, replies: "That lovers are never wiſe; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wiſdom to an union." JOHNSON.
—*to be wiſe and love*,
Exceeds man's might;] This is from Spenſer, *Shepherd's Cal. March*:
"To be wiſe, and eke to love,
"Is granted ſcarce to gods above." TYRWHITT.
The thought originally belongs to *Publius Syrus*, among whoſe ſentences we find this:
Amare et ſapere vix Deo conceditur.
Marſton, in the *Dutch Courtezan*, 1606, has the ſame thought, and the line is printed as a quotation:
"But raging luſt my fate all ſtrong doth move;
"*The gods themſelves cannot be wiſe and love.*"
Creſſida's argument is certainly inconſequential: "But you are wiſe, or *elſe* you are *not* in love; for no one who *is* in love can be wiſe." I do not, however, believe there is *any* corruption, as our authour ſometimes entangles himſelf in inextricable difficulties of this kind. One of the commentators has endeavoured to extort ſenſe from the words as they ſtand, and thinks there is no difficulty. In theſe caſes the ſureſt way to prove the inaccuracy, is, to omit the word that embarraſſes the ſentence. Thus, if, for a moment, we read—
—— But you are wiſe;
Or elſe *you love*; for to be wiſe and love
Exceeds man's might; &c.
the inference is clear, by the omiſſion of the word *not*: which is not a word of ſo little importance that a ſentence ſhall have juſt the ſame meaning whether a negative is contained in it or taken from it. But for all inaccuracies of this kind our poet himſelf is undoubtedly anſwerable.—Hanmer, to obtain ſome ſenſe, arbitrarily reads:
A ſign you love not. MALONE.

(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays[5]!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match[6] and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth[7].

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration[8],—
As true as steel[9], as plantage to the moon[1],

As

5 —*faster than* blood *decays!*] *Blood* in Shakspeare frequently means desire, appetite. MALONE.

6 *Might be* affronted *with the match*—] I wish "my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love." JOHNSON.

7 *And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine; and means, "Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned wordly policy." WARBURTON.

8 *True swains in love shall, in the world to come,*
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—] The metre, as well as the sense, of the last verse will be improved, I think, by reading:
Want similes of *truth, tir'd with iteration,*—.
So, a little lower in the same speech:
Yet after all comparisons of truth. TYRWHITT.
This is a very probable conjecture. *Truth* at present has no verb to which it can relate. MALONE.

9 *As true* as steel,] *As true as steel* is an ancient proverbial simile. I find it in Lydgate's *Troy Book*, where he speaks of Troilus, l. ii. ch. 16.
"Thereto in love *trewe as any stele*." STEEVENS.

Mirreurs

As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant [2], as earth to the center,—
Yet, after all compariſons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited [3],
As true as Troilus ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of Troy,

Mirrours formerly being made of ſteel, I once thought the meaning might be, "as true as the mirour, which faithfully exhibits every image that is preſented before it." But I now think with Mr. Steevens that *As true as ſteel* was merely a proverbial expreſſion, without any ſuch alluſion. A paſſage in an old piece entitled *The Pleaſures of Poetry*, no date, but printed in the time of Queen Elizabeth, will admit either interpretation:

"Behold in her the lively glaſſe,
"The pattern, *true as ſteel.*" MALONE.

[1] — *as* plantage *to the moon,*] Alluding to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or ſown, which was therefore done in the increaſe:

"Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
"Rite creſcentem face noctilucam,
"Proſperam frugum,—." *Hor.* lib. iv. od. 6. WARBURTON.

From a book entitled *The profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. by Tho. Hill, Londoner, the third edition, printed in 1579, I learn, that neither ſowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a ſcrupulous attention to the increaſe or waning of the moon. Dryden does not appear to have underſtood the paſſage, and has therefore altered it thus:

As true as flowing tides *are to the moon.* STEEVENS.

As true—as plantage to the moon,] This may be fully illuſtrated by a quotation from Scott's *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*: "The poore huſbandman perceiveth that the increaſe of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutefull: ſo as in the *full moone* they are in the beſt ſtrength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade." FARMER.

[2] *As iron to adamant,*—] So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

"As *true* to thee as *ſteel to adamant.*" MALONE.

[3] *As* truth's authentick author *to be cited,*] Troilus ſhall *crown the verſe*, as a man *to be cited as the authentick author of truth*; as one whoſe proteſtations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.

And

And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up[4],
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! when they have ſaid—as falſe
As air, as water, wind, or ſandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſhood,
As falſe as Creſſid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it; I'll be the witneſs.—Here I hold your hand; here, my couſin's. If ever you prove falſe one to another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all conſtant men[5] be Troiluſes, all

[4] *And* blind oblivion ſwallow'd *cities up*,] So, in *K. Richard III.* quarto, 1598:

"And almoſt ſhoulder'd in this *ſwallowing* gulph
"Of *blind forgetfulneſs* and dark *oblivion*." MALONE.

[5] — *let all* conſtant *men*—] Though Hanmer's emendation [*inconſtant*] be plauſible, I believe Shakſpeare wrote *conſtant*. He ſeems to have been leſs attentive to make Pandar talk conſequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names. Now it is certain, that, in his time, *a Troilus* was as clear an expreſſion for *a conſtant lover*, as *a Creſſida* and *a Pandar* were for *a jilt* and *a pimp*. TYRWHITT.

I entirely agree with Mr. Tyrwhitt, and am happy to have his opinion in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, from which, in my apprehenſion, we ought not to deviate, except in caſes of extreme neceſſity. Of the aſſertion in the latter part of his note relative to the conſtancy of Troilus various proofs are furniſhed by our old poets. So, in *A Gorgeous Gallery of gallant inventions*, &c. 4to. 1578:

"But if thou me forſake,
"As Creſſid that forgot
"*True Troilus*, her make," &c.

Again, *ibid*:

"As *Troilus' truth* ſhall be my ſhield,
"To kepe my pen from blame,
"So Creſſid's crafte ſhall kepe the field,
"For to reſound thy ſhame."

Mr. Maſon objects, that *conſtant* cannot be the true reading, becauſe

all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a chamber and a bed[6], which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud

Pandarus has already supposed that they should *both* prove *false* to each other, and it would therefore be absurd for him to say that *Troilus* should be quoted as an example of *constancy*. But to this the answer is, that Shakspeare himself knew what the event of the story was, and who the person was that did prove false; that many expressions in his plays have dropped from him in consequence of that knowledge that are improper in the mouth of the speaker; and that in his licentious mode of writing, the words, "*if ever you prove false one to another*," may mean, not, if you *both* prove false, but, *if it should happen that any falsehood or breach of faith should disunite you who are now thus attached to each other*. This might and did happen, by *one* of the parties proving false, and breaking her engagement.

The modern editions read—if ever you prove false *to one another*; but the reading of the text is that of the quarto and folio, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. MALONE.

It is clearly the intention of the poet that this imprecation should be such a one as was verified by the event, as it is in part to this very day. But neither was Troilus ever used to denote an *inconstant* lover, nor, if we believe the story, did he ever deserve the character, as both the others did in truth deserve that shame here imprecated upon them. Besides, Pandarus seems to adjust his imprecation to those of the other two preceding, just as they dropped from their lips; as *false as Cressid*, and consequently *as true* (or *as constant*) *as Troilus*. HEATH.

[6] —*and a bed*—] These words are not in the old copy, but what follows shews that they were inadvertently omitted. MALONE.

To

To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the ſight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſt'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world[7], ſtrange, unacquainted:

I do

7 — *through the ſight I bear in things, to Jove*
I have abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniences,
And here, to do you ſervice, *am become*
As new into *the world,*—] In p. 149, n. 3, an account has been given of the motives which induced Calchas to abandon Troy. The *ſervices* to which he alludes, a ſhort quotation from Lydgate will ſufficiently explain. *Auncient Hiſt. &c.* 1555.

" He entred into the oratorye,—
" And beſily gan to knele and praye,
" And his things devoutly for to ſaye,
" And to the god crye and call full ſtronge;
" And for Apollo would not tho prolonge,
" Sodaynly his anſwere gan attame,
" And ſayd *Calchas* twies by his name;
" Be right well 'ware thou ne tourne agayne
" To Troy towne, for that were but in vayne,
" For finally lerne this thynge of me,
" In ſhorte tyme it ſhall deſtroyed be:
" This is in ſooth, whych may not be denied.
" Wherefore I will that thou be alyed
" With the Greekes, and with Achilles go
" To them anone; my will is, it be ſo:—
" For *thou to them ſhall be neceſſary,*
" *In counſeling and in giving rede,*
" *And be right helping to their good ſpede.*"

Mr. Theobald thinks it ſtrange that Calchas ſhould claim any merit from having joined the Greeks, after he had ſaid that he knew his country was undone; but there is no inconſiſtency: he had left, from whatever cauſe, what was dear to him, his country, friends, children, &c. and, having joined and *ſerved* the Greeks, was entitled to protection and reward.

On the phraſe—As new *into* the world, (for ſo the old copy reads,) I muſt obſerve, that it appears from a great number of paſſages in our

I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſter'd in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'ſt thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan priſoner, call'd Antenor,
Yeſterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Deſir'd my Creſſid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath ſtill deny'd: But this Antenor,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs *,

That

old writers, the word *into* was formerly often uſed in the ſenſe of *unto*, as it evidently is here. In proof of this aſſertion, the following paſſages may be adduced:

"It was a pretty part in the old church-playes when the nimble Vice would ſkip up nimbly like a jackanapes *into* the devil's necke, and ride the devil a courſe." Harſnet's *Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures*, 4to, 1602.

Again, in a letter written by J. Paſton, July 8, 1468; *Paſton Letters*, Vol. II. p. 5. "—and they that have juſted with him *into* this day, have been as richly beſeen," &c.

Again, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth*, in 1575: "—what time it pleaſed her to ryde forth *into* the chaſe, to hunt the hart of fors; which found, anon," &c.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, B. IV. St. 72, edit. 1602.

"She doth conſpire to have him made away,—
"Thruſt *thereinto* not only with her pride,
"But by her father's counſell and conſent."

Again, in our authour's *All's Well that ends well*:

"——— I'll ſtay at home,
"And pray God's bleſſing *into* thy attempt." MALONE.

—*through the ſight I bear in things, to* Jove—] This paſſage in all the modern editions is ſilently depraved, and printed thus:

——*through the ſight I bear in things to* come.

The word is ſo printed that nothing but the ſenſe can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain ſome meaning. JOHNSON.

—to *love*, might mean—to the conſequences of Paris's *love* for Helen. STEEVENS.

* —*ſuch a* wreſt *in their affairs*,] According to Dr. Johnſon, who quotes this line in his Dictionary, the meaning is, that the *loſs* of Antenor is ſuch a *violent diſtortion* of their affairs, &c. But as in a former ſcene we had *o'er-reſted* for *o'er-wreſted*, ſo here I ſtrongly ſuſpect *wreſt* has been printed inſtead of *reſt*. Antenor is ſuch a *ſtay*

on

That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain[8].

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exeunt* DIOM. *and* CAL.

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

or support of their affairs, &c. All the ancient English muskets had *rests* by which they were supported. The subsequent words—*wanting his manage*—appear to me to confirm the emendation. To say that Antenor *himself* (for so the passage runs, not, the *loss* of Antenor,) is a violent distortion of the Trojan negotiations, is little better than nonsense. MALONE.

[8] *In most accepted* pain.] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*In most accepted* pay. They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage. *Her presence*, says Calchas, *shall strike off*, or recompence, *the service I have done*, even in those *labours* which were *most accepted*. JOHNSON.

Agam. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

Agam. What ſays Achilles? would he aught with us?

Neſt. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Neſt. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [*Exeunt* AGAM. *and* NEST.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit* MEN.

Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit* AJAX.

Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not Achilles?

Patr. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fallen out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour; but honour[9] for thoſe honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

[9] —*but honour*—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—but *honour'd*. MALONE.

Which when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders,
The love that lean'd on them as ſlippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulyſſes;
I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulyſſes?

Ulyſſ. Now, great Thetis' ſon?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyſſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted[1],
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.

Achil. This is not ſtrange, Ulyſſes.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itſelf
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itſelf[2]
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold itſelf[3],
Not going from itſelf; but eye to eye oppos'd

[1] — *how dearly ever* parted,] *However excellently endowed*, with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned. JOHNSON.

So, in a ſubſequent paſſage:

" —— no man is the lord of any thing,
" (Though in and of him there is much conſiſting,)
" Till he communicate his *parts* to others."

Ben Jonſon has uſed the word *parted* in the ſame manner) in the *Dramatis Perſonæ* of *Every Man out of his Humour*: " MACILENTE, a man well-*parted*, a ſufficient ſcholar," &c. MALONE.

[2] — *nor doth the eye itſelf*, &c.] So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" No, Caſſius; for the eye ſees not itſelf,
" But by reflection, by ſome other things." STEEVENS.

[3] *To others' eyes:*—

That moſt pure ſpirit, &c.] Theſe two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the firſt quarto. POPE.

Salutes each other with each other's form.
For ſpeculation turns not to itſelf[4],
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee itſelf: this is not ſtrange at all.
Ulyſſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumſtance[5], expreſsly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much conſiſting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applauſe
Where they are extended; which, like * an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax[6].
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horſe;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe!
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth! Now ſhall we ſee to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd[7]. O heavens, what ſome men do,

4 *For* ſpeculation *turns not*, &c.] *Speculation* has here the ſame meaning as in *Macbeth*:

"Thou haſt no *ſpeculation* in thoſe eyes
"Which thou doſt glare with." MALONE.

5 —*in his circumſtance*,] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNSON.

* — which, *like*—] Old Copies—*who*, like—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

6 *The unknown* Ajax.] *Ajax*, who has abilities which were never brought into view or uſe. JOHNSON.

7 — *Now ſhall we ſee to-morrow,*
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd.] I once thought that we ought to read *renown*. But by conſidering the middle line as parenthetical, the paſſage is ſufficiently clear. MALONE.

While

While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men creep in ſkittiſh fortune's hall[8],
Whiles others play the ideots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is faſting in his wantonneſs[9]!
To ſee theſe Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the ſhoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breaſt,
And great Troy ſhrieking*.

Achil. I do believe it: for they paſs'd by me,
As miſers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyſſ. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back[1],
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt; which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: Perſéverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the inſtant way;
For honour travels in a ſtrait ſo narrow,

[8] *How ſome men* creep *in ſkittiſh fortune's hall,*] To *creep* is to *keep out of ſight* from whatever motive. Some men *keep out of notice in the hall of fortune*, while others, though they but *play the ideot*, are always *in her eye*, in the way of diſtinction. JOHNSON.

I cannot think that *creep*, uſed without any explanatory word, can mean to *keep out of ſight*. While ſome men, ſays Ulyſſes, remain *tamely inactive* in fortune's hall, without any effort to excite her attention, others, &c. Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

[9] *While pride is* faſting *in his wantonneſs!*] I have preferred *faſting*, the reading of the quarto, to *feaſting*, which we find in the folio, not only becauſe the quarto copies are in general preferable to the folio, but becauſe the original reading furniſhes that kind of antitheſis of which our poet was ſo fond. One man eats, while another faſts. Achilles is he who faſts; who capriciouſly abſtains from thoſe active exertions which would furniſh new food for his pride. Dr. Johnſon thinks either word may bear a good ſenſe. MALONE.

* *And great Troy* ſhrieking.] Thus the quarto. The folio has, leſs poetically,—*ſhrinking*. MALONE.

[1] *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,*] This ſpeech is printed in all the modern editions with ſuch deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. JOHNSON.

Where

Where one but goes abreaſt: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; If you give way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindmoſt;—
Or, like a gallant horſe fallen in firſt rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear [2],
O'er run and trampled on [3]: Then what they do in preſent,
Though leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours:
For time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by the hand;
And with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps-in the comer: Welcome ever ſmiles [4],
And farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit [5],
High birth, vigour of bone, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one concent, praiſe new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt;

[2] —*to the abject* rear,] So Hanmer. All the editors before him read—*to the abject*, near. JOHNSON.

[3] *O'er run*, &c.] The quarto wholly omits the ſimile of the horſe, and reads thus:

And leave you hindmoſt, then what they do at preſent,—.

The folio ſeems to have ſome omiſſion, for the ſimile begins,

Or, *like a gallant horſe*—. JOHNSON.

The conſtruction is, Or, like a gallant horſe, &c. *you* lie there for pavement—; the perſonal pronoun of a preceding line being underſtood here. There are many other paſſages in theſe plays in which a ſimilar ellipſis is found. So, in this play, p. 231: "—but commends itſelf—," inſtead of "— but *it* commends itſelf." MALONE.

[4] *Welcome ever ſmiles.*] The compoſitor inadvertently repeated the word *the*, which has juſt occurred, and printed—*the* welcome, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[5] —*for beauty, wit*, &c.] The modern editors read:

For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice, &c.

I do not deny but the changes produce a more eaſy lapſe of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

And

And give to duſt, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-duſted[6].
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worſhip Ajax;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
Than what not ſtirs. The cry went once on thee[7],
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thyſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions[8] 'mongſt the gods themſelves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.

Ulyſſ. But 'gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters[9].

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyſſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful ſtate,

[6] *And* give *to duſt, that is a little gilt,*
More laud than gilt o'er-duſted.] That is, as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, than *to* gilt o'er-duſted. *Gilt* in the ſecond line is a ſubſtantive. See Vol. VII. p. 162, n. 2. The quarto and folio read—And *goe* to duſt, &c. The correction was made by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

[7] — *went* once *on thee,*] So the quarto. The folio—went *out* on thee. MALONE.

[8] *Made emulous* miſſions —] The meaning of *miſſions* ſeems to be, *diſpatches* of the gods *from heaven* about mortal buſineſs, ſuch as often happened at the ſiege of Troy. JOHNSON.

It means the deſcent of deities to combat on either ſide; an idea which Shakſpeare very probably adopted from Chapman's tranſlation of Homer. In the fifth book Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This diſobedience is the *faction* which I ſuppoſe Ulyſſes would deſcribe. STEEVENS.

[9] — *one of Priam's daughters.*] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. STEEVENS.

Knows

Knows almoſt every grain of Plutus' gold[1];
Finds bottom in the uncomprehenſive deeps;
Keeps place with thought[2], and almoſt, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles[3].
There is a myſtery (with whom relation
Durſt never meddle[4]) in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to:
All the commérce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it muſt grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame ſhall in our iſlands ſound her trump;
And all the Greekiſh girls ſhall tripping ſing,—

[1] *Knows almoſt every grain of* Plutus' *gold*;] For this elegant line the quarto has only,

Knows almoſt every thing. JOHNSON.

The old copy has—*Pluto's* gold. The correction which I have made of this obvious error of the preſs, needs no juſtification. The ſame error is found in *Julius Cæſar*, Act IV. ſc. iii. where it has been properly corrected:

" —— within, a heart,
" Dearer than *Pluto's* mine, richer than gold."

So, in this play, Act IV. ſc. i. we find in the quarto, to *Calcho's* houſe, inſtead of—to *Calchas'* houſe. The emendation now made was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, though he did not admit it into his edition. MALONE.

[2] *Keeps* place *with thought*;] i. e. there is in the providence of a ſtate, as in the providence of the univerſe, a kind of *ubiquity*. The expreſſion is exquiſitely fine: yet the Oxford editor alters it to *keepe ſtace*, and ſo deſtroys all its beauty. WARBURTON.

[3] *Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.*] It is clear from the defect of the metre that ſome word of two ſyllables was omitted by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. Shakſpeare perhaps wrote:

Does thoughts *themſelves* unveil in their dumb cradles,—
or, Does *infant* thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

So, in *King Richard III*:

" And turns his *infant* morn to aged night." MALONE.

[4] —*(with whom relation*
Durſt never meddle)—] There is a ſecret adminiſtration of affairs, which no *hiſtory* was ever able to diſcover. JOHNSON.

Great

Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air[5].

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd[6].

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary[7]
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

5 —*to air.*] So the quarto. The folio—*to* airy *air.* JOHNSON.

6 *My fame is shrewdly* gor'd.] So, in our authour's 112th Sonnet:
"Alas, 'tis true; I have gone here and there,—
"*Gor'd* mine own thoughts,—." MALONE.

7 *Omission to do,* &c.] By *neglecting* our duty we *commission* or enable that *danger* of dishonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard[8], as who should say —there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my embassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

[8] — *with a politick regard,*] With a *sly look.* JOHNSON.

Patr.

Patr. Jove bleſs great Ajax!

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you, to invite Hector to his tent;

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer, ſir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer, ſir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What muſick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am ſure, none; unleſs the fidler Apollo get his ſinews to make catlings on [9].

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature [1].

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain ſtirr'd;
And I myſelf ſee not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

9 —*to make* catlings *on.*] It has been already obſerved that a *catling* ſignifies a ſmall lute-ſtring made of *catgut.* One of the muſicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called Simon *Catling.* STEEVENS.

1 —*the more* capable *creature.*] The more *intelligent* creature. So, in *King Richard III:*

"Bold, forward, quick, ingenious, *capable.*"

See alſo Vol. VII. p. 122, n. 8. MALONE.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, *and Servant, with a torch; at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and Others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who is that there?
Dei. It is the lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.
Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce[2]:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,

[2] *During all* question *of the gentle truce:*] I once thought to read:
During all quiet *of the gentle truce.*
But I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation. JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 77, n. 2. Question of the gentle truce, is conversation while the gentle truce lasts. MALONE.

The

The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my ſword his fate be not the glory,
A thouſand cómplete courſes of the ſun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful gentle greeting,
The nobleſt hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meets you[3]; 'Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' houſe; and there to render him,
For the enfree'd Antenor, the fair Creſſid:
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before us: I conſtantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I aſſure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Creſſid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord; we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the ſoul of ſound good-fellowſhip,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen beſt,
Myſelf, or Menelaus?
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her

[3] *His purpoſe meets you;*] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON.

(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure)
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece [4];
You, like a lecher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor leſs nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore [5].

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every falſe drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been ſlain: ſince ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not given ſo many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans ſuffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to ſell [6].
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[4] —*a flat* tamed *piece*;] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the ſpirit is all flown. WARBURTON.

[5] *Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor leſs nor more;*
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.] The merits of each, whatever they may be, being weigh'd one againſt the other, are exactly equal; in each of the ſcales, however, in which their merits are to be weighed, a harlot muſt be placed, ſince each of them has been equally attached to one.—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio reads —*which* heavier for a whore. MALONE.

[6] *We'll not commend what we intend* to *ſell.*] I believe the meaning is only this: though you practiſe the buyer's art, we will not practiſe the ſeller's. We intend to ſell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton would read—*not* ſell. STEEVENS.

The ſenſe I think, requires we ſhould read—*condemn.* TYRWHITT.

When Dr. Johnſon ſays, they meant to ſell Helen dear, he evidently does not mean that they really intended to ſell her at all, (as he has been

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the house of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill[7] those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Tro. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys[8] no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Pan. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously[9] as hell; but flies the grasps of love,

been understood.) but that the Greeks should pay very dear for her, if they had her. We'll not commend what we intend to make you *pay* dear for, *if you have her*. So Ajax says in a former scene, "however, he shall pay for me, ere he has me."

Commend is, I think, the true reading, our authour having introduced a similar sentiment in two other places. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, we have—

"To things of *sale* a seller's *praise* belongs."

Again, in his 21st Sonnet:

"I will not *praise*, that purpose *not* to *sell*."

This passage favours Dr. Warburton's emendation; but *intend not sell* sounds very harsh. However, many very harsh combinations may be found in these plays, where rhymes are introduced. MALONE.

7 — *Sleep* kill—] So the old copies. The moderns have—
Sleep *seal*—. JOHNSON.

Seal was one of the numerous innovations introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

8 — *hide our* joys—] Thus the quarto. The folio has—hide our *eyes*. MALONE.

9 *As tediously*—] The folio has—As hideously *as hell*. JOHNSON.

With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS[1].

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?—
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do[2], and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
what have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia[3]!—hast

[1] *Enter Pandarus.*] The hint for the following short conversation between Pandarus and Cressida is taken from Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide*, book 3. v. 1561.

" Pandare, a morowe which that commen was
" Unto his nece, gan her faire to grete,
" And saied all this night so rained it alas!
" That all my drede is, that ye, nece swete,
" Have little leisir had to slepe and mete,
" All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake,
" That some of us I trowe ther heddis ake.

" Cressеide answerde, nevir the bet for you,
" Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your hertè care,
" God helpe me so, yè caused all this fare," STEEVENS.

[2] — *to* do,] To *do* is here used in a wanton sense. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio says: "I would fain be *doing*." Again, in *All's well*, &c. Lafeu declares that he is past *doing*. COLLINS.

[3] — *a poor capocchia!*—] Pandarus would say, I think, in English —*Poor* innocent! *Poor* fool! *hast not slept to-night?* These appellations are very well answered by the Italian word *capocchio*: for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull. THEOBALD.

The

haſt not ſlept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and ſee.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You ſmile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no ſuch thing.— [*Knocking.*

How earneſtly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you ſeen here.

[*Exeunt* TRO. *and* CRE.

Pan. [*going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: What news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—What ſhould he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: You'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

The word in the old copy is *chipochia*, for which Mr. Theobald ſubſtituted *capocchio*, which he has rightly explained. *Capochia* may perhaps be uſed with propriety in the ſame ſenſe, when applied to a *female*; but the word has alſo an entirely different meaning, not reconcileable to the context here, for which I chooſe to refer the reader to Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598. MALONE.

As Pandarus *is going out, enter* Troilus.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?
Æne. My lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh[4]: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us[5]; and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Creſſida.
Tro. Is it ſo concluded?
Æne. By Priam, and the general ſtate of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Tro. How my atchievements mock me!—
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here[6].
Æne. Good, good, my lord; the ſecrets of neighbour
Pandar[7]
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[*Exeunt* Troilus, *and* Æneas.
Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt? The devil

4 — *matter is ſo* raſh:] My buſineſs is ſo *haſty* and ſo abrupt. Johnson.
So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:
" —— *aconitum, or* raſh *gunpowder.*" Steevens.
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" It is too *raſh*, too unadviſed, too ſudden;
" Too like the lightning," &c. Malone.

5 *Deliver'd to us*, &c.] So the folio. The quarto thus:
Delivered to him, and forthwith,—. Johnson.

6 *We met by chance; you did not find me here.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
" *I did not ſend you.*" Malone.

7 —*the ſecrets of neighbour Pandar*—] Thus the quarto. The editor of the folio printed, inſtead of this,—the *ſecrets* of nature. I ſuppoſe he meant—the *ſecreteſt* of nature, and that *ſecrets* was an error of the preſs. So, in *Macbeth:*
" The *ſecret'ſt* man of blood." Malone.

take

take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my lord? Gone? Tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'ſt ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'ſt be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you on my knees,
I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou muſt to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch * of conſanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Creſſid's name the very crown of falſhood [8],
If ever ſhe leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love [9]

Is

* —*no* touch—] No feeling, no ſenſation. See Vol. I. p. 86, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] —*the very* crown *of falſhood,*] So, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— my ſupreme *crown* of grief."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" —— the *crown* and comfort of my life." MALONE.

[9] —*the ſtrong baſe and building of my love*] So, in our authour's 119th Sonnet:

" And ruin'd *love*, when it is *built* anew,—."

Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—
Pan. Do, do.
Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before Pandarus' *Houſe.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning[1]; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes faſt upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.
Tro. Walk in to her houſe;
I'll bring her to the Grecian preſently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A prieſt, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit* Tro.
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!—
Pleaſe you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
" Betwixt us as the cement of our *love*,
" To keep it *builded*, be the ram to batter
" The fortreſs of it." MALONE.

[1] —*great morning*;] *Grand jour*; a Galliciſm. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in Pandarus' *Houſe.*

Enter PANDARUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taſte,
And violenteth [2] in a ſenſe as ſtrong
As that which cauſeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs;
No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah ſweet ducks!

Cre. O Troilus! Troilus! [*embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly ſaying is,—

——— *o heart, o heavy heart* *,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?

where he anſwers again,

Becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away no-

[2] — *and* violenteth—] So the quarto. The editor of the folio, as Dr. Johnſon has noted, probably not underſtanding the word, ſubſtituted—

And *no leſs* in a ſenſe as ſtrong, &c. MALONE.

Violenceth is uſed by Ben Jonſon in *The Devil is an Aſs*:

" Nor nature *violenceth* in both theſe."

and Mr. Tollet has ſince furniſhed me with this verb as ſpelt in the play of Shakſpeare: " His former adverſaries *violented* any thing againſt him." *Fuller's Worthies, in Angleſea.*

Dr. Farmer likewiſe adds the following inſtance from Latimer, p. 71: " Maiſter Pole *violentes* the text for the maintenance of the biſhop of Rome." STEEVENS.

* — o *heavy heart,*] *O*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the ſake of the metre, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

thing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrain'd[3] a purity,
That the bleſt gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it poſſible?

Tro. And ſuddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraſures, ſtrangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Did buy each other[4], muſt poorly ſell ourſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them[5],

[3] —*ſtrain'd*—] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have *ſtrange*. JOHNSON.

[4] *We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs*
Did buy *each other,*] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:
" A thouſand kiſſes *buys* my heart from me,
" And pay them at thy leiſure, one by one." MALONE.

[5] *With diſtinct breath and* conſign'd kiſſes *to them,*] *Conſign'd* means *ſealed*; from *conſigno*, Lat. So, in *King Henry V*: " It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *conſign* to." Our authour has the ſame image in many other places. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" But my *kiſſes* bring again,
" *Seals* of love, but ſeal'd in vain."
Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:
" Pure lips, ſweet *ſeals* in my ſoft lips imprinted." MALONE.

He

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears [6].

Æne. [*within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die [7].—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears; rain, to lay this wind [8], or my heart will be blown up by the root [9]. [*Exit* Pan.

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks [1]!—
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

[6] Distasted *with the salt of* broken *tears.*] i. e. of tears to which we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and suddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of *broken* sobs, or *broken* slumbers.—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*distasting.* MALONE.

[7] *Hark! you are call'd: Some say,* the Genius *so*
Cries, Come! *to him that instantly must die.*] An obscure poet (Flatman) has borrowed this thought:

"My soul just now about to take her flight
"Into the regions of eternal night,
"Methinks, I hear some gentle *spirit* say,
"Be not fearful, *come away!*"

After whom, Pope:

"Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, *come away.*" MALONE.

[8] *Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,*] So, in *the Rape of Lucrece:*

"This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
"Holds back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
"At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er."

See also Vol. VI. p. 165, n. 5. MALONE.

[9] — *by* the root.] So the folio. Quarto—by *my throat.* MALONE.

[1] *A woeful Cressid 'mongst the* merry Greeks!] So, in *A mad World my Masters,* 1640, a man gives the watchmen some money, and when they have received it he says: "the *merry Greeks* understand me." STEEVENS.

See also p. 154, n. 4. MALONE.

Tro.

Tro. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:—
I ſpeak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himſelf[2],
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation; be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Cre. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian ſentinels,
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet, be true.

Cre. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro Hear why I ſpeak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving[3], well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelty may move, and parts with perſon[4],
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſy
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afeard.

Cre. O heavens! you love me not.

[2] *For I will throw my glove to death*—] That is, I will *challenge* death himſelf in defence of thy fidelity. JOHNSON.

[3] They're *loving*, &c.] This line is not in the quarto. The folio reads—*Their* loving. This ſlight correction I propoſed ſome time ago, and I have lately perceived it was made by Mr. Pope. It alſo has *gift* of nature. That emendation is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. In the preceding line, "*full* of quality," means, I think, abſolute, perfect, in their diſpoſitions. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"So buxom, blithe, and *full* of face,
"As heaven had lent her all his grace."

See alſo Vol. II. p. 248, n. 4. MALONE.

[4] —*with perſon*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—with *portion*. STEEVENS.

Tro.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high lavolt[5], nor ſweeten talk,
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cre. Do you think, I will?
Tro. No.
But ſomething may be done, that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to ourſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiſs; and let us part.
Par. [*within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.
Cre. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere ſimplicity[6];
Whilſt ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true[7],—there's all the reach of it.

5 — *the high* lavolt,] The *lavolta* was a dance. STEEVENS.

6 — *catch mere ſimplicity*;] The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high eſtimation, I, by honeſty, obtain a plain ſimple approbation. JOHNSON.

7 — *the* moral *of my wit*
Is—plain, and true,—] *Moral* in this inſtance has the ſame meaning as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. ſc. iv: "Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have ſome *moral* in this Benedictus." Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. ſc. iv: "—he has left me here behind to expound the *meaning or moral* of his ſigns and tokens." TOLLET.

Enter

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port [8], lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is [9].
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her [1]: I tell thee, lord of Greece;
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,

[8] *At the* port,] The *port* is the *gate.* Steevens.

[9] — possess *thee what she is.*] I will *make thee fully understand.* This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our authour. Johnson.

[1] *To shame the* zeal *of my petition to thee,*
In praising her:] The old copies read—the *seal.* The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. Troilus, I suppose, means to say, that Diomede does not use him courteously by addressing himself to Cressida and assuring her that she shall be well treated for her own sake, and on account of her singular beauty, instead of making a direct answer to that *warm* request which Troilus had just made to him to "entreat her fair." The subsequent words fully support this interpretation:

"I charge thee use her well, *even for my charge.*" Malone.

I'll

I'll answer to my lust[2]: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I tell thee*, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TRO. CRES. *and* DIO. *Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight[3].

Æne.

[2] *I'll answer to my* lust:] *Lust* was used formerly as synonymous to *pleasure*. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" —— the eyes of men through loopholes thrust,
" Gazing upon the Greeks with little *lust*." MALONE.

* — I *tell thee,*] Old Copies—*I'll* tell thee. For this emendation I am answerable. The same words occur in the preceding speech of Troilus. In the folio *I'll* is printed in another place in this scene instead of *I*. MALONE.

[3] *Let us make ready straight,* &c.] These five lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. JOHNSON.

To the first of these lines, " *Let us make ready straight,*" is prefixed in the folio, where alone the passage is found, *Dio.* Mr. Mason has justly observed, that it cannot belong to Diomede, who had the charge of Cressida, and would naturally attend her and Troilus, who has just said, that he would deliver her up to Diomed at the port, and inform him, " *by the way*, what she is." Besides, as the same gentleman observes, it is absurd that Diomed should address Paris and Æneas, as if they were all going to fight on the same side.

I suspect these five lines were an injudicious addition by the actors for the sake of concluding the scene with a couplet; to which (if there be no corruption) they were more attentive than to the country of Diomed, or the particular commission he was entrusted with by the Greeks. The line in question, however, as has been suggested by an anonymous writer, may belong to *Deiphobus*. From Æneas's first speech in p. 246, and the stage-direction in the quarto and folio prefixed to the third scene of this act, Deiphobus appears to be now on the stage; and *Dio.* and *Dei.* might have been easily confounded.

An

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity,
Let us addreſs to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Grecian *Camp. Liſts ſet out.*

Enter, AJAX *arm'd*; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and Others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment[4] freſh and fair,
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purſe.
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias cheek[5]
Out-ſwell the cholick of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood;
Thou blow'ſt for Hector. [*Trumpet ſounds.*
Ulyſſ. No trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyſſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

As this ſlight change removes the abſurdity, I have adopted it. It was undoubtedly intended by Shakſpeare that Diomed ſhould make his *exit* with Troilus and Creſſida. MALONE.

4 — *in* appointment—] That is, in accoutrements, and other military preparations. So, a *well appointed* knight. On the other hand, in *Hamlet*:

"Unhanſell'd, *diſappointed*, unanneal'd." MALONE.

5 — *bias cheek*] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. JOHNSON.
So, in *Vitoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612:

"———'Faith his cheek
"Has a moſt excellent *bias*." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter DIOMED, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Creſſid?
Dio. Even ſhe.
Agam. Moſt dearly welcome to the Greeks, ſweet lady.
Neſt. Our general doth ſalute you with a kiſs.
Ulyſſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general.
Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.—
So much for Neſtor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyſſ. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns!
For which we loſe our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The firſt was Menelaus' kiſs;—this, mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris, and I, kiſs evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiſs, ſir:—Lady, by your leave.
Cre. In kiſſing, do you render, or receive?
Patr. Both take and give[6].
Cre. I'll make my match to live[7],
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cre. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cre. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

6 *Both take and give.*] This ſpeech ſhould rather be given to Menelaus. TYRWHITT.

7 *I'll make my match to live.*] I will make ſuch *bargains* as I may live by, *ſuch as may bring me profit*, therefore will not take a worſe kiſs than I give. JOHNSON.

I believe this only means—*I'll lay my life.* TYRWHITT.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.

Ulyſſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn.—
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyſſ. I do deſire it.

Cre. Why, beg then[8].

Ulyſſ. Why then, for Venus' ſake, give me a kiſs,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyſſ. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you[9].

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.
[Diomed *leads out* Creſſida.

Neſt. A woman of quick ſenſe.

Ulyſſ. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint and motive[1] of her body.
O, theſe encounterers, ſo glib of tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome[2] ere it comes,
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts

[8] *Why, beg then.*] For the ſake of rhime we ſhould read:
Why beg two.
If you think kiſſes worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNSON.

[9] *Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.*] I once gave both theſe lines to Creſſida. She bids Ulyſſes beg a kiſs; he aſks that he may have it,
When Helen is a maid again—.
She tells him that then he ſhall have it,—when Helen is a maid again.
Cre. *I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due;*
Never's my day, and then a kiſs for *you.*
But I rather think that Ulyſſes means to ſlight her, and that the preſent reading is right. JOHNSON.

[1] — motive *of her body.*] *Motive* for *part that contributes to motion.* JOHNSON.

[2] — *a* coaſting *welcome* —] A conciliatory welcome; that makes ſilent *advances* before the tongue has uttered a word. So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis:*
" Anon ſhe hears them chaunt it luſtily,
" And all in haſte ſhe *coaſteth* to the cry." MALONE.

To

To every tickliſh reader! ſet them down
For fluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity [3],
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet!
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR *arm'd*, ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other* Trojans, *with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the ſtate of Greece! what ſhall be done to him
That victory commands? Or do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other; or ſhall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade aſk.
Agam. Which way would Hector have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but ſecurely done [4],

A little

[3] — *fluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity*,] Corrupt wenches, of whoſe chaſtity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

[4] *'Tis done like Hector; but* ſecurely *done*,] In the ſenſe of the Latin, *ſecurus*: —*ſecurus admodum de bello, animi ſecuri homo.* A negligent ſecurity ariſing from a contempt of the object oppoſed. WARBURTON.

This ſpeech in the old copies is given to *Agamemnon*, but Mr. Theobald juſtly obſerves that it muſt belong to *Achilles*, as Æneas in conſequence of it immediately addreſſes that warrior, "If not Achilles, ſir," &c. and in the ſubſequent ſpeech but one deſires him to take notice that Hector was as void of pride as he was full of valour. Dryden had made the ſame regulation. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton truly obſerves, that the word *ſecurely* is here uſed in the Latin ſenſe: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks this ſenſe peculiar to Shakſpeare, "for, ſays he, I have not been able to trace it elſewhere." This gentleman has treated me with ſo much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the laſt act of the *Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"O damned devil! how *ſecure* he is."

In my lord Bacon's *Eſſay on Tumults*, "— neither let any prince or

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir.
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector [5];
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood [6]:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek [7].

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,

state be *secure* concerning discontents." And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion* in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it however in Hoby's translation of *Castilio*, 1561: "Some be so scrupulous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their Tuscane tung,—."

Ben Jonson more than once uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. FARMER.

5 *Valour and pride* excel *themselves in Hector*;] Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." JOHNSON.

6 *This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood*;] Ajax and Hector were cousin-germans. MALONE.

7 —*half Trojan, and half Greek.*] Hence Patroclus in a former scene called Ajax a *mongrel*. See p. 184, n. 1. MALONE.

Stand

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Concent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.

[Ajax *and* Hector *enter the liſts.*

Ulyſſ. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that ſame that looks ſo heavy?

Ulyſſ. The youngeſt ſon of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought[8] with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, ſubſcribes
To tender objects[9]; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus ſays Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private ſoul,
Did in great Ilion thus tranſlate him to me[1].

[*Alarum.* Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*

Agam. They are in action.

Neſt. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee!

[8] — *an impair thought*—] A thought unſuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I ſhould have changed to *impure*, were I not over-powered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's preface to his tranſlation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "— nor is it more *impaire* to an honeſt and abſolute man," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] — *Hector—ſubſcribes*
To tender objects;] That is, *yields, gives* way. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Lear*, "— *ſubſcrib'd* his power," i. e. ſubmitted. STEEV.

[1] — *thus tranſlate him to me.*] Thus *explain his character.* JOHNSON.

Agam. His blows are well disposed:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition* earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself[2]
A thought

* *A great* addition—] See p. 208, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] *Not Neoptolemus so mirable*
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, This is he) *could promise to himself,* &c.] Dr. Warburton observes, that "the sense and spirit of Hector's speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied, and this was Achilles himself, not his son Neoptolemus, who was yet but

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it [3];

but an apprentice in warfare." In the rage of correction therefore he reads:

Not Neoptolemus's *fire irascible.*

Such a licentious conjecture deserves no attention.

I agree with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens in thinking that Shakspeare supposed Neoptolemus was the *nomen gentilitium:* an error into which he might have been led by some book of the time. That by *Neoptolemus* he meant Achilles, and not Pyrrhus, may be inferred from a former passage in p. 236, by which it appears that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy:

"But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, *now at home,*" &c.

MALONE.

My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the authour meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium,* and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion,* &c. 1537, had made the same mistake before him, as the following stanza will shew:

"Also the triumphant Troyans victorious,
"By Anthenor and Æneas false confederacie,
"Sending Polidamus to *Neoptolemus,*
"Who was vanquished and subdued by their conspiracie.
"O dolorous fortune, and fatal miserie!
"For mulitude of people was there mortificate
"With condigne Priamus, and all his progenie,
"And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate."

In Lidgate, however, Achilles, *Neoptolemus,* and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. *Neoptolemus* is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen:

"The valiant Grecian called *Neoptolemus,*
"That had his haire as blacke as any jet," &c. p. 102.

and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father:

"Sith that *Achilles* in such traiterous wise
"Is slaine, that we a messenger should send
"To fetch his son young *Pyrrhus,* to the end
"He may revenge his father's death," &c. p. 237.

STEEVENS.

3 *We'll answer it:*] That is, answer the *expectance.* JOHNSON.

The iſſue is embracement:—Ajax, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance,) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wiſh: and great Achilles
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And ſignify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Deſire them home.—Give me thy hand, my couſin;
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your knights[4].

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.

Agam. Worthy of arms[5]! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Underſtand more clear,
What's paſt, and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious Agamemnon*.

4 —*your knights.*] The word *knight*, as often at it occurs, is ſure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantaſtick followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either ſide in the Trojan war. I wiſh that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *ſquire*. Mr. Pope, in his tranſlation of the Iliad, is very liberal of the latter. STEEVENS.

Theſe knights to the amount of about *two hundred thouſand* (for there were not leſs in both armies) Shakſpeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in *The Three Deſtructions of Troy*. MALONE.

5 *Worthy of arms!*—] Folio. Worthy *all* arms! Quarto. The quarto has only the firſt, ſecond, and the laſt line of this ſalutation; the intermediate verſes ſeem added on a reviſion. JOHNSON.

* —*moſt* imperious *Agamemnon.*] *Imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the ſame ſignification. See Vol. X. p. 60, n. 7. MALONE.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no leſs to you.
[*to* Troilus.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath[6];
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, ſir; ſhe's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Neſt. I have, thou gallant Trojan, ſeen thee oft,
Labouring for deſtiny[7], make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekiſh youth: and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as Perſeus, ſpur thy Phrygian ſteed,
Deſpiſing many forfeits and ſubduements[8],

[6] *Mock not*, &c.] The quarto has here a ſtrange corruption:
Meck not thy affect, *the untreaded* earth. JOHNSON.
—*the* untraded *oath*;] A ſingular oath, not in common uſe. So, in *King Richard II.*
"—— ſome way of common *trade.*"
Under the lady's oath perhaps more is meant than meets the ear; unleſs the poet caught his idea from Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 4to. 1577, Sign. M ij: "At this upper borde nexte unto Jupiter on the right hande ſat Juno, that honourable and gracious goddeſſe his wyfe: Nexte unto hyr ſatte *Venus*, the goddeſſe of love, *with a* GLOVE *made of floures, ſtickyng in hyr boſome.*" MALONE.

[7] *Labouring for deſtiny*, &c.] The vicegerent of Fate. So, in *Coriolanus*:
"—— His ſword, *death's ſtamp*,
"Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
"He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
"Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
"The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
"With ſhunleſs *deſtiny.*" MALONE.

[8] *Deſpiſing many forfeits and ſubduements*,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:
And ſeen thee ſcorning *forfeits and ſubduements.* JOHNSON.

When

When thou haſt hung thy advanced ſword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd [1];
That I have ſaid to ſome my ſtanders-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling: This have I ſeen;
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw till now. I knew thy grandſire,
And once fought with him: he was a ſoldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Neſtor [2].

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Moſt reverend Neſtor, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſy [3].

Hect. I would, they could.

Neſt. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have ſeen the time—

Ulyſſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here her baſe and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulyſſes, well.
Ah, ſir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

[1] *When thou haſt hung thy advanced ſword i'the air,*
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
" And hangs reſolv'd correction in the air,
" That was uprear'd to execution."
The *declin'd* is the *fallen*. So, in *Timon of Athens:*
" Not one accompanying his *declining* foot." MALONE.

[2] *'Tis the old Neſtor.*] So, in *Julius Cæſar:*
" Old Caſſius ſtill."
If the poet had the ſame idea in both paſſages, Æneas means, " Neſtor is ſtill the ſame talkative old man, we have long known him to be." He may, however, only mean to inform Hector that Neſtor is the perſon who has addreſſed him. MALONE.

[3] *As they contend,* &c.] This line is not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

Since

Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekiſh embaſſy.

Ulyſſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds[4],
Muſt kiſs their own feet.

Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and modeſtly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian ſtone will coſt
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyſſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my tent.

Achil. I ſhall foreſtall thee, lord Ulyſſes, thou[5]!—
Now,

4 *Yon towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,*] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Threat'ning *cloud-kiſſing Ilion* with annoy."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Whoſe *towers* bore *heads* ſo high, they *kiſs'd the clouds*."

Ilion, according to Shakſpeare's authority, was the name of Priam's palace, "that was one of the richeſt and the ſtrongeſt that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, beſides the height of the *towers*, whereof there was great plenty, and ſo high as that it ſeemed to them that ſaw them from farre, *they raught up unto the heaven*." *The Deſtruction of Troy*, B. II. p. 478.

So alſo Lydgate, Sign. F 8, verſo:

"And whan he gan to his worke approche,
"He made it builde hye upon a *roche*,
"It for to aſſure in his foundation,
"And called it the noble *Ylion*."

Shakſpeare was thinking of this circumſtance when he wrote in the firſt act theſe lines. Troilus is the ſpeaker:

"Between our Ilium, and where ſhe reſides, [i. e. Troy]
"Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood." MALONE.

5 *I ſhall foreſtall thee, lord Ulyſſes*, thou!—] Should we not read —*though?* Notwithſtanding you have invited Hector to your tent, I ſhall draw him firſt into mine. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*, v. ix. p. 460:

"—— O diſ-

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee[6];
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint[7].

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

" —— O dissembling woman,
" Whom I must reverence *though*—." TYRWHITT.

The repetition of *thou!* was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. So, in *Twelfth Night*: " — if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss." Again, in the *Tempest*:

" Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, *thou!*"

Again, in the first scene of the fifth act of this play of *Troilus and Cressida*: " — thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, *thou!*" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's remark is incontrovertibly true; but Ulysses had not said any thing to excite such contempt. MALONE.

[6] *Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee*;] The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector, is taken from Lidgate. See page 178. STEEVENS.

[7] *And* quoted *joint by joint.*] To *quote* is to observe. So, in *Hamlet*:

" I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
" I had not *quoted* him." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 471, n. 6. MALONE.

Hect.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithy'd [8] Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him [9].

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars *, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we [1]: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

[8] — *that* stithy'd—] A *stithy* is the northern term for an anvil. The word is still used in Yorkshire. MALONE.

[9] — *the general state, I fear,*
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.] Ajax means to insinuate that Achilles was afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day, says he, have enough of Hector if you choose it, but I believe the whole state of Greece can scarcely prevail on you to engage with him."

To have *a stomach* to any thing, is, to have an inclination to it. MASON.

* — pelting *wars*,—] i. e. petty, inconsiderable wars. See Vol. II. p. 40, n. 3; and p. 463, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] — convive—] To *convive* is to *feast*. This word is not peculiar to Shakspeare. I find it several times used in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

Concur

Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines[2], let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but* Tro. *and* Ulyss.

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Grecian *Camp.* *Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter Achilles, *and* Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—

[2] *Beat loud the tabourines,*] For this the quarto and the latter editions have—*To taste your bounties.*—The reading which I have given from the folio seems chosen at the revision, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties.* Johnson.

Tabourines are small drums. The word occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra.* Steevens.

Patroclus,

Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Therſites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou cruſty batch of nature [3], what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeemeſt, and idol of ideot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The ſurgeon's box [4], or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well ſaid, adverſity! and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be ſilent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet [5], you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palſies [6], raw

3 *Thou cruſty* batch *of nature,*] *Batch* ſignifies all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afreſh. So, Ben Jonſon, in his *Cataline:*

"Except he were of the ſame meal and *batch.*"

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil's in it,* 1612: "The beſt is, there are but two *batches* of people moulded in this world." Therſites had already been called *cobloaf.* STEEVENS.

4 *The ſurgeon's box,*] In this anſwer Therſites only quibbles upon the word *tent.* HANMER.

5 *Male varlet,*—] Hanmer reads—*male harlot,* plauſibly enough, except that it ſeems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion is met with in Decker's *Honeſt Whore,* P. I. "—'tis a *male varlet,* ſure, my lord!" FARMER.

The perſon ſpoken of in Decker's play is Bellafronte, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's cloaths. I have no doubt that the text is right. MALONE.

6 —*cold palſies,*—] This catalogue of loathſome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palſies.* This paſſage, as it ſtands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the ſecond edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diſeaſes. JOHNSON.

eyes,

eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſthume, ſciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt[7]; you whoreſon indiſtinguiſhable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſleive ſilk[8], thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taffel of a prodigal's purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall[9]!

Ther. Finch egg[1]!

Achil. My ſweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love[2];

7 —*you ruinous*, &c.] Patroclus reproaches Therſites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. JOHNSON.

Thee ſame idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*:

"*Crowd us and cruſh us to this monſtrous form.*" STEEVENS.

8 —*thou idle immaterial ſkein of* ſleive *ſilk*,—] All the terms uſed by Therſites of Patroclus, are emblematically expreſſive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiouſneſs. JOHNSON.

Sleive ſilk has been already explained. See Vol. IV. p. 329, n. 5. MALONE.

9 *Out, gall!*] Hanmer reads—*nut-gall*, which anſwers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our authour thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read—Out, *gall!* JONHSON.

1 *Finch-egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I ſuppoſe he means to call him *ſinging bird*, as implying an uſeleſs favourite, and yet more, ſomething more worthleſs, a ſinging bird in the egg; or generally, a ſlight thing eaſily cruſhed. JOHNSON.

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of ſuch terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true ſignification. STEEVENS.

2 *A token from her daughter*, &c.] This is a circumſtance taken from the ſtory book of The three deſtructions of Troy. HANMER.

Both

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or ſtay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Therſites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHIL. *and* PATR.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not ſo much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive ſtatue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds[3]; a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit[4], turn him to? To an aſs, were nothing; he is both

[3] *And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull;—the primitive ſtatue, and* oblique *memorial of cuckolds;*] He calls *Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter*, that is, as himſelf explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive ſtatue of cuckolds*; i. e. his ſtory had made him ſo famous, that he ſtood as the great archetype of his character. WARBURTON.

The memorial is called *oblique*, becauſe it was only indirectly ſuch, upon the common ſuppoſition that both bulls and cuckolds were furniſhed with horns. HEATH.

Perhaps Shakſpeare meant nothing more by this epithet than *horned*, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*. Dr. W. I think, miſtakes. It is the bull, not Menelaus, that is *the primitive ſtatue*, &c. MALONE.

[4] —*forced with wit,*—] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. In this ſpeech I do not well underſtand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

By loving *quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably ſalacious. STEEVENS.

In old French *caille* was ſynonymous to *fille de joie*. In the *Dict. Comique par Le Roux*, under the article *caille* are theſe words:

"Chaud comme une *caille*.—

"*Caille* coeffée,—Sobriquet qu'on donne aux *femmes*. Signifie "femme eveillée, amoureuſe."

both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits, and fires[5]!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and* DIOMED, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught*: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those
That go, or tarry.
Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAM. *and* MEN.
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

So, in Rabelais:—"*Cailles* coiffées mignonnement chantans;"—which *Motteux* has thus rendered (probably from the old translation): "coated *quails* and laced mutton, waggishly singing." MALONE.

[5] *spirits, and fires!*] This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. JOHNSON.

* *Sweet* draught:] *Draught* is the old word for *jorica*. It is used in the vulgar translation of the Bible. MALONE.

The

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company. [*aside to* Troilus.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit* Diomed; Ulys. *and* Tro. *following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* Achil. Hect. Ajax, *and* Nest.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound[6]; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab[7], and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Calchas' *Tent.*

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*within.*] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus, *and* Ulysses, *at a distance; after them* Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

[6] —*he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;*] If a hound *gives his mouth*, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says, *Brabling curs never want sore ears.* Anonymus.

[7] —*they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,*—] This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lidgate. Steevens.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Creſſid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian!—Hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Tro. Yea, ſo familiar!

Ulyſſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight[8].

Ther. And any man may ſing her, if he can take her cliff[9]; ſhe's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſſ. Liſt!

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forſworn.—

Cre. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyſſ. How now, Trojan?

---

[8] *She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.*] We now ſay—ſing *at ſight*. The meaning is the ſame. MALONE.

[9] —*her* cliff;] That is, her *key*. *Clef*, French. JOHNSON.

Cliff, i. e. a mark in muſick at the beginning of the lines of a ſong; and is the indication of the pitch, and beſpeaks what kind of voice—as baſe, tenour, or treble, it is proper for. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio, employing muſical terms, ſays,

"—Will none but my C. *cliffe* ſerve your turn?" STEEVENS.

Cre.

Cre. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better muſt.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madneſs!

Ulyſſ. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beſeech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyſſ. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great deſtruction[1]; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, ſtay.

Ulyſſ. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.

Dio. And ſo, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!

Ulyſſ. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

[1] *You flow to great deſtruction:*] means, I think, your impetuoſity is ſuch as muſt neceſſarily expoſe you to *imminent danger*. MALONE.

The folio has:

You flow to great *diſtraction*.—

The quarto:

You flow to great *deſtruction*.— JOHNSON.

I would adhere to the old reading. *You flow to great deſtruction*, or *diſtraction*, means, the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of Diomed, or to the *height of madneſs* from the predominance of your own paſſions. STEEVENS.

Poſſibly we ought to read *deſtruction*, as Ulyſſes has told Troilus juſt before, that

"——— this place is dangerous;
"This time right deadly." MASON.

Ulyſſ. You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething; will you go? You will break out.

Tro. She ſtrokes his cheek!

Ulyſſ. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, ſtay; by Jove, I will not ſpeak a word: There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience:—ſtay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles theſe together[2]! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio.

[illegible]

[2] *How the devil* luxury, *with his fat rump, and* potatoe *finger, tickles theſe together!*] *Luxuria* was the appropriate term uſed by the ſchool divines, to expreſs the ſin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our Engliſh writers. In the *Summæ Theologiæ Compendium* of Tho. Aquinas, P. 2. II. Quæſt. CLIV. is *de Luxuriæ Partibus*, which the author diſtributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio, Adulterium, Inceſtus, Stuprum, Raptus*, &c. and Chaucer, in his *Parſon's Tale*, deſcanting on the ſeven deadly ſins, treats of this under the title, *De Luxuria*. Hence in *K. Lear*, our author uſes the word in this peculiar ſenſe:

" To't *Luxury* pell-mell, for I want ſoldiers."

But why is *luxury*, or laſciviouſneſs, ſaid to have a *potatoe finger?* This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was conſidered as a rare exotic, and eſteemed a very ſtrong provocative. As the plant is ſo common now, it may entertain the reader to ſee how it is deſcribed by Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780.

" This plant, which is called of ſome Skyrrits of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*—There is not any that hath written of this plant;—therefore, I refer the deſcription thereof unto thoſe that ſhall hereafter have further knowledge of the ſame. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flouriſhed until winter, at which time they periſhed and rotted. They are uſed to be eaten roaſted in the aſhes. Some, when they be ſo roaſted, infuſe them and ſop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howſoever they be dreſſed, they comfort, nouriſh, and ſtrengthen the bodie, procure *bodily luſt, and that with greedineſs.*"

Shakſpeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes*, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: " — Let the ſky rain *potatoes*, hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let *a tempeſt of provocation* come."

Again, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611: " — a banquet of oyſter-pies, ſkerret-roots, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whetſtones of venery." Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

" *Potatoes*

Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cre. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve[3].

Tro.

"*Potatoes* eke, if you shall lack,
"To corroborate the back."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

"You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow;
"A barley-corn goes as far as a *potatoe*."

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by B. and Fletcher:

"A banquet,—well, *potatoes* and eringoes,
"And as I take it, cantharides:—Excellent!"

Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle, Description of England*, p. 167:

"Of the *potato* and such *venerous* roots, &c. I speake not."

Lastly, in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596: "Perhaps you have been used to your dainties of *potatoes*, of caveare, eringus, plums of Genowa, all which may well encrease your appetite to severall evacuations."

It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain*, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was however forty years before they were much cultivated about London. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of Virginia *potatoes*,—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish sort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openank*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sisarum Peruvianum*, i.e. the *skirret of Peru*. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*, and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be *a native of Mexico*. COLLINS.

[3] —*keep this sleeve.*] The custom of wearing a lady's *sleeve* for a favour, is mentioned in *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 12: "One ware on his head-piece his lady's *sleeve*, and another bare on his helme the glove of his dearelinge."

Tro. O beauty!
Where is thy faith?
Ulyſſ. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O falſe wench!—Give 't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens;—Well ſaid, whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!

Again, in the ſecond canto of the *Barons' Wars* by Drayton:

"A lady's *ſleeve* high-ſpirited Haſtings wore."

Again, in the MORTE ARTHUR, p. 3. ch. 119:

"When queen Genever wiſt that Sir Launcelot beare the red *ſleeve* of the faire maide of Aſtolat, ſhe was nigh out of her minde for anger." Holinſhed, p. 844, ſays K. Henry VIII. "had on his head a ladies *ſleeve* full of diamonds." The circumſtance, however, was adopted by Shakſpeare from Chaucer. T. and C. l. 5. 1040: "She made him were a pencell of her *ſleve*." A *pencill* is a ſmall *pennon* or ſtreamer. STEEVENS.

In an old play (in ſix acts) called *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610, this incident ſeems to be burleſqued. *Troilus* and *Creſſida* are introduced by way of interlude, and *Creſſida* breaks out:

"O knight, with valour in thy face,
"Here take my ſkreene, wear it for grace;
"Within thy helmet put the ſame,
"Therewith to make thine enemies lame."

A little old book, The Hundred *Hyſtoryes of Troye*, tells us, "*Bryſeyde*, whom maſter *Chaucer* called *Creſſeyde*, was a damoſell of great beaute; and yet was more quaynte, mutable, and full of vagaunt condyſions." FARMER.

What Mr. Steevens has obſerved on the ſubject of *ladies' ſleeves* is certainly true; but the ſleeve given in the preſent inſtance by Creſſida to Diomed, was the ſleeve of *Troilus*, which he had preſented to her on their ſeparation. It may be ſuppoſed to be an ornamented cuffe, ſuch perhaps as was worn by ſome of our young nobility at a tilt, in Shakſpeare's age. MALONE.

Thy

Thy maſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it,
As I kiſs thee[4].—Nay, do not ſnatch it from me;
He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did ſwear patience.

Cre. You ſhall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you ſhall not;
I'll give you ſomething elſe.

Dio. I will have this; Whoſe was it?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whoſe it was.

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will,
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whoſe was it?

Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder[5],
And by herſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his ſpirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

4 *As I kiſs thee.*—] In old editions,

As I kiſs thee.

Dio. Nay, do not ſnatch it from me.

Cre. He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.

Dr. Thirlby thinks this ſhould be all placed to Creſſida. She had the ſleeve, and was kiſſing it rapturouſly: and Diomed ſnatches it back from her. THEOBALD.

5 *By all Diana's waiting-women yonder.*] i. e. the ſtars which ſhe points to. WARBURTON.

So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"The *ſilver-ſhining queen* he would diſtain;
"Her twinkling *handmaids* too, by him defil'd,
"Through night's black boſom ſhould not peep again."

MALONE.

Dio.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never ſhalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You ſhall not go:—One cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleaſes me beſt.

Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do, come:—I ſhall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel till then.

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come. [*Exit* DIO.
Troilus, farewel[6]! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee[7].—
Ah! poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, muſt err; O then conclude,
Minds, ſway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more[8],
Unleſs ſhe ſay'd, My mind is now turn'd whore.

[6] *Troilus, farewel!*] The characters of Creſſida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteriſtically, he does not ſufficiently dwell on either to have furniſhed Shakſpeare with many circumſtances to be found in this tragedy. *Lydgate*, ſpeaking of Creſſida, ſays only:

"She gave her heart and love to Diomede,
"To ſhew what truſt there is in woman kind;
"For ſhe of her new love no ſooner ſped,
"But Troilus was clean out of her mind,
"As if ſhe never had him known or ſeen,
"Wherein I cannot gueſs what ſhe did mean."

STEEVENS.

[7] *But with my heart the other eye doth ſee.*—] I think it ſhould be read thus:

But *my heart with* the other eye doth ſee. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, rather:

But with *the other eye my heart* doth ſee. TYRWHITT.

There is ſurely no need of change. One eye, ſays Creſſida, looks on Troilus; but the other follows Diomed, where my heart is fixed. MALONE.

[8] *A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more,*] She could not publiſh a ſtronger proof. JOHNSON.

Ulyſſ.

Ulyſſ. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyſſ. Why ſtay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my ſoul
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke.
But, if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert the atteſt of eyes and ears[9];
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Creſſid here?
Ulyſſ. I cannot conjure, Trojan[1].
Tro. She was not, ſure.
Ulyſſ. Moſt ſure, ſhe was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
Ulyſſ. Nor mine, my lord: Creſſid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,
For depravation[2],—to ſquare the general ſex
By Creſſid's rule: rather think this not Creſſid.
Ulyſſ. What hath ſhe done, prince, that can ſoil our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out on's own eyes?
Tro. This ſhe? no, this is Diomed's Creſſida:
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe;
If ſouls guide vows, if vows be ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the gods' delight,

[9] *That doth invert the atteſt of eyes and ears*;] That turns the very teſtimony of ſeeing and hearing againſt themſelves. THEOBALD.

[1] *I cannot conjure, Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raiſe ſpirits in the form of Creſſida. JOHNSON.

[2] — *do not give advantage*
To ſtubborn criticks—*apt, without a theme,*
For depravation,—] *Critick* has here, I think, the ſignification of *Cynick*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
"And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys." MALONE.

If there be rule in unity itself[3],
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself[4]!
Bi-fold authority[5]! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt[6]; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight[7]
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate[8]
Divides more wider * than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Arachne's broken woof, to enter[9].

Instance,

[3] *If there be rule in unity itself,*] May mean, If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if it be a *rule* that *one is one.* JOHNSON.

The rule alluded to is a very simple one; that *one* cannot be *two.* This woman therefore, says Troilus, this *false* one, cannot be that Cressida that formerly plighted her faith to me. MALONE.

[4] — *against* itself!] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—against *thyself.* In the preceding line also I have followed the quarto. The folio reads—This *is* not she. MALONE.

[5] *Bi-fold authority!*] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us: *By foul* authority!—

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against himself upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid.* The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

This is one of many passages in which the editor of the folio changed words that he found in the quartos, merely because he did not understand them. MALONE.

[6] — *where reason can revolt*
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt;] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason.* JOHNS.

[7] *Within* my soul *there doth commence* a fight—] So, in *Hamlet:*
" Sir, *in my heart* there was a kind of *fighting.*" MALONE.

[8] — *a thing inseparable* —] i. e. the plighted troth of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it sometimes is. MALONE.

* — more *wider*—] Thus the old copies. The modern editions, following Mr. Pope, read—*far* wider; though we have a similar phraseology with the present in almost every one of these plays. See Vol. VIII. p. 276, n. 7. MALONE.

[9] *As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.*] My quarto, which is printed for R. Bonian, 1609, reads—*Ariachna's* broken woof; the other, which is said to be undated, reads, as Mr. Steevens says, *Ariathna's.*

The

Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as Pluto's gates;
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as heaven itſelf;
The bonds of heaven are ſlipp'd, diſſolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied[1],
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed[2].

Ulyſſ. May worthy Troilus[3] be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that ſhall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy

The folio *Ariachne's*. Mr. Steevens hopes the miſtake was not originally the authour's, but I think it extremely probable that he pronounced the word as a word of four ſyllables. MALONE.

[1] — *knot, five-finger-tied,*] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, by Maſſinger, 1632;

" Your *fingers* tie my heart-ſtrings with this touch,
" In true *knots*, which nought but death ſhall looſe."
MALONE.

[2] *The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,*
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten *faith, are bound to Diomed.*] The image is not of the moſt delicate kind. " Her *o'er-eaten* faith" means, I think, her troth plighted to Troilus, of which ſhe was *ſurfeited*, and, like one who has *over-eaten* himſelf, had *thrown off*. All the preceding words, the *fragments, ſcraps*, &c. ſhow that this was Shakſpeare's meaning. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" Give me *exceſs* of it [muſick]; that *ſurfeiting*
" The *appetite* may *ſicken*, and ſo *die*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

" The commonwealth is *ſick* of their own choice;
" Their *over-greedy* LOVE hath *ſurfeited*.—
" O thou fond many! with what loud applauſe
" Did'ſt thou beat heaven with bleſſing Bolinbroke,
" Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be!
" And being now trimm'd in thine own deſires,
" Thou, beaſtly *feeder*, art ſo *full of him*,
" That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to *caſt him up*." MALONE.

[3] *May worthy Troilus*, &c.] Can Troilus really feel on this occaſion half of what he utters? A queſtion ſuitable to the calm Ulyſſes. JOHNSON.

With

With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul.
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Creſſid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a caſque compos'd by Vulcan's ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhipmen do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty ſun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Creſſid! O falſe Creſſid! falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

Ulyſſ. O, contain yourſelf;
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—
Farewel, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head[4]!

Ulyſſ. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, *and* ULYSSES.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I

[4] —*and wear a* caſtle *on thy head!*] i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common ſecurity. So, in *The moſt ancient and famous hiſtory of the renowned Prince Arthur*, edit. 1634, ch. 158: "Do thou thy beſt, ſaid Sir Gawaine, therefore hie thee faſt that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we ſhall ſoone come after, and break the ſtrongeſt *caſtle* that thou haſt upon thy head." *Wear a caſtle*, therefore, ſeems to be a figurative expreſſion, ſignifying, *keep a caſtle over your head*; i. e. live within the walls of your caſtle. In Urry's Chaucer Sir Thopas is repreſented with a *caſtle* by way of creſt to his helmet. STEEVENS.

would

would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; ſtill, wars and lechery; nothing elſe holds faſhion: A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR, *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlaſting gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to the day[5].
Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Caſ. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, ſiſter; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition,
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.
Caſ. O, it is true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound!
Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heavens, ſweet brother.
Hect. Begone, I ſay: the gods have heard me ſwear.

5 *My* dreams *will, ſure, prove ominous to the day.*] The hint for this dream of Andromache, might be taken either from Lydgate, or the following paſſage in Chaucer's *Nonnes Preſtes Tale*, late edit. v. 15147.

"Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
"That day that Hector ſhulde leſe his lif,
"She dremed on the ſame night beforne,
"How that the lif of Hector ſhuld be lorne,
"If thilke day he went into battaille:
"She warned him, but it might not availle;
"He went forth for to fighten natheles,
"And was ſlain anon of Achilles." STEEVENS.

Caſ.

Caſ. The gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.

And. O! be perſuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being juſt: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to uſe violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity [6].

Caſ. It is the purpoſe [7], that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows, to every purpoſe, muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man [8]
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

[6] —*Do not count it holy*
To hurt by being juſt: it is as lawful,
For *we would give much, to* uſe *violent thefts,*
And rob in the behalf of charity.] i. e. ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt, to uſe violent thefts, *becauſe* we would give much. The folio has—

For we would *count* give much to *as* violent thefts;

which affording no ſenſe, I have adopted an emendation propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. He ſuppoſes, with ſome probability, that the word *count* crept into the text from the line laſt but one. Mr. Rowe cut the knot, inſtead of untying it, by reading—

For *us* to count *we* give *what's gain'd by* theft,

and all the ſubſequent editors have copied him. The laſt three lines are not in the quarto, the compoſitor's eye having probably paſſed over them; in conſequence of which the next ſpeech of Caſſandra is in that copy given to Andromache, and joined with the firſt line of this.

In the firſt part of Andromache's ſpeech ſhe alludes to a doctrine which Shakſpeare has often enforced. "Do not think you are acting virtuouſly by adhering to an oath, if you have *ſworn to do amiſs*. So, in *King John*:

" ——where doing tends to ill,
" The truth is then moſt done, not doing it." MALONE.

[7] *It is the purpoſe*—] The mad propheteſs ſpeaks here with all the coolneſs and judgment of a ſkilful caſuiſt. "The eſſence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpoſe, and the vow of which the end is wrong muſt not be regarded as cogent." JOHNSON.

[8] —*dear man*] *Valuable* man. The modern editions read—*brave* man. The repetition of the word is in our authour's manner. JOHNSON.

Brave was ſubſtituted for *dear* by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Enter

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?
And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſuade.
[*Exit* CASSANDRA.
Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harneſs, youth,
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion[9], than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now? how now?
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, ſavage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who ſhould withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with firy truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

9 *Which better fits a lion,*—] The traditions and ſtories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generoſity. Upon the ſuppoſition that theſe acts of clemency were true, Troilus reaſons not improperly, that to ſpare againſt reaſon, by mere inſtinct of pity, became rather a generous beaſt than a wiſe man. JOHNSON.

Hence Spenſer's Una attended by a lion. *Faery Queen*, I. iii. 7. See alſo Sir Perceval's lion in *Morte Arthur*, B. XIV. c. 6. T. WARTON.

Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears[9];
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I myſelf
Am like a prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou ſhalt not go.

Hect. I muſt not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Caſ. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.

Tro. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſ. O farewel, dear Hector[1].
Look, how thou dy'ſt! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

[9] — *with* recourſe *of tears*;] i. e. tears that continue to courſe one another down the face. WARBURTON.

[1] *O farewel, dear Hector*;] The interpoſition and clamorous ſorrow of Caſſandra were copied by our author from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

Hark,

Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache ſhrills her dolours forth[2]!
Behold, deſtruction, frenzy[3], and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!—

Caſ. Farewel. Yet, ſoft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou doſt thyſelf and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewel: The gods with ſafety ſtand about thee!

[*Exeunt ſeverally* PRIAM *and* HECTOR. *Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve[4].

As

[2] — ſhrills *her dolours*, &c.] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:
" Through all th' abyſs I have *ſhrill'd* thy daughter's loſs,
" With my concave trump." STEEVENS.

[3] *Behold* deſtruction, *frenzy*, &c.] So the quarto. The editor of the folio, for *deſtruction* ſubſtituted *diſtraction*. The original reading appears to me far preferable. MALONE.

[4] According to the quartos 1609, this ſcene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inſerted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players ſhuffled the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum*; for the poet would hardly have given us an unneceſſary repetition of the ſame words, nor have diſmiſſed Pandarus twice in the ſame manner. The concluſion of the piece will fully juſtify the liberty which any future commentator may take in omitting the ſcene here and placing it at the end, where at preſent only the few lines already mentioned are to be found. STEEVENS.]

I do not conceive that any editor has a right to make the tranſpoſition propoſed, though it has been done by Mr. Capell. The three lines alluded to by Mr. Steevens, which are found in the *folio* at the end of this ſcene, as well as near the concluſion of the play, (with a very ſlight variation) are theſe:

Pand. Why but hear you—
Tro. Hence, broker lacquey! Ignomy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

But in the original copy in quarto there is no repetition (except of the words—*But hear you*); no abſurdity or impropriety. In that copy the following dialogue beeween Troilus and Pandarus is found in its preſent place, preciſely as it is here given; but the three lines above

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreſon ptiſick, a whoreſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me, and the fooliſh fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leave you one o' theſe days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and ſuch an ach in my bones, that, unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What ſays ſhe there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IV.

Between Troy *and the* Grecian *Camp.*

Alarums: Excurſions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That diſſembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that ſame ſcurvy doting fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that that ſame young Trojan aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whoremaſterly villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs errand. O' the other ſide, The policy of thoſe crafty ſwearing raſcals [5],—that ſtale old

quoted do not conſtitute any part of the ſcene. For the *repetition* of thoſe three lines, the players, or the editor of the folio, alone are anſwerable. It never could have been intended by the poet. I have therefore followed the original copy. MALONE.

5 *O' the other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty* ſwearing *raſcals*, &c.] But in what ſenſe are Neſtor and Ulyſſes accuſed of being *ſwearing* raſcals? What, or to whom, did they ſwear? I am poſitive that *ſneering* is the true reading. They had collogued with Ajax, and trimmed him

old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, Neſtor; and that ſame dog-fox, Ulyſſes,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry:—They ſet me up, in policy, that mungrel cur, Ajax, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbariſm[6], and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come ſleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for, ſhouldſt thou take the river Styx, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſ-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* DIOMED, *fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour[7]?

Ther. No, no:—I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have ſwal-

him up with inſincere praiſes, only in order to have ſtirred Achilles's emulation. In this, they were the true ſneerers; betraying the firſt, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOBALD.

[6] —*to proclaim barbariſm,*] To ſet up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

[7] *Art thou of blood and honour?*] This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantick chivalry, as is the following one in the ſpeech of Diomed:

And am her knight by proof. STEEVENS.

It appears from *Segar on Honor, Military and Civil*, folio 1602, p. 122, that a perſon of ſuperior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged, might refuſe the combat. REED.

low'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DIOMED, *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse[8]; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon[9] Hath Doreus prisoner; And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the pashed corses of the kings Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain; Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt; Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers[1]; haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter

[8] — *take thou Troilus' horse*;] So, in Lydgate:
" That *Troilus* by maine and mighty force
" At unawares, he cast down from his *horse*.
" And gave it to his squire for to beare
" To *Cressida*," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] — *bastard Margarelon*] The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*. THEOBALD.
The circumstance was taken from *Lydgate*, page 194:
" Which when the valiant knight, Margarelon,
" One of king Priam's bastard children," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] — *the dreadful Sagittary*
Appals our numbers:—] " Beyonde the royalme of Amasonne " came an auncyent kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named Epystrophus, " and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervaylouse beste that was call- " ed SAGITTAYRE, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to- " fore, a man: this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen " red

Enter NESTOR.

Neſt. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the ſnail-pac'd Ajax arm for ſhame.—
There is a thouſand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horſe [2],
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like ſcaled ſculls [3]

" red as a cole, and ſhotte well with a bowe: *this beſte made the Grekes* " *ſore aferde, and ſlewe many of them with his bowe.*" *The Three Deſtructions of Troy*, printed by Caxton. THEOBALD.

A very circumſtantial account of this Sagittary is likewiſe to be found in *Lydgate*, page 174. STEEVENS.

[2] —*on* Galathe *his horſe,*] From *The Three Deſtructions of Troy* is taken this name given to Hector's horſe. THEOBALD.

" And ſought, by all the means he could, to take
" *Galathe*, Hector's horſe," &c. *Lydgate*, p. 175.

John Stevens, the author of *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, (a play commended by *Ben Jonſon* in ſome lines prefixed to it) has mounted *Hector* on an *elephant*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*ſcaled* ſculls, &c.] *Sculls* are great numbers of fiſhes ſwimming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *ſhoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from a little book called *The Engliſh Expoſitor*, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. Again, in the 26th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" My ſilver-ſcaled *ſculs* about my ſtreams do ſweep." STEEV.

Scaled means here, diſperſed, put to flight. See Vol. II. p. 72, n. 4, and Vol. VII. p. 148, n. 6. This is proved deciſively by the original reading of the quarto, *ſcaling*, which was either changed by the poet himſelf to *ſcaled* (with the ſame ſenſe) or by the editor of the folio. If the latter was the caſe, it is probable that not being ſufficiently acquainted with our authour's manner, who frequently uſes the active for the paſſive participle, he ſuppoſed that the epithet was merely deſcriptive of ſome quality in the thing deſcribed.

The paſſage quoted above from Drayton does not militate againſt this interpretation. There the added epithet *ſilver* ſhews that the word *ſcaled* is uſed in its common ſenſe; as the context here (to ſay nothing of the evidence ariſing from the reading of the oldeſt copy) aſcertains it to have been employed with the leſs uſual ſignification already ſtated.

" The cod from the banks of Newfoundland (ſays a late writer) purſues the whiting, which flies before it even to the ſouthern ſhores of Spain. The cachalot, a ſpecies of whale, is ſaid, in the ſame manner, to purſue a ſhoal of herrings, and to ſwallow hundreds in a mouthful." Knox's *Hiſtory of Fiſh*, 8vo. 1787. The throat of the cachalot (the ſpecies of whale alluded to by Shakſpeare) is ſo large, that, according to Goldſmith, he could with eaſe ſwallow an ox. MALONE.

Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy Greeks [4], ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyſſ. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowſy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck, in very ſpite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, ſhew thy head!

[4] — *the* ſtrawy *Greeks,*] In the folio it is—the *ſtraying* Greeks,—. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. Troilus, I ſay! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'ſt thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou ſhould'ſt have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I ſay! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'ſt me for my horſe!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; ſtand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon[5].

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks[6]; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngeſt brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of uſe:
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,

5 *I will not* look upon.] That is, (as we ſhould now ſpeak,) I will not be a *looker-on*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III.

"Why ſtand we here—
"Wailing our loſſes,—
"And *look upon*, as if the tragedy
"Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeited actors?"

Theſe lines were written by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

6 —*you cogging Greeks*;] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the authour had heard of *Græcia mendax*. JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety in reſpect of Diomed at leaſt, who had defrauded him of his miſtreſs. Troilus beſtows it on both, *unius ob culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is ſtill called in the North—*a gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witneſs to this character of the ancient Greeks. "*Teſtimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam iſta natio coluit.*" Again: "*Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata ſunt.*" STEEVENS.

But

But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again;
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He ſhall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I ſay!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in ſumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well[7];

[7] —*I like thy armour well*;] This circumſtance, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, is taken from Lydgate's poem, B. III. Sign. S ii. I quote from the original, 1555:

"—in this while a Grekiſh king he mette,
"Were it of hap or of adventure,
"The which in ſothe on his cote armoure
"Embrouded had full many ryche ſtone,
"That gave a lyght, when the ſonne ſhone,
"Full bryght and cleare, that joye was to ſene,
"For perles white and emerawdes grene
"Full many one were therein ſette:—
"Of whoſe arraye when Hector taketh hede,
"Towardes him faſt gan him drawe.
"And fyrſt I fynde how he hath him ſlawe,
"And after that by force of his manheade
"He hent him up afore him on his ſtede,
"And faſt gan wyth him for to ryde
"From the wardes a lytell out of ſyde,
"At good leyſer playnly, if he maye,
"To ſpoyle him of his rych arraye.—
"On horſe-backe out whan he him ladde,
"Reckleſsly the ſtorye maketh mynde
"He caſte his ſhelde at his backe behynde,
"To weld him ſelfe at more libertye,—
"So that his breſt diſarmed was and bare." MALONE.

This furniſhed Shakſpeare with the hint for the following line:

I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek. STEEVENS.

I'll

I'll fruſh it[8], and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it:—Wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame.

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I ſay.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep yourſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In felleſt manner execute your arms[9].
Follow me, ſirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *I'll* fruſh *it,*] The word *fruſh* I never found elſewhere, nor underſtand it. Hanmer explains it, to *break* or *bruiſe.* JOHNSON.

The meaning of the word is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *The Deſtruction of Troy,* a book which Shakſpeare certainly had before him, when he wrote this play:

"Saying theſe wordes, Hercules caught by the head poore Lychas, —and threw him againſt a rocke ſo fiercely that hee to-*fruſhed* and all to-burſt his bones, and ſo ſlew him."

Again, in *The Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swan,* bl. l. no date: "—ſmote him ſo courageouſly with his ſworde, that he *fruſhed* all his helm, wherewith the erle fell backward," &c.

The latter quotation was produced by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Hanmer's explanation appears to be right, and the word *fruſh,* in this ſenſe, to be derived from the French verb *froiſſer,* to bruize, or break to pieces. MASON.

[9] —*execute your* arms.] Thus all the copies; but ſurely we ſhould read—*aims.* STEEVENS.

I cannot approve of the amendment propoſed by Mr. Steevens. The Myrmidons had no *aims* to execute. To *execute their arms* is to employ them; to put them to uſe. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Othello,* where Iago ſays,

"Witneſs that here Iago doth give up
"The *execution* of his wit, *hands,* heart,
"To wrong'd Othello's ſervice."

And in *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Roſaline ſays to Biron,

"Full of compariſons and wounding flouts,
"Which you on all eſtates will *execute.*" MASON.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The same.

Enter MENELAUS, *and* PARIS, *fighting*; *then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-hen'd ſparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A baſtard ſon of Priam's.

Ther. I am a baſtard too; I love baſtards: I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? Take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: if the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel, baſtard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Reſt, ſword; thou haſt thy fill of blood and death!

[*puts off his helmet and hangs his ſhield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES, *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the ſun begins to ſet;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even

Even with the vail[1] and dark'ning of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek[2].
Achil. Strike, fellows, ſtrike[3]; this is the man I ſeek.
[Hector *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, ſink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector ſlain[4]. [*A retreat ſounded.*

[1] *Even with the* vail—] The *vail* is, I think, the *ſinking* of the ſun; not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNSON.

[2] *I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.*] Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles; but it is Troilus who, having been incloſed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horſe's tail. The *Oxford Editor*, I believe, was miſinformed; for in the old ſtory-book of *The Three Deſtructions of Troy*, I find likewiſe the ſame account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, ſeems to have been indebted to ſome ſuch work as Hanmer mentions.

"Had puiſſant Hector by Achilles' hand
"Dy'd in a ſingle monomachie, Achilles
"Had been the worthy; but being ſlain by odds,
"The pooreſt Myrmidon had as much honour
"As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death."

It is not unpleaſant to obſerve with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the groſſeſt manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus in his fourth book:

"Oh thou, *Homer*, for ſhame be now red,
"And thee amaſe that holdeſt thy ſelfe ſo wyſe,
"On Achylles to ſet ſuch great a pryſe
"In thy bokes for his chyvalrye,
"Above echone that doſt hym magnyfye,
"That was ſo ſleyghty and ſo full of fraude,
"Why geveſt thou hym ſo hye a prayſe and laude?"

STEEVENS.

[3] *Strike, fellows, ſtrike*;] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old ſtory-book. HANMER.

[4] *On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,*
Achilles hath the mighty Hector ſlain.]

Ηεάμεθα μέγα χυδῶ, ἐπεφνομεν Ἕκτορα δῖον,
Ὦ, Τρῶες καλα ἄσυ, θεὸν ὣς, εἰχετόωντο. IL. X. MALONE.

Hark!

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets ſound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night[5] o'erſpreads the earth,

And, ſtickler-like[6], the armies ſeperates.

My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*ſheaths his ſword.*

Come, tie his body to my horſe's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The ſame.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and Others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what ſhout is that?

Neſt. Peace, drums.

Within. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's ſlain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be ſo, yet bragleſs let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along;—Let one be ſent,

To pray Achilles ſee us at our tent.—

[5] *The* dragon *wing of night*—] See Vol. VI. p. 200, n. 9. MALONE.

[6] *And, ſtickler-like,*] A *ſtickler* was one who ſtood by to part the combatants, when victory could be determined without bloodſhed. They are often mentioned by *Sidney*. "Anthony (ſays Sir *Tho. North* in his tranſlation of Plutarch) was himſelf in perſon *a ſtickler* to part the young men when they had fought enough." They were called *ſticklers*, from carrying ſticks or ſtaves in their hands, with which they interpoſed between the duelliſts. We now call theſe *ſticklers—ſideſmen*. So again, in a comedy called, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley: "—'tis not fit that every apprentice ſhould with his ſhop-"club play between us the *ſtickler* 'twixt my heart and him." STEEVENS.

Minſheu gives the ſame etymology, in his DICT. 1617: "A *ſtickler* betweene two, ſo called as putting a *ſtick* or ſtaffe betweene two fighting or fencing together." MALONE.

If

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI.

Another part of the field.

Enter ÆNEAS, *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field:
Never go home[7]; here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is ſlain.

All. Hector?—the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horſe's tail,
In beaſtly ſort, dragg'd through the ſhameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with ſpeed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and ſmile at Troy[8]!
I ſay, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.

Tro. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Addreſs their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who ſhall tell Priam ſo, or Hecuba?

[7] *Never go home,* &c.] This line is in the quarto given to Troilus. JOHNSON.

[8] — ſmile *at Troy!*] Thus the ancient copies; but it would better agree with the reſt of Troilus's wiſh, were we to read:

——*ſmite* at Troy,
I ſay, at once! STEEVENS.

Smite was introduced into the text by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and adopted by Dr. Warburton. I believe the old reading is the true one.

Mr. Upton thinks that Shakſpeare had the Pſalmiſt in view. "He that dwelleth in heaven ſhall laugh them to ſcorn; the Lord ſhall have them in deriſion." Pſ. ii. 4. "The Lord ſhall laugh him to ſcorn; for he hath ſeen that his day is coming." Pſ. xxxvii. 13. In the paſſage before us, (he adds) "the heavens are the miniſters of the Gods to execute their vengeance, and they are bid to *frown on*; but the Gods themſelves *ſmile at Troy*; they hold Troy *in deriſion, for they ſee its day is coming.*" MALONE.

Let him, that will a ſcreech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and ſay there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to ſtone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itſelf. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-ſiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS, *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other ſide,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lacquey [9]! ignomy and ſhame [1]
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit* Tro.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd!
O traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet a' work,
and how ill requited! Why ſhould our endeavour be ſo loved [2], and the performance ſo loath'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?—Let me ſee:—

[9] *Hence,* broker *lacquey!*] Thus the quarto and folio. For *broker* the editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted *brothèr*, which in the third was changed to *brothel.*

Broker in our authour's time ſignified a bawd of either ſex. So, in *King John*:

"This bawd, this *broker*, this all-changing word," &c.

See Vol. IV. p. 489, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] —ignomy *and ſhame*] *Ignomy* was uſed in our authour's time for *ignominy*. See Vol. V. p. 258, n. 1. MALONE.

[2] —*lov'd,*—] Quarto; *deſir'd*, folio. JOHNSON.

Full

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his honey, and his ſting:
And being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and ſiſters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled gooſe of Wincheſter[3] would hiſs:

Till

[3] *Some galled gooſe of Wincheſter*—] The publick ſtews were anciently under the juriſdiction of the biſhop of Wincheſter. POPE.

Mr. Pope's explanation may be ſupported by the following paſſage in one of the old plays of which my negligence has loſt the title:

"Collier! how came the *gooſe* to be put upon you?

"I'll tell thee: The term lying at *Wincheſter* in *Henry* the Third's days, and many *French* women coming out of the Iſle of *Wight* thither, &c. there were many punks in the town," &c.

A particular ſymptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Wincheſter gooſe*. So, in Chapman's comedy of *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606: "—the famous ſchool of England call'd Wincheſter, famous, I mean, for the *gooſe*," &c.

Again, Ben Jonſon, in his poem called, *An Execration on Vulcan*:

"—— this a ſparkle of that fire let looſe,
"That was lock'd up in the *Wincheſtrian gooſe*,
"Bred on the *Bank* in time of popery,
"When Venus there maintain'd her myſtery."

In an ancient ſatire called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date, is the following liſt of the different reſidences of harlots:

"There came ſuch a wynde fro *Wincheſter*,
"That blewe theſe women over the ryver,
"In wherye, as I wyll you tell:
"Some at ſaynt *Kateryns* ſtroke agrounde,
"And many in *Holborne* were founde,
"Some at ſaynt *Gyles* I trowe:
"Alſo in *Ave Maria Aly*, and at *Weſtmenſter*;

Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diſeaſes[4]. [*Exit.*

" And ſome in *Shoredyche* drewe theder,
" With grete lamentacyon;
" And by cauſe they have loſt that fayre place,
" They wyll bylde at *Colman hedge* in ſpace," &c.

Hence the old proverbial ſimile, " As common as *Coleman Hedge*" now *Coleman-ſtreet*. STEEVENS.

Some *galled Wincheſter goose* may mean, either a ſtrumpet that had the venereal diſeaſe, or one that felt herſelf hurt by what Pandarus had ſaid. It is probable that the word was purpoſely uſed to expreſs both theſe ſenſes. MASON.

[4] This play is more correctly written than moſt of Shakſpeare's compoſitions, but it is not one of thoſe in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully diſplayed. As the ſtory abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diverſified his characters with great variety, and preſerved them with great exactneſs. His vicious characters ſometimes diſguſt, but cannot corrupt, for both Creſſida and Pandarus are deteſted and contemned. The comick characters ſeem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the ſuperficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiouſly filled and powerfully impreſſed. Shakſpeare has in his ſtory followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Therſites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had publiſhed his verſion of *Homer*. JOHNSON.

The firſt ſeven books of Chapman's *Homer* were publiſhed in the year 1596, and again in 1598. They were dedicated as follows: *To the moſt honoured now living inſtance of the Achilleian virtues eternized by divine Homere, the Earle of Eſſexe, Earl Marſhall, &c.* and an anonymous Interlude, called THERSYTES *his Humours and Conceits*, had been publiſhed in 1598. STEEVENS.

The interlude of *Therſites* was, I believe, publiſhed long before 1598. That date was one of the numerous forgeries of Chetwood the Prompter, as well as the addition to the title of the piece,—" Therſites *his humours and conceits*;" for no ſuch words are found in the catalogue publiſhed in 1671, by Kirkman, who appears to have ſeen it. MALONE.

There are more hard, bombaſtical phraſes in the ſerious part of this play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other ſix Plays of *Shakſpeare*. Take the following ſpecimens:—*Tortive,—perſiſtive,—protractive,—importleſs,—inſiſture,—deracinate, dividable*. And in the next Act,—*paſt-proportion,—unreſpective,—propugnation,—ſelf-aſſumption,—ſelf-admiſſion,—aſſubjugate,—kingdom'd*, &c. TYRWHITT.

CYMBELINE.

Perſons Repreſented.

Cymbeline, *king of* Britain.
Cloten, *ſon to the queen by a former huſband.*
Leonatus Poſthumus, *a gentleman, huſband to* Imogen.
Belarius, *a baniſhed lord, diſguiſed under the name of* Morgan.
Guiderius, } *diſguiſed under the names of* Polydore *and*
Arviragus, } Cadwal, *ſuppoſed ſons to* Belarius.
Philario, *friend to* Poſthumus, } Italians.
Iachimo, *friend to* Philario, }
A French *Gentleman, friend to* Philario.
Caius Lucius, *General of the* Roman *forces.*
A Roman *Captain. Two* Britiſh *Captains.*
Piſanio, *ſervant to* Poſthumus.
Cornelius, *a Phyſician.*
Two Gentlemen.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former queen.*
Helen, *woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman *Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothſayer, a* Dutch *Gentleman, a* Spaniſh *Gentleman, Muſicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, ſometimes in Britain ; *ſometimes in* Italy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Britain. *The Garden behind* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;

[1] Mr. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston.* STEEVENS.

The tale in *Westward for Smelts* which I published some years ago, I shall subjoin to this play. The only part of the fable, however, which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from thence, is, Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken, at a subsequent period, into the service of the Roman General as a *page*. The general scheme *of Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakspeare has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. See p. 364, n. 6. It appears from the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately: "I know, most worthy lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] *have long since been published before*, as stolen from the original authour, and yet not beautified with his sweete style and elocution of phrase, neither favouring of his singular morall applications."

Cymbeline, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian æra: notwithstanding which Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Philario*, *Iachimo*, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. MALONE.

Still seem, as does the king's[2].

2. *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king

[2] *You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods*
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.] *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods*—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey* the laws of *heaven*,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our courtiers*;—that is, than the *bloods of our courtiers*; but our bloods, like theirs,—*still seem, as doth the king's.* JOHNSON.

In the *Yorkshire Tragedy* 1608, which has been attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* appears to be used for *inclination:*

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. ii.

"—— Were it my fitness
"To let these hands obey my *blood.*"

In *K. Henry VIII.* Act III. sc. iv. is the same thought:

"— subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,
"As I saw it inclin'd." STEEVENS.

Blood is so frequently used by Shakspeare for *natural disposition*, that there can be no doubt concerning the meaning here. So, in *All's well that ends well:*

"Now his important *blood* will nought deny
"That she'll demand."

See also *Timon of Athens*, p. 81, n. 4.

I have followed the regulation of the old copy in separating the word *courtiers* from what follows, by placing a semicolen after it. "Still seem"—for "*they* still seem," or "our bloods still seem," is common in Shakspeare. The mark of the genitive case, which has been affixed in the late editions to the word *courtiers*, does not appear to me necessary, as the poet might intend to say—"than our courtiers obey the heavens:" though, it must be owned, the modern regulation derives some support from what follows:

——— but not a *courtier*,
Although they wear *their faces to the bent*
Of the king's looks,—.

We have again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, a sentiment similar to that before us:

"—for he would shine on those
"*That made their looks by his.*" MALONE.

Be

Be touch'd at very heart.

2. *Gent.* None but the king?

1. *Gent.* He, that hath loſt her, too: ſo is the queen,
That moſt deſir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they ſcowl at.

2. *Gent.* And why ſo?

1. *Gent.* He that hath miſs'd the princeſs, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore baniſh'd,) is a creature ſuch
As, to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2. *Gent.* You ſpeak him far[3].

1. *Gent.* I do extend him, ſir, within himſelf[4];
Cruſh him together, rather than unfold
His meaſure duly.

2. *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1. *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,

[3] *You ſpeak him far.*] When I was more a friend to conjecture than I am at preſent, I ſuppoſed Shakſpeare might have written—you ſpeak him *fair*: but the old reading is probably right. You are laviſh in your encomiums on him: your elogium has a wide compaſs. MALONE.

[4] *I* do extend *him, ſir, within himſelf*;] I extend him within himſelf: my praiſe, however *extenſive*, is *within* his merit. JOHNSON.

My elogium, however extended it may ſeem, is ſhort of his real excellence: it is rather abbreviated than expanded.—We have again the ſame expreſſion in a ſubſequent ſcene: "The approbation of thoſe that weep this lamentable divorce, are wonderfully to *extend* him." Again, in *the Winter's Tale*: "The *report* of her is *extended* more than can be thought." MALONE.

Perhaps this paſſage may be ſomewhat illuſtrated by the following lines in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act III:

"—no man is the lord of any thing,
"Till he communicate his parts to other:
"Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught,
"Till he behold them form'd in the applauſe
"Where they are *extended*," &c. STEEVENS.

Againſt the Romans, with Caſſibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius*, whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons; who, in the wars o'the time,
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand; for which, their father
(Then old and fond of iſſue) took ſuch ſorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Poſthúmus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſter'd; and
In his ſpring became a harveſt: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd[5]:
A ſample to the youngeſt; to the more mature,
A glaſs that feated them[6]; and to the graver,
A child

* —*Tenantius*,—] was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Caſſibelan, being the younger ſon of his elder brother Lud, king of the ſouthern part of Britain; on whoſe death Caſſibelan was admitted king. Caſſibelan repulſed the Romans on their firſt attack, but being vanquiſhed by Julius Cæſar on his ſecond invaſion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death Tenantius, Lud's younger ſon, (his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome) was eſtabliſhed on the throne, of which they had been unjuſtly deprived by their uncle. According to ſome authorities, Tenantius quietly payed the tribute ſtipulated by Caſſibelan; according to others, he refuſed to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakſpeare ſuppoſes the latter to be the truth. Holinſhed, who furniſhed our poet with theſe facts, furniſhed him alſo with the name of *Sicilius*, who was admitted king of Britain, A.M. 3659. The name of *Leonatus* he found in Sydney's *Arcadia*. Leonatus is there the legitimate ſon of the blind king of Paphlagonia, on whoſe ſtory the epiſode of Gloſter, Edgar, and Edmund, is formed in *King Lear*. See *Arcadia*, p. 69, edit. 1593. MALONE.

[5] — *liv'd in court*,

(*Which rare it is to do,*) *moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd*:] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praiſed*, is truly *rare*. JOHNSON.

[6] *A glaſs that feated them*;] *A glaſs that* formed *them*; a model, by the contemplation and inſpection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

This

A child that guided dotards: to his miſtreſs,
For whom he now is baniſh'd,—her own price
Proclaims how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2. *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is ſhe ſole child to the king?

1. *Gent.* His only child.
He had two ſons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I' the ſwathing clothes the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtolen; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.

2. *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1. *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2. *Gent* That a king's children ſhould be ſo convey'd!

This paſſage may be well explained by another in the firſt part of *King Henry IV:*

"— *He was indeed the glaſs*
"*Wherein the noble youths did* dreſs *themſelves.*"

Again, Ophelia deſcribes Hamlet, as

"The *glaſs of faſhion*, and the mould of form."

To dreſs themſelves therefore may be to form themſelves. *Dreſſer*, in French, is to form. To *dreſs* a Spaniel is to break him in.

Feat is *nice, exact.* So, in the *Tempeſt:*

"— *look, how well my garments ſit upon me,*
"*Much* feater *than before.*"

To feat therefore may be a verb, meaning—to *render nice, exact:* by the dreſs of Poſthumus, even the more mature courtiers condeſcended to regulate their external appearance. STEEVENS.

Feat Minſheu interprets, fine, neat, brave. See alſo Barret's *Alvearil*, 1580: "*Feat* and pleaſant, *concinnæ et venuſtæ ſententiæ.*"

The poet does not, I think, mean to ſay merely, that the more mature regulated their *dreſs* by that of Poſthumus. A glaſs that feated them, is a model, by viewing which their form became more elegant, and their manners more poliſhed.

We have nearly the ſame image in the *Winter's Tale:*

"——— I ſhould bluſh
"To ſee you ſo attir'd; ſworn, I think,
"To ſhew my ſelf a *glaſs.*"

Again, more appoſitely in *Hamlet:*

"He was the mark and *glaſs*, copy and book,
"That *faſhion'd* others." MALONE.

So

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1. *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2. *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1. *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty[7],) what

[8] — *Imogen*—] Holinshed's Chronicle furnished Shakspeare with this name, which in the old black letter is scarcely distinguishable from *Innogen*, the wife of *Brute*, king of Britain. There too he found the name of *Cloten*, who, when the line of Brute was at an end, was one of the five kings that governed Britain. Cloten, or Cloton, was king of Cornwall. MALONE.

[7] (*Always reserv'd my holy duty,*)—] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON.

His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall[8].

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—

[8] *Though ink be made of gall.*] Shakspeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* used in ink, with the animal *gall*, supposed to be bitter. JOHNSON.

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal galls* with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, "Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEEVENS.

You

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death[9]!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While ſenſe can keep it on[1]! And ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo, in our trifles
I ſtill win of you: For my ſake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this faireſt priſoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Imo. O, the gods!—
When ſhall we ſee again?

Enter CYMBELINE, *and* Lords.

Poſt. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid! hence, from my ſight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court

9 *And* ſear *up my embracements from a next*
With bonds of death!] Shakſpeare may poetically call the *cere-cloths* in which the dead are wrapped, *the bonds of death*. If ſo, we ſhould read *cere* inſtead of *ſear*.

" Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
" Have burſt their *cerements?*"

To *ſear up*, is properly to *cloſe up by burning*; but in this paſſage the poet may have dropp'd that idea, and uſed the word ſimply for to *cloſe up*. STEEVENS.

I believe nothing more than *cloſe up* was intended. In the ſpelling of the laſt age, however, no diſtinction was made between *cere cloth* and *ſear-cloth*. Cole in his Latin dictionary, 1679, explains the word *cerot* by *ſear*-cloth. Shakſpeare therefore certainly might have had that practice in his thoughts. MALONE.

1 *While ſenſe can keep* it *on!*] The poet ought to have written—can keep *thee* on, as Mr. Pope and the three ſubſequent editors read. But Shakſpeare has many ſimilar inaccuracies. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" Caſca, you are the firſt that rears *your* hand."

inſtead of—*his* hand. Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" *Time's office is* to calm contending kings,
" To unmaſk falſhood, and bring truth to light,—
" To ruinate proud buildings with *thy* hours,—."

inſtead of—*his* hours. Again, in the third act of the play before us:

" ——— Euriphile,
" Thou was their nurſe; they took *thee* for their mother,
" And every day do honour to *her* grave." MALONE.

With

With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt: Away!
Thou art poiſon to my blood.
Poſt. The gods protect you!
And bleſs the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is [2],
Cym. O diſloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth [3]; thou heapeſt
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beſeech you, ſir,
Harm not yourſelf with your vexation; I
Am ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears [4].
Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?

Imo.

[2] *There cannot be a pinch in death*
More ſharp than this is.] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*
" — it is a ſufferance, panging
" As ſoul and body's parting." MALONE.

[3] *That ſhould'ſt* repair *my youth*;] i. e. renovate my youth; make me young again. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609: " — as for him, he brought his diſeaſe hither: here he doth but *repair* it." Again, in *All's well that ends well:*
" — it much *repairs* me,
" To talk of your good father." MALONE.

[4] — *a* touch *more rare*
Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *A touch more rare* is a more uncommon, a finer feeling; a more exquiſite ſenſation. So, in *Macbeth:*
" — He loves us not;
" He wants the natural *touch.*"
Rare has here the ſame ſignification as in a ſubſequent ſcene:
" If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo *rare,*
" She is alone the Arabian bird."
A paſſage in *K. Lear* will fully illuſtrate Imogen's meaning:
" — where the greater malady is fix'd,
" The leſſer is ſcarce felt." MALONE.
So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. ſc. ii.
" The death of Fulvia, with more urgent *touches,*
" Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us."
Again, in the *Tempeſt:*
" Haſt thou, which art but air, a *touch,* a feeling
" Of their afflictions?" &c.
A *touch* is not unfrequently uſed, by other ancient writers, in this ſenſe. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

" So

Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt grace.
Cym. That might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my queen!
Imo. O bleſt, that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock[5].
Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made my throne
A ſeat for baſeneſs.
Imo. No; I rather added
A luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Poſthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays[6].
Cym. What!—art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt, ſir: Heaven reſtore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour ſhepherd's ſon!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing!—
They were again together: you have done [*to the* Queen.
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. 'Beſeech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet ſovereign,
Leave us to ourſelves; and make yourſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.

" So deep we feel impreſſed in our blood
" That *touch* which nature with our breath did give."

A *touch more rare* is undoubtedly *a more exquiſite feeling, a ſuperior ſenſation.* STEEVENS.

5 — *a puttock.*] A *kite.* JOHNSON.

6 —— *over-buys me*
Almoſt the ſum he pays.] So ſmall is my value, and ſo great is his, that in the purchaſe he has made (for which he paid himſelf), for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The moſt minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired. MALONE.

Cym.

Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you muſt give way:
Here is your ſervant.—How now, ſir? What news?
Piſ. My lord your ſon drew on my maſter.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I truſt, is done?
Piſ. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave ſir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your maſter?
Piſ. On his command: He would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.
Piſ. I humbly thank your highneſs.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About ſome half hour hence,
Pray you, ſpeak with me: you ſhall, at leaſt,
Go ſee my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A publick Place.

Enter CLOTEN, *and two* Lords.

1. *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice: Where

Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholeſome as that you vent.

Clo. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it—Have I hurt him?

2. *Lord.* No, faith; not ſo much as his patience. [*Aſide.*

1. *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carcaſs, if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for ſteel, if it be not hurt.

2. *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt; it went o' the backſide the town. [*Aſide.*

Clo. The villain would not ſtand me.

2. *Lord.* No; but he fled forward ſtill, toward your face. [*Aſide.*

1. *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you ſome ground.

2. *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aſide.*

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2. *Lord.* So would I, till you had meaſured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*

Clo. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!

2. *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe is damn'd. [*Aſide.*

1. *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit[7].

2. *Lord.*

7 *She's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.*] She has a fair outſide, a ſpecious appearance, but no wit. *O quanta ſpecies, cerebrum non habet! Phædrus.* EDWARDS.

In a ſubſequent ſcene, Iachimo ſpeaking of Imogen, ſays,

"All of her, that is *out of door*, moſt rich!
"If ſhe be furniſh'd with a *mind* ſo rare,
"She is alone the Arabian bird." MALONE.

I believe the poet meant nothing by *ſign*, but *fair outward* ſhew. JOHNSON.

The

2. *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been ſome hurt done!

2. *Lord.* I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [*Aſide.*

Clo. You'll go with us?

1. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2. *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN, *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o' the haven,
And queſtion'dſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is[8]. What was the laſt
That he ſpake to thee?

Piſ. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Piſ. And kiſs'd it, madam.

The ſame alluſion is common to other writers. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

" ——— a common trull,
" A tempting *ſign*, and curiouſly ſet forth
" To draw in riotous gueſts."

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by the ſame authors:

" Stand ſtill, thou *ſign* of man—."

To underſtand the whole force of Shakſpeare's idea, it ſhould be remembered that anciently almoſt every *ſign* had a motto, or ſome attempt at a witticiſm, underneath it. STEEVENS.

[8] ——— *'twere a paper loſt*
As offer'd mercy is.] I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loſs of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loſs of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal. A thought reſembling this occurs in *All's well that ends well*:

" Like a remorſeful *pardon* ſlowly carried." STEEVENS.

Imo. Senſeleſs linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Piſ. No, madam; for ſo long
As he could make me with this eye or ear[9]
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of his mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle[1]:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Piſanio,
When ſhall we hear from him?

Piſ. Be aſſur'd, madam,
With his next vantage[2].

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him ſwear

9 — *with* this *eye or ear*—] The old copy, probably from the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him, has—with *his* eye, &c. The correction was made by Dr. Warburton. "How," he aſks, "could Poſthumus make himſelf diſtinguiſhed by his *ear* to Piſanio? By his tongue he might to the other's ear, and this is certainly Shakſpeare's meaning." MALONE.

1 — *till the diminution*
Of ſpace *had pointed him ſharp as my needle:*] *The diminution of ſpace*, is *the diminution* of which *ſpace* is the cauſe. Trees are killed by a blaſt of lightning, that is, by *blaſting*, not *blaſted* lightning. JOHNSON.

2 — *next vantage.*] Next *opportunity*. JOHNSON.

The

The ſhes of Italy ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with oriſons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words [3], comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing [4].

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Deſires your highneſs' company.

Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Piſ. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

[3] ——— *or ere I could*
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words,—] Dr. Warburton pronounces as abſolutely as if he had been preſent at their parting, that theſe two charming words were, *adieu Poſthumus*; but as Mr. Edwards has obſerved, "ſhe muſt have underſtood the language of love very little, if ſhe could find no tenderer expreſſion of it, than the name by which every one called her huſband." STEEVENS.

[4] Shakes *all our* buds *from growing.*] i. e. our buds of *love*, as our authour has elſewhere expreſſed it. Dr. Warburton, becauſe the buds of flowers are here alluded to, very idly reads—Shakes all our buds from *blowing*. The buds of *flowers* undoubtedly are meant, and Shakſpeare himſelf has told us in *Romeo and Juliet* that they *grow*:

"This *bud of love*, by ſummer's ripening breath
"May prove a beauteous *flower*, when next we meet."
MALONE.

A bud, without any diſtinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural repreſentation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits. JOHNSON.

Shakes all our buds, &c.] So, in the 18th Sonnet of our author:
"Rough winds do *ſhake* the darling *buds* of May."
Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:
"Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds *ſhake* fair *buds*."
STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *Houſe.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO *, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, ſir: I have ſeen him in Britain: he was then of a creſcent note; expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by items.

Phi. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd, than now he is, with that which makes him [4] both without and within.

French. I have ſeen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he muſt be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter [5].

French. And then his baniſhment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of thoſe, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours [6], are wonderfully to extend him [7]; be it but to fortify her judgment, which

* — *Iachimo,*] The name of *Giacomo* occurs in *The two Gentlewomen of Venice*, a novel which immediately follows that of *Rhomeo and Julietta* in the ſecond tome of Painter's PALACE OF PLEASURE. MALONE.

4 — *makes him*—] In the ſenſe in which we ſay, This will *make* or *mar* you. JOHNSON.

5 — *words him—a great deal from the matter.*] Makes the deſcription of him very diſtant from the truth. JOHNSON.

6 — *under her colours,*] Under her banner; by her influence. JOHNSON.

7 — *and the* approbation *of thoſe*—are *wonderfully to extend him*;] This grammatical inaccuracy is common in Shakſpeare's plays. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" The *poſture* of your blows *are* yet unknown."

The modern editors, however, read—*approbations.*

Extend has here the ſame meaning as in a former ſcene. See p. 311, n. 4. MALONE.

elſe

elſe an eaſy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without leſs quality[8]. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were ſoldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality.—I beſeech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Poſt. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill[9].

French.

[8] —*without* leſs *quality.*] Whenever *leſs* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a prepoſition of a ſimilar import, Shakſpeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to uſe words that expreſs the very contrary of what he means. In a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved this inconteſtably, by comparing a paſſage ſimilar to that in the text with the words of Plutarch on which it was formed. The paſſage is:

" — I—condemn myſelf to *lack*
" The courage of a woman, *leſs* noble mind
" Than ſhe—."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

" —I ne'er heard yet
" That any of theſe bolder vices *wanted*
" *Leſs* impudence, to gainſay what they did,
" Than to perform it firſt."

Again, in *K. Lear*:

" — I have hope
" You *leſs* know how to value her deſerts
" Than ſhe to *ſcant* her duty."

See Vol. VII. p. 564, n. 6. Mr. Rowe and all the ſubſequent editors read—without *more* quality, and ſo undoubtedly Shakſpeare *ought* to have written. On the ſtage, an actor may rectify ſuch petty errors; but it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his authour wrote. MALONE.

[9] — *which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.*] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs; I was glad I did atone my countryman and you [1], it had been pity, you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature [2].

Poſt. By your pardon, ſir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences [3]: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to ſay it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would, by all likely-

" Which I will ever pay, and pay again,
" When I have found it."

Again, in our authour's 30th Sonnet:

" Which I new pay, as if not pay'd before." MALONE.

[1] — *I did atone*, &c.] To *atone* ſignifies in this place to *reconcile*. So Ben. Jonſon, in *The ſilent Woman*:

" There had been ſome hope to *atone* you." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 272, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] — *upon* importance *of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.*] *Importance* is here as elſewhere in Shakſpeare, importunity, inſtigation. See Vol. IV. p. 112, n. 6. MALONE.

[3] — *rather ſhunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences:*] *Shunn'd to go even* means the ſame as *choſe not to go even*. I avoided, ſays Poſthumus, ſquaring my actions by ſuch rules as I heard laid down: I rather choſe to act according to my own diſcretion, in oppoſition to ſuch rules, than to be guided by the experience of others.

Dr. Johnſon ſays, the meaning is, " I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than ſuch intelligence as I had gathered myſelf." But this interpretation is at once repugnant to the words themſelves, and to the context. Poſthumus is here apologizing for the impetuoſity of his youth, when at his firſt outſet in the world he thought himſelf wiſer than thoſe who had run the race of life before him. For this conduct he blames himſelf, and owns his judgment was then faulty and *immature*. However, (he adds) even now, when I have attained more diſcretion, and my judgment (if I may be permitted to ſay ſo) is mended, I cannot acknowledge that the ſubject of our quarrel was of a trivial nature.

Since the above note was written, I have obſerved that Mr. Maſon has made a ſimilar obſervation. MALONE.

hood,

hood, have confounded one the other[3], or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, aſk what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction[4], ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our country miſtreſſes: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſte, conſtant-qualified, and leſs attemptible, than any the rareſt of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Poſt. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Poſt. Being ſo far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profeſs myſelf her adorer[5], not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon,) had been ſomething too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſtres many I have beheld, I could not but believe ſhe excell'd many: but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you the lady[6].

Poſt.

3 —confounded *one the other,*] To *confound* in our authour's time ſignified—to *deſtroy*. See Vol. V. p. 506, n. 4. MALONE.

4 —*which may, without contradiction*, &c.] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told. JOHNSON.

5 —*though I profeſs*, &c.] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his miſtreſs, and regard her not with the fondneſs of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. JOHNSON.

6 —*If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſtres many I have beheld, I could not* but *believe ſhe excell'd many: but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.*] The old copy reads—I could *not believe* ſhe excell'd many. Dr. Warburton very properly aſks, "What, if ſhe did really excell others, could he not believe that ſhe did excell them?" To reſtore therefore the paſſage to ſenſe, he omits the word *not*, and reads—"I *could believe* ſhe excell'd many,"—which undoubtedly affords a clear ſenſe.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.
Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post.

" The old reading," says Mr. Steevens, " may very well stand. If, says Iachimo, your mistress went before *some* others I have seen, *only in the same degree* your diamond out-lustres many I have likewise seen, I should not admit on that account that she excelled many: *but* I ought not to make myself the judge of who is the fairest lady, or which is the brightest diamond, till I have beheld the finest of either kind which nature has hitherto produced."

To this paraphrase I make the same objection that I have done to many others in revising these plays; namely, that a meaning is extracted from the words that they in no sort warrant. In the first place Mr. S. understands the word *as* to mean *only as*, or *as little as*; and assumes that Iachimo means, not merely to deny the super-eminent and unparallel'd value of the diamond of Posthumus, but greatly to depretiate it; though both the context, and the words—*went before, most* precious, and *out-lustres*, must present to every reader a meaning directly opposite. 2dly. According to this interpretation, the adversative particle *but* is used without any propriety; as will appear at once by shortening Mr. Steevens's paraphrase, and adding a few words that are requisite to make the deduction consequential:

" If your mistress went before others I have seen, only in the same degree your diamond out-lustres *many* I have likewise seen, I should not admit on that account that she excelled many, [*for your diamond is an* ordinary *stone, and does not excell many:*] But I have not seen the most precious diamond in the world, nor you the most beautiful lady: *and therefore I can not admit she excells all.*"

Here, after asserting that " he could *not* admit she excelled *many*," he is made to add, by way of qualification, and in *opposition* to what he has already said, that " inasmuch as he has not seen *all* the fine women and fine diamonds in the world, he cannot admit that she excells *all*." If he *had* admitted that she excelled *many*, this conclusion would be consistent and intelligible; but *not* admitting that position, as he is thus made to do, it is inconsequential, if not absurd.

I agree therefore entirely with Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson in thinking that the passage as it stands in the old copy, is nonsense, and that some emendation is necessary.

Dr. Warburton, as I have already observed, amended the passage by omitting the word *not*; but of all the modes of emendation this is the most exceptionable. I have often had occasion to observe that one of the most frequent errours of the press is omission, and consequently the least exceptionable of all emendations is the insertion of a word that appears from the context, or from the metre, to have been omitted. In the first folio edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* we find—

" O, that your face were full of oes"—

instead

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-prized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given;

instead of the true reading, which is furnished by the quarto, 1598:

" O, that your face were *not so* full of oes—"

Again, in *Timon of Athens*, Act V. edit. 1623:

" —Nothing can you steal

" But thieves do lose it. *Steal less* for this,—."

All the modern editions here rightly read—" Steal *not* less for this."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, folio 1632: " — they stand so much on the new form, that they *can sit* at ease on the old bench:" instead of " — they can *not* sit," &c. Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, folio, 1623, p. 55: " —good gentlemen, let *him strike* the old woman;" instead of " —let him *not* strike the old woman." See also Vol. IV. p. 516, n. 2. I could easily add twenty other instances of the same kind.

In the passage before us, I am persuaded that either the word *but* was omitted after *not*, by the carelessness of the compositor or transcriber, or, that *not* was printed instead of *but*: a mistake that has often happened in these plays. See Vol. III. p. 142, n. 1.

Of the latter opinion is Mr. Heath, who proposes to read, " I could *but* believe," and this affords nearly the same meaning as the reading now adopted. I rather incline to the emendation which I proposed some years ago, and which is now placed in the text, because the adversative particle in the next clause of the sentence is thus more fully opposed to what precedes; and thus the reasoning is clear, exact, and consequential. " If, says Iachimo, she surpassed other women that I have seen in the same proportion that your diamond out-lustres *many* diamonds that I have beheld, I could not *but* acknowledge that she excelled *many* women; but I have not seen the *most* valuable diamond in the world, nor you the most beautiful woman: *and therefore I cannot admit she excells* ALL.

It is urged, that " it was the business of Iachimo on this occasion to appear an infidel to beauty, in order to spirit Posthumus to lay the wager." He is so far an infidel as not to allow Imogen transcendent beauty, surpassing the beauty of *all womankind*. It was by no means necessary, in order to excite the *adoring* Posthumus to a wager, to deny that she possessed *any* beauty whatsoever.

For the length of this note I shall make no apology. Whenever much has been already said by ingenious men on a controverted passage, in which emendation is absolutely necessary, every objection that can be made to the reading adopted should, if possible, be obviated. No one can be more an enemy to long notes, or *unnecessary* emendations, than the present editor. MALONE.

if

if there were * wealth enough for the purchaſe, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Poſt. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be ſtolen too: ſo, of your brace of unprizeable eſtimations, the one is but frail, and the other caſual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accompliſh'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your Italy contains none ſo accompliſh'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my miſtreſs [7]; if, in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have ſtore of thieves; notwithſtanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy ſignior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me; we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair miſtreſs: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it ſomething: But I make my wager rather againſt your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deal abuſed [8] in too bold a per-

* — *if there were* —] Old Copy—or *if*—*for the* purchaſes, &c. the compoſitor having inadvertently repeated the word *or* which has juſt occurred. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 — *to* convince *the honour of my miſtreſs*;] *Convince*, for *overcome*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" —— their malady *convinces*
" The great aſſay of art." JOHNSON.

8 — *abuſed*—] *Deceived*. JOHNSON.

ſuaſion;

ſuaſion; and I doubt not you ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſt. A repulſe: Though your attempt, as you call it, deſerve more; a puniſhment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too ſuddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my eſtate, and my neighbour's on the approbation [9] of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What lady would you chooſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; whom in conſtancy, you think, ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerved.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiſer [1]. If you buy

[9] — *approbation*—] Proof. JOHNSON.

[1] *You are a* friend, *and therein the wiſer.*] I correct it:

You are afraid, *and therein the wiſer.*

What Iachimo ſays, in the cloſe of his ſpeech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:—"But, I ſee you have ſome religion in you, that you *fear*." WARBURTON.

You are a friend to the lady, *and therein the wiſer*, as you will not expoſe her to hazard; and that you *fear*, is a proof of your *religious* fidelity. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Warburton affixed his name to the preceding note, it is *verbatim* taken from one written by Mr. Theobald on this paſſage.

A *friend* in our authour's time often ſignified a *lover*. Iachimo therefore might mean that Poſthumus was wiſe in being only the *lover* of Imogen, and not having bound himſelf to her by the indiſſoluble ties of marriage. But unluckily Poſthumus has already ſaid he is *not* her *friend*, but her adorer: this therefore could hardly have been Iachimo's meaning.

I cannot ſay that I am entirely ſatisfied with Dr. Johnſon's interpretation; yet I have nothing better to propoſe. "You are a friend to the lady, and therefore will not expoſe her to hazard." This ſurely is not warranted by what Poſthumus has juſt ſaid. He is ready enough to

buy ladies' fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting: But, I ſee, you have ſome religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my ſpeeches; and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you?—I ſhall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are yours; ſo is your diamond too[2]. If I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

to expoſe her to hazard. He has actually expoſed her to hazard by accepting the wager. He will not indeed riſk his *diamond*, but has offered to lay a ſum of money, that Iachimo, "with all appliances and means to boot," will not be able to corrupt her. I do not therefore ſee the force of Iachimo's obſervation. It would have been more "germane to the matter" to have ſaid, in alluſion to the former words of Poſthumus—You are *not* a friend, i. e. a lover, and therein the wiſer: for all women are corruptible. MALONE.

[2] *If I bring you* no *ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are* yours, *ſo is your diamond too:*] Of the two conditions of this wager, Iachimo only mentions that which is favourable to Poſthumus. Dr. Warburton thought it probable he ſhould mention both, and therefore ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare wrote—if I bring *you ſufficient teſtimony*, &c. my ten thouſand ducats are *mine*: ſo, &c. MALONE.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakſpeare intended that Iachimo, having gained his purpoſe, ſhould deſignedly drop the invidious and offenſive part of the wager, and, to flatter Poſthumus, dwell long upon the more pleaſing part of the repreſentation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both. JOHNSON.

Poſt.

Poſt. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you ſhall anſwer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate: if ſhe remain unſeduced, (you not making it appear otherwiſe,) for your ill opinion, and the aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for Britain; leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed. [*Exeunt* POST. *and* IACH.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in* Cymbelines's *Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather thoſe flowers;
Make haſte: Who has the note of them?

1. *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Diſpatch.— [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now, maſter doctor; have you brought theſe drugs?

Cor. Pleaſeth your highneſs, ay: here they are, madam: [*preſenting a ſmall box.*
But I beſeech your grace, (without offence;
My conſcience bids me aſk;) wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt poiſonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languiſhing death;
But, though ſlow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou aſk'ſt me ſuch a queſtion: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Haſt thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions[3]? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart[4]:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work[5]: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*to* Pisanio.

3 *Other conclusions?*—] Other *experiments. I commend,* says Walton, *an angler that tries* conclusions, and improves his art. JOHNSON. See Vol. VII. p. 600, n. 7. MALONE.

4 *Your highness*
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:] There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our authour lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men that have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor. JOHNSON.

5 *Will I first work:*] She means, I believe, that on him first she will try the efficacy of her poison. MALONE.

Cor.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her[6]. She doth think, she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time *,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being[7],
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay

[6] *I do not like her.*—] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows. JOHNSON.

This soliloquy, however inartificial in respect of the speaker, is yet necessary to prevent that uneasiness which would naturally arise in the mind of an audience on recollection that the queen had mischievous ingredients in her possession, unless they were undeceiv'd as to the quality of them; and it is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life. STEEVENS.

* —*a time,*] So the old copy. All the modern editions—*for* a time. MALONE.

[7] —*to shift his being,*] To change his abode. JOHNSON.

A day's

A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans[8]?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[*The* Queen *drops a box:* Pisanio *takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pry'thee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on[9]; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit* Pisa.]—A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her sweet[1]; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

[8] — *that leans?*] That *inclines* towards its fall. JOHNSON.

[9] *Think what a* chance *thou* changest *on*;—] Such is the reading of the old copy, which by succeeding editors has been altered into,

Think what a *chance* thou *chancest* on;—

and Think what a *change* thou *chancest* on;—

but unnecessarily. The meaning is: "Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service." STEEVENS.

A line in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece* adds some support to the reading—thou *chancest* on, which is much in Shakspeare's manner:

"Let there *bechance* him pitiful mis*chances*." MALONE.

[1] *Of* leigers *for her sweet*;—] A *leiger* ambassador, is one that resides at a foreign court to promote his master's interest. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 54, n. 1. MALONE.

Re-enter

Re-enter PISANIO, *and* Ladies.

To taſte of too.—So, ſo;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowſlips, and the primroſes,
Bear to my cloſet:—Fare thee well, Piſanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* Queen, *and* Ladies.

Piſ. And ſhall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myſelf: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a ſtep-dame falſe;
A fooliſh ſuitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her huſband baniſh'd;—O, that huſband!
My ſupreme crown of grief[2]! and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-ſtolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire that's glorious: Bleſſed be thoſe,
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort[3].—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter

[2] —*O, that huſband!*
My ſupreme crown *of grief!*] Imogen means to ſay, that her ſeparation from her huſband is the completion of her diſtreſs. So, in *King Lear*:

"This would have ſeem'd a period
"To ſuch as love not ſorrow; but another,
"To amplify too much, would make much more,
"And *top extremity*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"—the ſpire and *top* of praiſe."

Again, more appoſitely, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"Make Creſſid's name the very *crown* of falſehood."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"The *crown* and comfort of my life, your favour,
"I do give loſt." MALONE.

[3] —*but moſt miſerable*
Is the deſire *that's* glorious: *bleſſed be thoſe*
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons *comfort.*] Dr. Warburton and Mr. Steevens are

Enter PISANIO, *and* IACHIMO.

Pif. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highneſs dearly. [*preſents a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good ſir;
You are kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich! [*Aſide.*
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I ſhall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo.

of opinion that the former part of this paſſage means—"To be able to refine on calamity is the miſerable privilege of thoſe who are born with aſpiring thoughts, and elegant deſires." But, in my apprehenſion, Imogen's ſentiment, is ſimply this:—*Had I been ſtolen by thieves in my infancy*, (or, as ſhe ſays in another place, *born a neat-herd's daughter*,) *I had been happy. But inſtead of that, I am in a high, and, what is called*, a glorious *ſtation*; *and moſt miſerable is ſuch a ſituation!* Pregnant with calamity are thoſe deſires, which aſpire to glory; to ſplendid titles, or elevation of rank! *Happier far are thoſe, how low ſoever their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumſtance that gives an additional* zeſt *to comfort itſelf, and renders it ſomething more*; or, (to borrow our authour's words in another place) *which keeps comfort always* freſh and laſting.

A line in *Timon of Athens*, may perhaps prove the beſt comment on the former part of this paſſage:

"O the fierce *wretchedneſs* that *glory* brings!"

In *King Henry VIII.* alſo, Anna Bullen utters a ſentiment that bears a ſtrong reſemblance to that before us:

"—— I ſwear 'tis better
"To dwell with humble livers in content,
"Than to be perk'd up in a *gliſt'ring grief*,
"And wear a *golden ſorrow*."

Of the verb *to ſeaſon*, (of which the true explanation was originally given by Mr. Steevens) ſo many inſtances occur as fully to juſtify this interpretation. It is uſed in the ſame metaphorical ſenſe in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, 1594:

"This that did *ſeaſon* all my ſour of life,—."

Again,

Imo. [reads.]—*He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truſt.*

LEONATUS[4].

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the reſt, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy ſir, as I
Have words to bid you; and ſhall find it ſo,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, faireſt lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To ſee this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of ſea and land[5], which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The firy orbs above, and the twinn'd ſtones
Upon the number'd beach[6]? and can we not

Partition

Again, in our authour's *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How much ſalt water thrown away in haſte,
"To *ſeaſon* love, that of it doth not taſte!"

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—— All this, to *ſeaſon*
"A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep *freſh*
"And *laſting* in her ſad remembrance." MALONE.

4 —*as you value your truſt.* LEONATUS.] Mr. Maſon thinks this an unſuitable concluſion of a letter to a princeſs and a beloved wife, and would therefore read—as you value your *trueſt* Leonatus. His conjecture would have more weight, if it were certain that theſe were intended as the concluding words of the letter. It is more probable that what *warmed the very middle of the heart of Imogen*, formed the *concluſion* of Poſthumus's letter; and the words—*ſo far*, and *by the reſt*, ſupport that ſuppoſition. Though Imogen reads the name of her huſband, ſhe might ſuppreſs ſomewhat that intervened. Nor, indeed, is the adjuration of light import, or unſuitable to a fond huſband, ſuppoſing it to be the concluſion of the letter. Reſpect my friend, ſays Leonatus, as you value the confidence repoſed in you by him to whom you have plighted your troth. MALONE.

5 —*and the rich crop*

Of ſea and land,—] *The crop of ſea and land* means only the productions of either element. STEEVENS.

6 —*and the twinn'd ſtones*

Upon the number'd *beach?*] I have no idea in what ſenſe the beach, or ſhore, ſhould be called *number'd*. I have ventured, againſt all the copies, to ſubſtitute:

Upon th' unnumber'd beach?—

i. e. the infinite extenſive beach, if we are to underſtand the epithet as

Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed[7].

Imo.

coupled to that word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hypallage*, like that in the beginning of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*:

" (In *nova* fert animus *mutatas* dicere formas
" Corpora.)"—

and then we are to underſtand the paſſage thus: *and the infinite number of twinn'd ſtones upon the beach.* THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's conjecture may derive ſome ſupport from a paſſage in *King Lear*:

" —— the murm'ring ſurge
" That on *th' unnumber'd* idle pebbles chafes—."

Th' unnumber'd, and *the number'd*, if haſtily pronounced, might eaſily have been confounded by the ear. If *number'd* be right, it ſurely means, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it, *abounding in numbers* of ſtones; *numerous.* MALONE.

I know not well how to regulate this paſſage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd ſtones* I do not underſtand. *Twinn'd ſhells*, or *pairs of ſhells* are very common. JOHNSON.

The pebbles on the ſea-ſhore are ſo much of the ſame ſize and ſhape, that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins*. So, in the *Maid of the Mill*, by B. and Fletcher:

" But is it poſſible that two faces
" Should be ſo *twinn'd* in form, complexion," &c.

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*, Act IV. ſc. iv:

" Are ſtill together, who *twin* as'twere, in love." STEEVENS.

[7] *Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,*
Not ſo allur'd to feed.] Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has ſhewn how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the preſent miſtreſs of Poſthumus, and proceeds to ſay, that appetite too would give the ſame ſuffrage. *Deſire*, ſays he, when it approached *ſluttery*, and conſidered it in compariſon with *ſuch neat excellence*, would not only be *not ſo allured to feed*, but ſeized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptineſs*, would feel the convulſions of diſguſt, though, being unfed, it had nothing to eject.

To vomit emptineſs is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulſions of eructation without plenitude. JOHNSON.

No

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That ſatiate yet unſatisfy'd deſire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening firſt
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear ſir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beſeech you, ſir, [*To* Piſanio.
Deſire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's ſtrange and peeviſh[8].

No one who has been ever ſick at ſea, can be at a loſs to underſtand what is meant by *vomiting emptineſs*. Dr. Johnſon's interpretation would perhaps be more exact, if after the word *Deſire* he had added, *however hungry, or ſharp-ſet.*

A late editor, Mr. Capell, was ſo little acquainted with his authour, as not to know that Shakſpeare here, and in ſome other places, uſes *deſire* as a triſyllable; in conſequence of which, he reads—vomit *to* emptineſs. MALONE.

[8] *He's* ſtrange, *and peeviſh.*] *Strange*, I believe, ſignifies *ſhy* or *backward*. So Holinſhed, p. 735: "—brake to him his mind in this miſchievous matter, in which he found him nothing *ſtrange*."

Peeviſh anciently meant weak, ſilly. So, in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591: "Never was any ſo *peeviſh* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or ſhape of a miſtreſs." Again, in Goſſon's *Schoo of Abuſe*, 1579: "We have infinite poets and pipers, and ſuch *peeviſh* cattel among us in Englande." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"How now! a madman! why thou *peeviſh* ſheep,
"No ſhip of Epidamnum ſtays for me." STEEVENS.

Minſheu in his Dictionary 1617, explains *peeviſh*, by *fooliſh*. So again, in our authour's *King Richard III.*

"When Richmond was a little *peeviſh* boy."

See alſo Vol. II. p. 187, n. 7, and Vol. VII. p. 585, n. *.

Strange is again uſed by our authour in his *Venus and Adonis*, in the ſenſe in which Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes it to be uſed here:

"Meaſure my *ſtrangeneſs* by my unripe years."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——I'll prove more true
"Than thoſe that have more cunning to be *ſtrange*."

But I doubt whether the word was intended to bear that ſenſe here. MALONE.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *ſtrange* [he is a foreigner] is certainly right. Iachimo uſes it again in the latter end of this ſcene:

"And I am ſomething curious, being *ſtrange*,
"To have them in ſafe ſtowage."

Here alſo *ſtrange* evidently means, being a *ſtranger*. MASON.

Pif. I was going, ſir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit* PISANIO.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beſeech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there
So merry and ſo gameſome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller[8].

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to ſadneſs; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monſieur, that, it ſeems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick ſighs from him[9]; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chooſe
But muſt be,—will his free hours languiſh
For aſſur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my lord ſay ſo?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

[8] —*he is call'd*
The Briton reveller.] So, in Chaucer's *Coke's Tale*, late edit. v. 4369:
" That he was cleped Perkin *revelour*." STEEVENS.

[9] —*he* furnaces
The thick ſighs *from him*;] So, in Chapman's preface to his tranſlation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: " —*furnaceth* the univerſall *ſighes* and complaints of this tranſpoſed world." STEEVENS.
So, in *As you like it*:
" —— And then the lover,
" *Sighing* like *furnace*, with a woeful ballad." MALONE.

Imo.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much[1];
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing[2],
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop[3].

Iach. Had I this cheek

[1] —*In himself, 'tis much*;] If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable. MALONE.

[2] —*timely knowing*,] Rather, timely *known*. JOHNSON.
I believe Shakspeare wrote—*known*, and that the transcriber's ears deceived him here as in many other places. MALONE.

[3] *What both you spur and stop*.] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON.
This kind of ellipsis is common in these plays. What both you spur and stop *at*, the poet means. See p. 359, n. 9. MALONE.

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here[4]: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol[5], join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood (falsehood, as
With labour), then lie peeping in an eye[6],
Base and unlustrous[7] as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery[8],
Would make the greatest king double! to be partner'd

4 Fixing *it only here;*] The old copy has—*Fiering.* The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

5 — *as common as the stairs*
That mount the Capitol;—] Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase "as common as the high-way." STEEVENS.

6 —*join gripes with hands*, &c.] The old edition reads;
—— join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood) as
With labour) then *lye* peeping in an eye, &c.
I read—then *lye* peeping, &c. *Hard with falshood* is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. JOHNSON.

7 *Base and* unlustrous—] Old Copy—*illustrious.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 — *to an* empery,] *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command; now obsolete. Shakspeare uses it in *K. Richard III.*
"Your right of birth, your *empery*, your own." STEEVENS.

With tomboys[9], hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition[1]
Which your own coffers yield! with diſeas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenneſs can lend nature! ſuch boil'd ſtuff[2],
As well might poiſon poiſon! Be reveng'd;
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd? If this be true,

9 *With* tomboys,] We ſtill call a maſculine, a forward girl, a *tom-boy*. So, in Middleton's *Game at Cheſs*, 1625:

" Made threeſcore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton."

Again, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592: " If thou ſhould'ſt rigg up and down in our jackets, thou wouldſt be thought a very *tomboy*."

It appears, from ſeveral of the old plays and ballads, that the ladies of pleaſure, in the time of Shakſpeare, often wore the habits of young men. So, in an ancient bl. let. ballad, entitled *The ſtout Cripple of Cornwall*:

" And therefore kept them ſecretlie
" To feede his fowle deſire,
" Apparell'd all like gallant youthes,
" In pages' trim attyre.
" He gave them for their cognizance
" A purple bleeding heart,
" In which two ſilver arrowes ſeem'd
" The ſame in twaine to part.
" Thus ſecret were his wanton ſports
" Thus private was his pleaſure;
" *Thus harlots in the ſhape of men*
" Did waſt away his treaſure."

Verſtegan, however, gives the following etymology of the word *tom-boy*. " *Tumbe*. To dance. *Tumbod*, danced; heerof wee yet call a wench that ſkippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy*: our name alſo of *tumbling* cometh from hence." STEEVENS.

1 —*hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition*] *Groſs ſtrumpets*, hired with the *very penſion* which you allow your huſband. JOHNSON.

2 —*ſuch* boil'd *ſtuff*,] So, in the *Old Law* by Maſſinger:

" —— look *parboil'd*,
" As if they came from Cupid's ſcalding-houſe." STEEVENS.

The words may mean,—ſuch *corrupted* ſtuff; from the ſubſtantive *boil*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" —— *boils* and plagues
" Plaſter you o'er!"

But, I believe, Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one. MALONE.

(As

(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets[3];
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips[4].

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew[5], and to expound

His

[3] *Live like Diana's* priest, *betwixt cold sheets*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer, supposing this to be an inaccurate expression, reads—Live like Diana's *priestess*, *'twixt* cold sheets; but the text is as the authour wrote it. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, DIANA says,

"My temple stands at Ephesus; hie thee thither;—
"There, when my maiden *priests* are met together," &c.

MALONE.

[4] *Let me my service tender on your lips.*] Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. So, in *Caltha Poetarum*, &c. 1599:

"——— she *swears* him to his good abearing,
"Whilst her faire sweet *lips* were the books of swearing."

STEEVENS.

[5] *As in a* Romish *stew*,] *Romish* was in the time of Shakspeare used instead of *Roman*. There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. The same phrase occurs in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"——— my

His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom [6]
He not reſpects at all.—What ho, Piſanio!
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may ſay;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deſerves thy truſt; and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit!—Bleſſed live you long!
A lady to the worthieſt ſir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The trueſt manner'd; ſuch a holy witch,
That he enchants ſocieties unto him [7]:
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men, like a deſcended god [8]:
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,

" ——— my mother deem'd me chang'd,
" Poor woman! in the loathſome *Romiſh* ſtewes."

and the author of this piece appears to have been a ſcholar. Again, in *Wit in a Conſtable*, by Glapthorne, 1640:

" A *Romiſh* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome."

Again, in Thomas Drant's tranſlation of the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book of Horace, 1567:

" The *Romiſhe* people wiſe in this, in this point only juſt."

STEEVENS.

6 —*and a daughter* whom—] Old copy—*who*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

7 —*ſuch a holy* witch,
That he enchants ſocieties unto him:] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint*:

" ——— he did in the general boſom reign
" Of young and old, and ſexes both *enchanted*—
" Conſents *bewitch'd*, ere he deſire, have granted." MALONE.

8 —*like a* deſcended *god*.] So, in *Hamlet*:

" — a ſtation like the herald Mercury,
" *New lighted* on a heaven-kiſſing hill."

The old copy has *defended*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. *Defend* is again printed for *deſcend*, in the laſt ſcene of *Timon of Athens*. MALONE.

More

More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange [8],
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise

[8] — *being strange,*] i. e. being a stranger. STEEVENS.

To

To ſee your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I muſt, madam:
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outſtood my time; which is material
To the tender of our preſent.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Court before CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and two* Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had ſuch luck! when I kiſs'd the jack upon an up-caſt[9], to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreſon jackanapes muſt take me up for ſwearing; as if I borrow'd mine oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1. *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2. *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aſide.*

Clo. When a gentleman is diſpoſed to ſwear, it is not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2. *Lord.* No, my lord[1]; nor [*aſide.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo.

9 — *kiſs'd the jack upon an up-caſt,*—] He is deſcribing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the ſmall bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is neareſt to it wins. *To kiſs the jack* is a ſtate of great advantage. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632:

"This city *bowler* has *kiſs'd* the miſtreſs at the firſt *caſt*."

STEEVENS.

1 *No, my lord*; &c.] This, I believe, ſhould ſtand thus:

2. *Lord.*

Clo. Whoreſon dog!—I give him ſatisfaction[2]? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2. *Lord.* To have ſmelt * like a fool. [*Aſide.*

Clo. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the queen my mother: every jack-ſlave hath his belly full of fighting, and I muſt go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2. *Lord.* You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on[3]. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Sayeſt thou?

1. *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordſhip ſhould undertake every companion[4] that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2. *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordſhip only.

Clo. Why, ſo I ſay.

1. *Lord.* Did you hear of a ſtranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A ſtranger! and I not know on't!

2. *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [*Aſide.*

1. *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whatſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1. *Lord.* One of your lordſhip's pages.

1. *Lord.* No, my lord.

2. *Lord.* Nor crop the ears of them. [*Aſide.* JOHNSON.

[2] *I* give *him ſatisfaction?*] Old Copy—*gave*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

* *To have* ſmelt—] A poor quibble on the word *rank* in the preceding ſpeech. MALONE.

[3] —*with your comb on.*] The alluſion is to a fool's cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock's. JOHNSON.

[4] —*every* companion—] The uſe of *companion* was the ſame as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VII. p. 260, n. 3, and p. 392, n. 3. MALONE.

Clo.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1. *Lord* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not eafily, I think.

2. *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your iſſues being fooliſh, do not derogate. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Come, I'll go ſee this Italian: What I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip.

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN *and firſt* Lord.

That ſuch a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this aſs! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princeſs,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unſhak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand,
To enjoy thy baniſh'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Pleaſe you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almoſt midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canſt awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit* Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies[5], and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO *from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin[6] thus
Did softly press the rushes[7], ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets[8]! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus[9]: The flame o' the taper
Bows

5 *From fairies*, &c.] In *Macbeth* is a prayer like this:
" Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
" Gives way to in repose!" STEEVENS.

6 —our *Tarquin*—] The speaker is an Italian. JOHNSON.

7 *Did softly press the* rushes,—] It was the custom in the time of our authour to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Cœus de Ephemera Britannica*. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587—" Sedge and rushes,—with the which many in this country do use in summer time to strawe their parlours and churches, as well for coolness, as for pleasant smell."

Shakspeare has the same circumstance in his *Rape of Lucrece*:
" —— by the light he spies
" Lucretia's glove wherein her needle sticks;
" He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies," &c. STEEVENS.

8 ——— *Cytherea,*
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets!] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:
" Who seeks his true love in her naked bed,
" *Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,*—."
Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:
" Who o'er the white sheets peers her whiter chin." MALONE.

9 —*'Tis her breathing that*
Perfumes the chamber thus:] The same hyperbole is found in the *Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, by J. Marston, 1598:

" ——— no

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd[1]
Under these windows[2]: White and azure, lac'd;
With blue of heaven's own tinct[3].—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures;—There the window:—Such
The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such[4]:—And the contents o' the story,—

" ——— no lips did seem so fair
" In his conceit; *through which he thinks doth flie*
" *So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.*" MALONE.

[1] — *now canopy'd*] Shakspeare has the same expression in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their *light*,
" And, *canopy'd* in darkness, sweetly lay,
" Till they might open to adorn the day." MALONE.

[2] *Under these windows*:] i. e. her *eyelids*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —Thy eyes' *windows* fall,
" Like death, when he shuts up the day of life."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;
" Her two blue *windows* faintly she up-heaveth—" MALONE.

[3] —*white and* azure, lac'd;
With blue of heaven's own tinct.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" What envious streaks do *lace* the severing clouds."

These words, I apprehend, refer not to Imogen's eye-*lids*, (of which the poet would scarcely have given so particular a description,) but to the *inclosed lights*, i. e. her eyes: which though now shut, Iachimo had seen before, and which are here said in poetical language to be *blue*, and that blue celestial.

Dr. Warburton was of opinion that the eye-lid was meant, and according to his notion, the poet intended to praise its white skin, and blue veins. MALONE.

[4] ——*The arras, figures,*
Why, such, and such:—] We should print, says Mr. Mason, thus: " —the arras-figures; that is, the figures of the arras." But he is, I think, mistaken. It appears from what Iachimo says afterwards, that he had noted, not only the figures of the arras, but the stuff of which the arras was composed:

" ——— It was hang'd
" With *tapestry* of *silk* and *silver*; the story
" Proud Cleopatra," &c.

Again, in Act V.

" —— averring noses
" Of chamber-*hanging*, *pictures*," &c. MALONE.

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying[5]!—Come off, come off;—
[taking off her bracelet.
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted[6], like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip[7]: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en

5 ——— *but as a monument,*

Thus in a chapel lying!—] Shakspeare was here thinking of the recumbent whole-length figures, which in his time were usually placed on the tombs of considerable persons. The head was always reposed upon a pillow. He has again the same allusion in his *Rape of Lucrece*. See Vol. X. p. 109, n. 4. See also Vol. III. p. 436, n. 9. MALONE.

6 ——— *On her left breast*

A mole cinque-spotted:] Our authour certainly took this circumstance from some translation of Boccaccio's novel; for it it does not occur in the imitation printed in *Westward for Smelts*, which the reader will find at the end of this play. In the DECAMERONE, *Ambrogiolo*, (the Iachimo of our authour,) who is concealed *in a chest* in the chamber of Madonna Gineura, (whereas in *Westward for Smelts* the contemner of female chastity hides himself *under the lady's bed*,) wishing to discover some particular mark about her person, which might help him to deceive her husband," at last espied a large *mole under her left breast*, with several hairs round it, of the colour of gold."

Though this mole is said in the present passage to be *on* Imogen's breast, in the account that Iachimo afterwards gives to Posthumus, our authour has adhered closely to his original:

" ——— *under* her breast
" (Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
" Of that most delicate lodging." MALONE.

7 ——— *like the crimson drops*

I' the bottom of a cowslip:] This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was a most accurate observer of nature. STEEVENS.

The

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus[8]; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night[9]! that dawning
May bare the raven's eye[1]: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three[2];—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

[8] — *She hath been reading late,*

The tale of Tereus;] See Vol. X. p. 149, n. 1. *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his pleasure*, printed in quarto, in 1576. The same tale is related in Gower's Poem *de Confessione Amantis*, B. V. fol. 113. b. and in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Lib. VI. MALONE.

9 — *you* dragons *of the night!*—] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions *the dragon yoke of night* in *Il Penseroso*; and in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*: "the *dragon womb* of Stygian darkness." It may be remarked that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 200, n. 9. MALONE.

1 — *that dawning*

May bare *the raven's eye:*] The old copy has—*beare.* The correction was proposed by Mr. Theobald; and I think properly adopted by Hanmer, and Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven; or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye.* STEEVENS.

It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark. Our poet says of the crow, (a bird whose properties resemble very much those of the raven) in his *Troilus and Cressida*:

"O Cressida, but that the busy day
"Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribbald crows—."

HEATH.

2 *One, two, three.*] Our authour is hardly ever exact in his computation of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her, it was *almost midnight.* Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes:—yet we are now told that it is *three* o'clock. MALONE.

SCENE III.

An Ante-chamber, adjoining Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and* Lords.

1. *Lord.* Your lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the moſt coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1. *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordſhip; You are moſt hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this fooliſh Imogen, I ſhould have gold enough: It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1. *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this muſick would come: I am adviſed to give her muſick o' mornings; they ſay, it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate ſings[3],
And Phœbus 'gins ariſe,
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
On chalic'd flowers that lies[4];

And

3 *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate ſings,*] The ſame hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, book v:

"—— ye birds
"That ſinging up to *heaven's gate* aſcend."

Again,

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin[5]*:*
My lady ſweet, ariſe;
Ariſe, ariſe.

So,

Again, in Shakſpeare's 29th Sonnet:

" Like to the lark at break of day ariſing
" From ſullen earth, *ſings* hymns *at heaven's gate.*"

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakſpeare had Lily's *Alexander and Campaſpe*, 1584, in his thoughts, when he wrote this ſong:

" None but the *lark* ſo ſhrill and clear;
" Now at *heaven's gate* he claps his wings,
" The morn not waking till he *ſings.*" REED.

[4] *His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings*
On chalic'd flowers that lies;] i. e. the morning ſun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

It may be noted, that the *cup* of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice.* JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare frequently offends in this manner againſt the rules of grammar. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
" Where lo, *two lamps*, burnt out, in darkneſs *lies.*"

STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. I. p. 46, n. 8; Vol. III. p. 76, n. 9, and Vol. X. p. 66, n. 9. There is ſcarcely a page of our authour's works in which ſimilar falſe concords may not be found: nor is this inaccuracy peculiar to his works, being found in many other books of his time and of the preceding age. Following the example of all the former editors, I have ſilently corrected the error, in all places except where either the metre, or rhymes, rendered correction impoſſible. Whether it is to be attributed to the poet or his printer, it is ſuch a groſs offence againſt grammar, as no modern eye or ear could have endured, if from a wiſh to exhibit our authour's writings with ſtrict fidelity it had been preſerved. The reformation therefore, it is hoped, will be pardoned, and conſidered in the ſame light as the ſubſtitution of modern for ancient orthography. MALONE.

[5] — *pretty* bin,] is very properly reſtored by Hanmer, for *pretty is*: but he too grammatically reads:

With *all the things* that pretty *bin.* JOHNSON.

So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, Book I. c. i.

" That which of them to take, in diverſe doubt they *been.*"

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" Sir, you may boaſt your flockes and herdes, that *bin* both freſh and fair."

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better[6]: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat's-guts[7], nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt* Musicians.

Enter CYMBELINE, *and* Queen.

2. *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits[8]; and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials

Again—"As fresh as *bin* the flowers in May."
Kirkman ascribes this piece to Shakspeare. The authour was George Peele. STEEVENS.

6 — *I will* consider *your musick the better:*] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Act IV:
"— being something gently *consider'd*, I'll bring you," &c.
STEEVENS.

7 — *cat's-guts,*—] The old copy reads—*calves guts.* STEEVENS.
The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. In the preceding line *voice*, which was printed instead of *vice*, was corrected by the same editor. MALONE.

8 *To orderly solicits;*] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion. STEEVENS.
The old copy reads—*solicity*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. Mr. Mason would read—*befriended*, supposing the authour intended a participle. MALONE.

Increase

Increaſe your ſervices: ſo ſeem, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſs.

Clo. Senſeleſs? not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. So like you, ſir, ambaſſadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no fault of his: We muſt receive him
According to the honour of his ſender;
And towards himſelf his goodneſs foreſpent on us
We muſt extend our notice[9].—Our dear ſon,
When you have given good morning to your miſtreſs,
Attend the queen, and us; we ſhall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.
[*Exeunt* Cym. Queen, Lords, *and* Meſſ.

Clo. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her; if not,
Let her lie ſtill, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[*knocks.*
I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers falſe themſelves[1], yield up
Their deer to the ſtand o' the ſtealer: and 'tis gold

9 *And towards himſelf his goodneſs foreſpent on us*
We muſt extend our notice.] That is, we muſt extend towards himſelf our notice *of* his goodneſs heretofore ſhewn to us. Our authour has many ſimilar ellipſes. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" Thine honourable metal may be wrought
" From what it is diſpos'd [*to*]."

See Vol. VI. p. 549, n. *, and Vol. VII. p. 128, n. 8. Malone.

— *his goodneſs* foreſpent *on us,*] i. e. The good offices done by him to us heretofore. Warburton.

1 — falſe *themſelves,*] Perhaps, in this inſtance, *falſe* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb*; and as ſuch, I think, is uſed in another of our author's plays. Spenſer often has it:

" Thou *falſed* haſt thy faith with perjury." Steevens.

Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not underſtand the caſe myſelf.
By your leave. [*knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.
Lady. That's more
Than ſome, whoſe tailors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: What's your lordſhip's pleaſure?
Clo. Your lady's perſon: Is ſhe ready?
Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.
Clo. There's gold for you; ſell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good?—The princeſs—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, faireſt ſiſter: Your ſweet hand.
Imo. Good-morrow, ſir: You lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.
Clo. Still, I ſwear, I love you.
Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no anſwer.
Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me: faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſy
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance[2].

[2] — *one of your* great knowing
Should learn, being taught, *forbearance.*] i. e. A man *who is taught forbearance ſhould learn it.* JOHNSON.

Clo.

Clo. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks[3].

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, ſir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being ſo verbal[4]: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am ſo near the lack of charity,
(To accuſe myſelf) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boaſt.

Clo. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract[5] you pretend with that baſe wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their ſouls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in ſelf-figur'd knot[6];
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The conſequence o' the crown; and muſt not foil

[3] *Fools are not mad folks.*] This, as Cloten very well underſtands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be: *Fools are not mad folks.* STEEVENS.

[4] —*ſo verbal:*—] Is, ſo *verboſe*, ſo full of talk. JOHNSON.

[5] *The contract*, &c.] Here Shakſpeare has not preſerved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The ſpeech of Cloten is rough and harſh, but certainly not the talk of one,

Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen.—

His argument is juſt and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeneſs, he ſeems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

[6] —*in* ſelf-figur'd *knot*;] A *ſelf-figur'd knot* is a knot formed by yourſelf. JOHNSON.

The

The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery[7], a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues[8], to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio[9]?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool[1];
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman

[7] *A hilding for a livery,*] A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery, and serve as a lacquey. See Vol. III. p. 270, n. 6; and Vol. V. 282, n. 8, p. 552, n. 1. MALONE.

[8] — *if 'twere made*
Comparative *for your virtues,*] If it were considered as a *compensation adequate* to your virtues, to be styled, &c. MALONE.

[9] *Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?*] Sir T. Hanmer regulates this line thus:

——*all made such men.*
Clot. *How now?*
Imo. *Pisanio!* JOHNSON.

[1] *I am* sprighted *with a fool*;] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in *Law-tricks*, &c. 1608. Again, in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— Julius Cæsar,
" Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghosted*." STEEVENS.

Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm[2]; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it[3]:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit* PISANIO.

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir:
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady[4]; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

[2] ——*that too* casually
Hath left mine arm;] That hath *accidentally* fallen from my arm by my too great negligence. MALONE.

[3] *Last night 'twas on mine* arm; *I kiss'd it:*] *Arm* is here used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

[4] *She's* my good lady;] This is said ironically. *My good lady* is equivalent to—my good friend. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "— and when you come to court, stand *my good lord*, pray, in your good report." MALONE.

Phi.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Poſt. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer days would come: In theſe fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Auguſtus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commiſſion throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute *, ſend the arrearages,
Or look [5] upon our Romans, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.

Poſt. I do believe,
(Statiſt [6] though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you ſhall hear
The legions [7], now in Gallia, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæſar
Smil'd at their lack of ſkill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their diſcipline
(Now mingled with their courages [8]) will make known

To

* *He'll grant the tribute,*] See p. 312, n. *. MALONE.

5 Or *look* —] This the modern editors had changed into *E'er* look. *Or* is uſed for *e'er*. So Douglas, in his tranſlation of *Virgil:*

" —— ſuffer it he alſo,
" *Or* he his goddes brocht in Latio." STEEVENS.

6 *Statiſt*—] i. e. Stateſman. See a note on *Hamlet*. Act V. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

7 *The* legions,—] Old Copy—*legion*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. So afterwards:

" And that the *legions* now in Gallia are
" Full weak to undertake our war," &c. MALONE.

8 — mingled *with their courages*—] The old folio has this odd reading:

—— Their diſcipline,
(Now *wing led* with their courages) will make known.
JOHNSON.

Their

To their approvers[9], they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Poſt. The ſwifteſt harts have poſted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, ſir.

Poſt. I hope, the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the faireſt that I have look'd upon.

Poſt. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts[1],
And be falſe with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Poſt. Their tenour good, I truſt.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius[2] in the Britain court,

Their diſcipline now wing-led with their courages may mean, their diſcipline borrowing wings from their courage; i. e. their military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery. STEEVENS.

The ſame error that has happened here being often found in theſe plays, I have not heſitated to adopt the emendation which was made by Mr. Rowe, and received by all the ſubſequent editors. Thus we have in the laſt act of *King John*, *wind*, inſtead of *mind*; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, *winds*, inſtead of *minds*; in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, *flawes*, inſtead of *flames*, &c. See Vol. V. p. 565, n. 6, and Vol. VII. p. 434, n. 7. MALONE.

9 *To their approvers,*] i. e. To thoſe who try them. WARBURTON.

1 ——— *or let her beauty*
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" ——— let not thoſe milk paps,
" That through the window bars bore at mens' eyes,
" Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword." MALONE.

2 Phi. *Was Caius Lucius,* &c.] This ſpeech in the old copy is given to Poſthumus. I have transferred it to Philario, to whom it certainly belongs, on the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Steevens, who juſtly obſerves that " Poſthumus was employed in reading his letters." MALONE.

When

When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Poſt. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Poſt. The ſtone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſy.

Poſt. Make not, ſir,
Your loſs your ſport: I hope, you know that we
Muſt not continue friends.

Iach. Good ſir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant
We were to queſtion further: but I now
Profeſs myſelf the winner of her honour.
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Poſt. If you can make it apparent
That you have taſted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loſes,
Your ſword, or mine; or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumſtances,
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe: whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.

Poſt. Proceed.

Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber,

(Where,

(Where, I confeſs, I ſlept not; but, profeſs,
Had that was well worth watching *,) It was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
Proud Cleopatra, when ſhe met her Roman,
And Cydnus ſwell'd above the banks, or for
The preſs of boats, or pride [3]: A piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

Poſt. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.

Iach. More particulars
Muſt juſtify my knowledge.

Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaſte Dian, bathing: never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves [4]: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb [5]; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Poſt. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber

* *Had that was well worth watching,*] i. e. that which was well worth watching, or lying awake, *for*. See p. 359, n. 9. MALONE.

3 *And Cydnus ſwell'd above the banks, or for*
The preſs of boats, or pride:] Iachimo's language is ſuch as a ſkilful villain would naturally uſe, a mixture of airy triumph and ſerious depoſition. His gaiety ſhews his ſeriouſneſs to be without anxiety, and his ſeriouſneſs proves his gaiety to be without art. JOHNSON.

4 *So likely to report themſelves:*] So near to ſpeech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeneſs is remarkable, a *ſpeaking picture*. JOHNSON.

5 *Was as another nature, dumb;*] The meaning is this: The *ſculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *ſpeech*. JOHNSON.

With

With golden cherubins is fretted [6]: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands [7].

Poſt. This is her honour!—

Let it be granted, you have ſeen all this [8], (and praiſe
Be given to your remembrance,) the deſcription
Of what is in her chamber, nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*pulling out the bracelet.*

[6] *The roof o' the chamber*
With golden cherubins is fretted:] So, again in *Hamlet*: "— this majeſtical *roof, fretted* with golden fire—". So Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix.

"In a long purple pall, whoſe ſkirt with *gold*
"*Was fretted* all about, ſhe was array'd." MALONE.

[7] ——— *nicely*
Depending on their brands.] I am not ſure that I underſtand this paſſage. Perhaps Shakſpeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were *nicely poiſed on their inverted torches*, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render ſuch a ſupport neceſſary. STEEVENS.

I have equal difficulty with Mr. Steevens in explaining this paſſage. Here ſeems to be a kind of tautology. I take *brands* to be a part of the andirons on which the wood for the fire was ſupported, as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a ſpit is more properly termed the andiron. Theſe irons, on which the wood lies acroſs, generally called dogs, are here termed brands. WHALLEY.

It ſhould ſeem from a paſſage in *The Black Book*, a pamphlet publiſhed in 1604, that andirons in our authour's time were ſometimes formed in the ſhape of human figures: "— ever and anon turning about to the chimney, where ſhe ſaw a paire of corpulent, gigantick *andirons*, that ſtood like *two burgomaſters* at both corners." Inſtead of theſe corpulent *burgomaſters* Imogen had *Cupids*.

The authour of the pamphlet might, however, have only meant that the andirons he deſcribes were uncommonly large. MALONE.

[8] *This is her honour!—*
Let it be granted, you have ſeen all this, &c.] The expreſſion is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Poſthumus anſwers with impatience,

This is her honour!

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to paſs for the corruption of her honour. JOHNSON.

Be

Be pale[9]; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It muſt be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Poſt. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She ſtripp'd it from her arm; I ſee her yet;
Her pretty action did outſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off,
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?
Poſt. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*gives the ring.*
It is a baſiliſk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women[1]
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above meaſure falſe!
Phi. Have patience, ſir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, ſhe loſt it; or,
Who knows if one of her women *, being
Corrupted, hath ſtolen it from her.
Poſt. Very true;
And ſo, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her,
More evident than this; for this was ſtolen.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

[9] — *if you can,*
Be pale;—] If you can forbear to fluſh your cheek with rage. JOHNSON.

[1] — *The vows of women,* &c.] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

* — *if one* of *her women*—] *Of* was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Poſt. Hark you, he ſwears; by Jupiter he ſwears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am ſure,
She would not loſe it: her attendants are
All ſworn, and honourable [2]:—They induc'd to ſteal it!
And by a ſtranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance [3] of her incontinency
Is this,—ſhe hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd
Of one perſuaded well of—

Poſt. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you ſeek
For further ſatisfying, under her breaſt
(Worthy the preſſing [4],) lies a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging: By my life,

[2] — *her attendants are*
All ſworn *and honourable:*] It was anciently the cuſtom for the attendants on our nobility and other great perſonages (as it is now for the ſervants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the houſhold book of the 5th earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512.) it is expreſsly ordered [page 49] that "what perſon ſoever he be that commyth to my Lordes ſervice, that incontynent after he be intred in the chequyrroul [check-roll] that he be *ſworn* in the countyng-hous by a gentillman-uſher or yeman-uſher in the preſence of the hede officers; and on their abſence before the clerke of the kechynge either by ſuch a ooth as is in the *Booke of Othes*, yff any ſuch [oath] be, or ells by ſuch a oth as thei ſhall ſeyme beſte by their diſcrecion."

Even now every *ſervant* of the king's, at his firſt appointment, is ſworn in, before a gentleman-uſher, at the lord chamberlain's office. PERCY.

[3] *The cognizance*—] The badge; the token; the viſible proof. JOHNSON.

[4] (*Worthy* the *preſſing*,)—] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads,

(Worthy *her* preſſing)—. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The compoſitor was probably thinking of the word *her* in the preceding line, which he had juſt compoſed. MALONE.

I kiſs'd

I kiſs'd it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?

Poſt. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Poſt. Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be ſworn,—

Poſt. No ſwearing:—
If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou haſt made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Poſt. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do ſomething— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite beſides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath[5]
He hath againſt himſelf.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Poſt. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half-workers[6]? We are all baſtards;

And

5 —pervert the *preſent wrath*—] i. e. *turn* his wrath to another courſe. MALONE.

6 *Is there no way*, &c.] Milton was very probably indebted to this ſpeech for one of the ſentiments which he has given to Adam, *Paradiſe Loſt*, book x.

" ——— O, why did God,
" Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt heaven
" With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
" This novelty on earth, this fair defect

And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was ſtamp'd; ſome coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit[7]: Yet my mother ſeem'd
The Dian o' that time: ſo doth my wife
The non-pareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn[8]; that I thought her
As chaſte as unſunn'd ſnow:—O, all the devils!—

" Of nature, and not fill the world at once
" With men, as angels, without feminine,
" *Or find ſome other way to generate*
" *Mankind?*"

See alſo Rhodomont's invective againſt women in the *Orlando Furioſo*; and above all, a ſpeech which Euripides has put into the mouth of Hippolitus in the tragedy that bears his name. STEEVENS.

7 —*was I know not where*
When I was ſtamp'd; *ſome* coiner *with his tools*
Made me a counterfeit:] We have again the ſame image in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" ——— It were as good
" To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolen
" A man already made, as to remit
" Their ſaucy ſweetneſs, *that do coin heaven's image*
" *In ſtamps* that are forbid." MALONE.

8 *Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,*
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it *with*
A prudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;] It certainly carries with it a very elegant ſenſe, to ſuppoſe the lady's denial was ſo modeſt and delicate as even to inflame his deſires: But may we not read it thus?

And pray'd me oft forbearance: *Did* it, &c.

i. e. complied with his deſires in the ſweeteſt reſerve; taking *did* in the acceptation in which it is uſed by Jonſon and Shakſpeare in many other places. WHALLEY.

See Vol. II. p. 11, n. 4.—The more obvious interpretation is in my opinion the true one.

Admitting Mr. Whalley's notion to be juſt, the latter part of this paſſage may be compared with one in Juvenal, Sat. VI. though the *pudency* wil be found wanting:

——— ——— omnia fient
Ad verum, quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
Laomedontiades, et Neſtoris hernia poſſit. MALONE.

This

This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or leſs,—at firſt: Perchance he ſpoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one [9],
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard [1]. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability,
All faults that name, nay, that hell knows, why, hers,
In part, or all; but, rather, all: for ev'n to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them:—Yet 'tis greater ſkill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better [2]. [*Exit.*

ACT

9 —*a German* one,] Here, as in many other places, we have *on* in the old copy, inſtead of *one*. See Vol. IV. p. 512, n. 7.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Falſtaff aſſures Mrs. Quickly, that—"the *German hunting* in water-work is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangings." In other places, where our authour has ſpoken of the *hunting* of the *boar*, a *German one* muſt have been in his thoughts, for the boar was never, I apprehend, hunted in England.

Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton read—a *churning on*; and, what is ſtill more extraordinary, this ſtrange ſophiſtication has found its way into Dr. Johnſon's moſt valuable Dictionary. MALONE.

1 —*found no oppoſition*
But *what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe*
Should from encounter guard.] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read—

—— found no oppoſition
From what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, &c.

This alteration probably eſcaped the obſervation of the late Mr. Edwards, or would have afforded occaſion for ſome pleaſant commentary. T. C.

2 —*to pray they have their will:*
The very devils cannot plague them better.] So, in Sir Thomas More's

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. *A Room of ſtate in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, *and* Lords, *at one door; and at another,* CAIUS LUCIUS, *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now ſay, what would Auguſtus Cæſar with us[3]?

Luc. When Julius Cæſar (whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Caſſibelan, thine uncle[4],
(Famous in Cæſar's praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deſerving it,) for him,
And his ſucceſſion, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clo. There be many Cæſars,
Ere ſuch another Julius. Britain is
A world by itſelf; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noſes.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to reſume
We have again.—Remember, ſir, my liege,
The kings your anceſtors; together with
The natural bravery of your iſle; which ſtands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

More's *Comfort againſt Tribulation*: "God could not lightly do a man a more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own fooliſh wiſhes." STEEVENS.

[3] *Now ſay, what would Auguſtus Cæſar with us?*] So, in *King John*:

"Now ſay, Chatillon, what would France with us?"
STEEVENS.

[4] —*thine uncle,*] Caſſibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was ſon to Tenantius, the nephew of Caſſibelan. See p. 312, n. *.
MALONE.

With

With rocks unſcaleable[5], and roaring waters;
With ſands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But ſuck them up to the top-maſt. A kind of conqueſt
Cæſar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*: with ſhame
(The firſt that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coaſt, twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles[6]!) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd Caſſibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune[7]!) to maſter Cæſar's ſword[8],
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons ſtrut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch Cæſars: other of them may have crook'd noſes; but, to owe ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard

[5] *With rocks unſcaleable,*—] This reading is Hanmer's. The old editions have—With *oaks* unſcalable,—. JOHNSON.

"The ſtrength of our land conſiſts of our ſeamen in their wooden forts and caſtles; our *rocks*, ſhelves, and *ſirtes*, that lye along our coaſts; and our trayned bands." From chapter 109 of Bariffe's *Military Diſcipline*, 1639, ſeemingly from Tooke's *Legend of Britomart*. TOLLET.

[6] *(Poor* ignorant *baubles!)*] *Unacquainted* with the nature of our boiſterous ſeas. JOHNSON.

[7] *O*, giglot *fortune!*] O falſe and inconſtant fortune! A *giglot* was a ſtrumpet. See Vol. II. p. 122, n. 9, and Vol. VI. p. 88, n. 4. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Out, out, thou *ſtrumpet fortune!*" MALONE.

[8] *The fam'd Caſſibelan, who was once at point*
—— *to maſter Cæſar's ſword,*] Shakſpeare has here transferred to Caſſibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. "The ſame hiſtorie (ſays Holinſhed) alſo maketh mention of *Nennius*, brother to Caſſibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæſar's ſword faſtened in his ſhield by a blow which Cæſar ſtroke at him.—But Nennius died within 15 dayes after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæſar's hand, although after he was hurt he ſlew Labienus one of the Roman tribunes." B. III. ch. 13. Nennius, we are told by Geffrey of Monmouth, was buried with great funeral pomp, and Cæſar's ſword placed in his tomb. MALONE.

as Caſſibelan: I do not ſay, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why ſhould we pay tribute? If Cæſar can hide the ſun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; elſe, ſir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæſar's ambition,
(Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o' the world,) againſt all colour[9], here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to ſhake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourſelves to be. We do ſay then to Cæſar,
Our anceſtor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whoſe uſe the ſword of Cæſar
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair, and franchiſe,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the firſt of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himſelf a king[1].

Luc.

9 —*againſt all colour,*] Without any pretence of right. JOHNSON.

1 —— *Mulmutius made our laws,*
Who was the firſt of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himſelf a king.] The title of the firſt chapter of Holinſhed's third book of the Hiſtory of England is—"Of Mulmucius, the firſt king of Britaine who was *crowned with a golden crown, his lawes, his foundations*, &c.

"Mulmucius,—the ſonne of *Cloten*, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and after his father's deceaſe began his reigne over the whole monarchie of Britaine in the yeare of the world 3529.—He made manie good lawes, which were long after uſed, called *Malmucius lawes*, turned out of the Britiſh ſpeech into Latin by Gildas Priſcus, and long time after tranſlated out of Latin into Engliſh by Alfred king of England, and mingled in his ſtatutes. After he had eſtabliſhed his land,—he ordeined him, by the advice of his lords, a crowne of gold, and cauſed himſelf with great ſolemnity to be crowned;—and becauſe he was the firſt that bare a crowne here in Britaine, after the opinion of ſome writers, he is named the firſt king of Britaine, and all the other before-rehearſed are named rulers, dukes, or governours.

Among

Luc. I am ſorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Auguſtus Cæſar
(Cæſar, that hath more kings his ſervants, than
Thyſelf domeſtick officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me then:—War, and confuſion,
In Cæſar's name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For fury not to be reſiſted:—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myſelf.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæſar knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him[2]; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to ſeek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance[3]. I am perfect[4],

That

Among other of his ordinances, he appointed weights and meaſures, with the which men ſhould buy and ſell. And further he cauſed ſore and ſtreight orders for the puniſhment of theft." *Holinſhed, ubi ſupra.* MALONE.

2 *Thou art welcome, Caius.*
Thy Cæſar knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him:] Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinſhed:

" Kymbeline, ſays he, (as ſome write) was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Auguſtus Cæſar, under whom he ſerved in the wars, and was in ſuch favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not."

" — Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæſar's death, when Auguſtus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refuſed to pay that tribute."

" — But whether the controverſy, which appeared to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Auguſtus, was occaſioned by Kimbeline, I have not a vouch."

" — Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind him two ſons, Guiderius and Arviragus." STEEVENS.

3 — *keep* at utterance.—] means, to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a deſperate fight, that muſt conclude with the life of one of the combatants. So, in *The Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date: " — Here is my gage to ſuſtaine it *to the utteraunce*, and befight it to the death." STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" Rather than ſo, come, fate, into the liſt,
" And champion me *to the utterance*."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" — will

That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms[5]: a precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser[6]?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection

"—— will you, the knights
"Shall to the *edge of all extremity*
"Pursue each other," &c.

Again, *ibidem*:

"So be it, either *to the uttermost*,
"Or else a breath."

See Vol. IV. p. 356, n. 5. MALONE.

4 — *I am perfect*,] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—in your state of honour *I am perfect*." JOHNSON.

5 — *the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for*
Their liberties, are now *in arms*:—] The insurrection of the Pannonians and Dalmatians for the purpose of throwing off the Roman yoke, happened not in the reign of Cymbeline, but in that of his father Tenantius. MALONE.

6 *What* monster's *her* accuser?] The old copy has—What *monsters* her *accuse?* The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The order of the words, as well as the *single* person named by Pisanio, fully support the emendation. *What monsters her accuse*, for *What monsters accuse her*, could never have been written by Shakspeare in a soliloquy like the present. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—What monsters *have accus'd her?* MALONE.

Is

Is fallen into thy ear? What falſe Italian
(As poiſonous tongu'd, as handed[7],) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Diſloyal? No:
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddeſs-like than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults
As would take in ſome virtue[8].—O, my maſter!
Thy mind to her is now as low[9], as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I ſhould murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable. How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter* [reading.
That I have ſent her, by her own command.
Shall give thee opportunity[1]:—O damn'd paper!

[7] —*What falſe Italian,*
(As poiſonous tongu'd, as handed,)—] About Shakſpeare's time the practice of poiſoning was very common in Italy, and the ſuſpicion of Italian poiſons yet more common. JOHNSON.

[8] —take in *ſome virtue.*—] To *take* in a town, is to *conquer* it. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——cut the Ionian ſeas,
"And *take in* Toryne." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 160, n. 8. MALONE.

[9] *Thy mind to* her *is now as low,*—] That is, thy mind *compared* to hers is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to hers. Our authour ſhould rather have written—thy mind to *hers*; but the text, I believe, is as he gave it. MALONE.

[1] —*Do't*;—*the letter*
That I have ſent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity:] Here we have another proof of what I have obſerved in The Diſſertation at the end of *King Henry VI.* that our poet from negligence ſometimes makes words change their form under the eye of the ſpeaker; who in different parts of the ſame play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and actually reads from it. A former inſtance of this kind has occurred in *All's well that ends well.* See Vol. III. p. 55, n. 6.

The *words* here read by Piſanio from his maſter's letter, (which is afterwards given at length, and in *proſe*,) are not found there, though the *ſubſtance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakſpeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that ſuch an inaccuracy ſhould be detected by the ear of the ſpectator, though it could hardly eſcape an attentive reader. MALONE.

Black

Black as the ink that's on thee! Senſeleſs bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act[2], and look'ſt
So virgin-like without? Lo, here ſhe comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded[3].
Imo. How now, Piſanio?
Piſ. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that aſtronomer,
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are aſunder, let that grieve him[4],—
(Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,

2 *Art thou a* feodary *for this act,*] Art thou too *combined*, art thou a *confederate*, in this act?—A *feodary* did not ſignify a feudal vaſſal, as Sir Thomas Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors have ſuppoſed, (though if the word had borne that ſignification, it certainly could not bear it here,) but was an officer appointed by the Court of Wards, by virtue of the Statute 32 Henry VIII. c. 46, to be *preſent with*, and *aſſiſtant* to the Eſcheators in every county at the finding of offices, and to give in evidence for the king. His duty was to ſurvey the lands of the ward after office found, [i. e. after an inquiſition had been made to the king's uſe,] and to return the true value thereof to the court, &c. "In cognoſcendis rimandiſque feudis (ſays Spelman) ad regem pertinentibus, et ad tenuras pro rege manifeſtandas tuendaſque, operam navat; Eſcaetori ideo *adjunctus*, omnibuſque nervis regiam promovens utilitatem." He was therefore, we ſee, the Eſcheator's *aſſociate*, and hence Shakſpeare, with his uſual licence, uſes the word for a confederate or aſſociate in general. The feudal vaſſal was not called a *feodary*, but a *feodatary* or *feudatary*. In Latin, however, *feudatarius* ſignified both. MALONE.

3 *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*] i. e. I am unpractiſed in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"O, I am ignorance itſelf in this." MALONE.

4 — *let that grieve him,*—] I ſhould wiſh to read:

Of my lord's health, of his content;—yet *no*;
That we two are aſunder, let that grieve him! TYRWHITT.

The text is ſurely right. Let what is here contained reliſh of my huſband's content, *in every thing except our being ſeparate from each other*. Let that one circumſtance afflict him! MALONE.

For

For it doth phyſick love[5];)—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bleſt be,
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young Cupid's tables[6].—Good news, gods!

[*reads.*

Juſtice, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me, as you, O the deareſt of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes[7]. *Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, adviſe you, follow. So, he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increaſing in love*[8],

Leonatus Poſthumus.

5 *For it doth* phyſick *love*)—] That is, grief for abſence keeps love in health and vigour. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"The labour we delight in, *phyſicks pain.*" STEEVENS.

In the paſſage in *Macbeth*, however, *phyſicks* is uſed in a very different ſenſe; it there means, *cures.* MALONE.

6 ——— *Bleſt be*
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young Cupid's tables.] The meaning of this, which had been obſcured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not bleſt by the man who forfeiting a bond is ſent to priſon, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleaſing office of ſealing letters. STEEVENS.

7 *Juſtice, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me, as you, O the deareſt of creatures, would* not *even renew me with your eyes.*] I know not what idea this paſſage preſented to the late editors, who have paſſed it in ſilence. As it ſtands in the old copy, it appears to me unintelligible. The word *not* was, I think, omitted at the preſs; after *would.* By its inſertion a clear ſenſe is given: Juſtice and the anger of your father, ſhould I be diſcovered here, could not be ſo cruel to me, *but that you*, O thou deareſt of creatures, *would be able* to renovate my ſpirits by giving me the happineſs of ſeeing you. Mr. Pope obtained the ſame ſenſe by a leſs juſtifiable method; by ſubſtituting *but* inſtead of *as*; and the three ſubſequent editors adopted that reading. MALONE.

8 —*and your increaſing*, &c.] We ſhould, I think, read thus:—*and your, increaſing in love*, Leonatus Poſthumus.—To make it plain, that *your* is to be joined in conſtruction with *Leonatus*, and not with *increaſing*; and that the latter is *a participle preſent*, and not a *noun.* TYRWHITT.

O, for

O, for a horſe with wings!—Hear'ſt thou, Piſanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Piſanio,
(Who long'ſt, like me, to ſee thy lord; who long'ſt,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'ſt,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond,) ſay, and ſpeak thick,
(Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing,
To the ſmothering of the ſenſe,) how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made ſo happy, as
To inherit ſuch a haven: But, firſt, of all,
How we may ſteal from hence; and, for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return *, to excuſe:—but firſt, how get hence:
Why ſhould excuſe be born or e'er begot [9]?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Piſ. One ſcore, 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam,'s enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I have heard of riding wagers [1],
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
That run i' the clock's behalf [2]:—But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs; ſay
She'll home to her father: and provide me, preſently,
A riding ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit

* —*from our hence-going,*
And *our return,*] i. e. in conſequence of our going hence and returning back. All the modern editors, adopting an alteration made by Mr. Pope, read—*Till* our return. MALONE.

9 *Why ſhould excuſe be born or e'er begot?*] Why ſhould I contrive an excuſe, before the act is done, for which excuſe will be neceſſary? MALONE.

1 —*of* riding *wagers,*] Of wagers to be determined by the ſpeed of horſes. MALONE.

2 *That run i' the clock's behalf:*—] This fantaſtical expreſſion means no more than ſand in an hour-glaſs, uſed to meaſure time. WARBURT.

A franklin's houſewife[3].

Piſ. Madam, you're beſt conſider*.

Imo. I ſee before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through[4]. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys[5]: This gate
Inſtructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet through

3 *A* franklin's *houſewife.*] A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a ſmall eſtate, neither *villain* nor *vaſſal*. JOHNSON.
See Vol. V. p. 149, n. 2. MALONE.

* — you're *beſt conſider.*] See p. 404, n. 2. MALONE.

4 *I ſee before me, man, nor here, nor here,*
Nor what enſues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through] The lady ſays: "I can ſee neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections inſuperable to all that I can propoſe, and ſince reaſon can give one no counſel, I will reſolve at once to follow my inclination. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's paraphraſe is not, I think, perfectly correct. I believe Imogen means to ſay, "I ſee neither *on this ſide*, nor *on that*, nor *behind* me; but find a fog in each of thoſe quarters that my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford alone is clear and open: Let us therefore inſtantly ſet *forward*:

"Acceſſible is none but Milford way."

By "*what enſues*," which Dr. Johnſon explains perhaps rightly, by the words—*behind me*, Imogen means, what will be the *conſequence* of the ſtep I am going to take. MALONE.

5 — Stoop, *boys:*] The old copy reads—*ſleep*, boys:—from whence Hanmer conjectured that the poet wrote—*ſtoop*, boys—as that word affords a good introduction to what follows. Mr. Rowe reads—"*See*, boys—," which (as uſual) had been ſilently copied. STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*ſweet boys*; which is more likely to have been confounded by the ear with "*ſleep* boys," than what Sir T. Hanmer has ſubſtituted. MALONE.

And

And keep their impious turbands on[6], without
Good morrow to the ſun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We houſe i' the rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain ſport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which leſſens, and ſets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd[7]: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle[8] in a ſafer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check[9];

[6] —*their impious turbands on*,—] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almoſt all the readers of thoſe times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. JOHNSON.

[7] *This ſervice*, &c.] In war it is not ſufficient to do duty well; the advantage riſes not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNS.

This ſervice means, any particular ſervice. The obſervation relates ſurely to the court, as well as to war. MALONE.

[8] *The* ſharded *beetle*—] i. e. the beetle whoſe wings are encloſed within two dry *huſks* or *ſhards*. So, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. v. fol 102. b.

"That with his ſwerd, and with his ſpere,
"He might not the ſerpent dere:
"He was ſo *ſherded* all aboute,
"It held all edge toole withoute."

Gower is here ſpeaking of the dragon ſubdued by Jaſon. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 362, n. 4. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, has—"A *ſhard* or cruſt—*Cruſta*;" which in the Latin part he interprets—"A cruſt or ſhell, a *rough caſing*; ſhards." "The caſes (ſays Goldſmith) which beetles have to their wings, are the more neceſſary, as they often live *under the ſurface of the earth, in holes*, which they dig out by their own induſtry." Theſe are undoubtedly the *ſafe holds* to which Shakſpeare alludes. MALONE.

[9] —*attending for a* check;] *Check* may mean in this place a *reproof*; but I rather think it ſignifies *command, controul*. Thus in *Troilus and Creſſida*, the reſtrictions of Ariſtotle are called Ariſtotle's *checks*. STEEVENS.

Prouder,

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe[1];
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you ſpeak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the neſt; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is beſt,
If quiet life be beſt; ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known; well correſponding
With your ſtiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A priſon for a debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit[2].

Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of[3],
When we are as old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe

[1] — *than doing nothing for a* babe;] I have always ſuſpected that the right reading of this paſſage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propoſe:

Richer, than doing nothing for a *brabe.*

Brabium is a badge of honour, or the enſign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word was ſtrange to the editors, as it will be to the reader; they therefore changed it to *babe*; and I am forced to propoſe it without the ſupport of any authority. *Brabium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a *reward.* Cooper, in his *Theſaurus*, defines it to be a *prize*, or *reward for any game.* JOHNSON.

A *babe* and *baby* are ſynonimous. A *baby* being a puppet or *plaything* for children, perhaps, if there be no corruption, a *babe* here means a puppet:—but I think with Dr. Johnſon that the text is corrupt. For *babe* Mr. Rowe ſubſtituted *bauble*, which in old ſpelling was *bable.* Sir T. Hanmer reads—for a *bribe.*

Doing nothing in this paſſage means, I think, being *buſy* in petty and unimportant employments: in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay, melius eſt *otioſum* eſſe quam nihil agere. MALONE.

[2] *To ſtride a limit.*] To overpaſs his bound. JOHNSON.

In the preceding line the old copy reads—A priſon, *or* a debtor, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] *What ſhould we ſpeak of,* &c.] This dread of an old age, unſupplied with matter for diſcourſe and meditation, is a ſentiment natural and noble. No ſtate can be more deſtitute than that of him, who, when the delights of ſenſe forſake him, has no pleaſures of the mind. JOHNSON.

The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak[4]!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather[5].

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,

4 *How you speak!*] Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us. STEEVENS.

5 *And left me bare to weather.*] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
"Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
"Fallen from their boughs, and *left me, open, bare,*
"*For every storm that blows.*" STEEVENS.

Follow'd

Follow'd my baniſhment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and theſe demeſnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language: He, that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o' the feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter;
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate. I'll meet you in the valleys.
[*Exeunt* Gui. *and* Arv.
How hard it is, to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little, they are ſons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow[6], their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore[7],—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom

[6] — wherein they *bow*,—] The old copy has—*whereon*; and *the* inſtead of *they*. The latter error is found in many paſſages in theſe plays, and in all the contemporary dramatick writers. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. Belarius, as he obſerves, had before ſpoken of the *lowneſs* of the cave. See p. 383. MALONE.

[7] —*This Polydore*,—] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer,) calls the eldeſt ſon of Cymbeline Polydore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are ſome who may aſk whether it is not more likely that the printer ſhould have blundered in the other places, than that he ſhould have hit upon ſuch an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this firſt inſtance.

Paladour was the ancient name for *Shaftſbury*. So, in *A Meeting Dialogue-wiſe between Nature, the Phœnix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Cheſter, 1601:

"This noble king builded faire Caerguent,
"Now cleped Wincheſter of worthie fame;
"And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,
"That after-ages *Shaftſburie* hath to name." STEEVENS.

I believe, however, *Polydore* is the true reading. In the pages of Holinſhed which contain an account of Cymbeline, *Polydore* [i. e. Polydore Virgil] is often quoted in the margin; and this probably ſuggeſted the name to Shakſpeare. MALONE.

The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay,—*Thus mine enemy fell*;
And thus I ſet my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal[7],
(Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conſcience, knows,
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I ſtole theſe babes[8];
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou waſt their nurſe; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave*:
Myſelf, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO, *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place

[7] *The younger brother,* Cadwal,] This name is found in an ancient poem, entitled *King Arthur*, which is printed in the ſame collection with the *Meeting Dialogue-wiſe*, &c. quoted in the preceding note:

" — Augiſell, king of ſtout Albania,
" And *Caduall*, king of Vinedocia—".

In this collection one of our authour's own poems was originally printed. See Vol. X. p. 341, n. 9. MALONE.

[8] — *I ſtole theſe babes*;] Shakſpeare ſeems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs. The latter part of this ſoliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reaſon why Belarius ſhould now tell to himſelf what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

* — *to* her *grave*:] i. e. to the grave of Euriphile; or, to the grave of *their mother, as they ſuppoſe it to be.* The poet ought rather to have written—to *thy* grave. MALONE.

Was near at hand :—Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now :—Piſanio! Man!
Where is Poſthúmus [9]? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breaks that ſigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication: Put thyſelf
Into a haviour of leſs fear [1], ere wildneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtaider ſenſes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be ſummer news,
Smile to't before [2]: if winterly, thou need'ſt

9 *Where is Poſthumús?*—] Shakſpeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the leaſt among many proofs of his want of learning. Throughout this play he calls *Poſthŭmus*, *Poſthūmus*, and *Arvĭrăgus*, *Arvirāgus*. It may be ſaid that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of *Darius*, by William Alexander of Menſtrie, (lord Sterline) 1603, *Darĭus* is always called *Darĭus*, and *Euphrātes*, *Eŭphrătes*:

"The diadem that *Darĭus* erſt had borne—
"The famous *Eŭphrătes* to be your border—"

Again, in the 21ſt Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"That gliding go in ſtate like ſwelling *Eŭphrătes*."

Throughout Sir Arthur Gorges' tranſlation of Lucan, *Eŭphrătes* is likewiſe given inſtead of *Euphrātes*. STEEVENS.

In *A Meeting Dialogue-wiſe between Nature, The Phœnix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Cheſter, 1601, *Arviragus* is introduced, with the ſame neglect of quantity as in this play:

"Windſor, a caſtle of exceeding ſtrength,
"Firſt built by *Arvirágus*, Britaine's king."

Again, by Heywood in his *Britaynes Troy*:

"Now Arvirágus reigns, and takes to wife
"The emperor Claudius's daughter."

[1] It ſeems to have been the general rule, adopted by ſcholars as well as others, to pronounce Latin names like Engliſh words: Shakſpeare's neglect of quantity therefore proves nothing. MALONE.

[1] — *haviour* —] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakſpeare, ſhould not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Havioun* was a word commonly uſed in his time. See Spenſer, Æglogue 9:

"Their ill *haviour* garres men miſſay." STEEVENS.

2 — *if it be* ſummer news,
Smile to't before:] So, in our authour's 98th Sonnet:

"Yet not the lays of birds, nor the ſweet ſmell
"Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
"Could make me any *ſummer's ſtory* tell." MALONE.

But keep that countenance ſtill.—My huſband's hand!
That drug-damn'd [3] Italy hath out-crafty'd him [4],
And he's at ſome hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Piſ. Pleaſe you, read;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [reads.] *Thy miſtreſs*, Piſanio, *hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed; the teſtimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes; but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou,* Piſanio, *muſt act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at* Milford-Haven: *ſhe hath my letter for the purpoſe: Where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.*

Piſ. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile [5]; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds [6], and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and ſtates [7],
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave
This viperous ſlander enters.—What cheer, madam?

3 —*drug-damn'd*—] This is another alluſion to Italian poiſons. JOHNSON.

4 —*out*-crafty'd *him*,] Thus the old copy, and ſo Shakſpeare certainly wrote. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" —— chaſte as the icicle,
" That's *curdy'd* by the froſt from pureſt ſnow."

Mr. Pope and all the ſubſequent editors read—out-*crafted*, here, and *curdled* in *Coriolanus*. MALONE.

5 — worms *of Nile*;] Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 190, n. 9, and Vol. VII. p. 594, n. 3. MALONE.

6 Rides *on the* poſting winds,—] So, in *K. Henry V.*

" — making the *wind* my *poſt-horſe*." MALONE.

7 —*ſtates*,] Perſons of higheſt rank. JOHNSON.

See p. 202, n. 8. MALONE.

Imo.

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pif. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy [8],
Whose mother was her painting [9], hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion [1];
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pif. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthumus,

[8] —*Some* jay *of Italy*,] There is a prettiness in this expression; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a *jay* and a *whore:* I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Merry Wives*, &c. "—teach him to know turtles from *jays*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Whose* mother *was her painting*,—] *Some jay of Italy*, made by art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*. JOHNSON.

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but forgot to note the date or name of the piece: "—parcel of conceited feather-caps. *whose fathers were their garments*." STEEVENS.

In *All's Well that ends Well*, we have:

"——whose judgments are
"Mere *fathers of their garments*." MALONE.

[1] *Poor I am stale*, a garment out of fashion;] This image occurs in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620, immediately at the conclusion of the tale on which our play is founded: "But (said the Brainford fish-wife) I like her *as a garment out of fashion*." STEEVENS.

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men[2];
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand *. Come, here's my heart;—
Something's afore't[3]:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures [4] of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools

[2] *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;*] i. e. says Mr. Upton, "wilt infect and corrupt their good name, (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass) and wilt render them suspected." In the line below he would read—*fall*, instead of *fail*. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"And thus thy *fall* hath left a kind of blot
"To mark the full-fraught man, and best-indued,
"With some suspicion."

I think the text is right. MALONE.

* *That* cravens *my weak hand.*] That makes me *afraid* to put an end to my own life. See Vol. III. p. 287, n. 2. MALONE.

[3] *Something's* afore't:—] The old copy reads—Something's *a-foot*. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] *The* scriptures—] So Ben Jonson, in *The sad Shepherd:*

"The lover's *scriptures*, Heliodore's, or Tatius'."

Shakspeare, however, means in this place, an opposition between *scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*. STEEVENS.

Believe

Believe falſe teachers: Though thoſe that are betray'd
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou, Poſthumus,
That did'ſt ſet up my diſobedience 'gainſt
The king my father, and make me put into contempt
The ſuits of princely fellows, ſhalt hereafter find
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve myſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſ-edg'd by her
That now thou tir'ſt on[5], how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, diſpatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.

Piſ. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Piſ. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind firſt[6].

Imo. Wherefore then
Did'ſt undertake it? Why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horſes' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,

5 *That now thou* tir'ſt *on*,—] A hawk is ſaid to *tire* upon that which he pecks; from *tirer*, French. JOHNSON.

6 *I'll wake mine eye-balls* blind *firſt.*] The word *blind* was ſupplied by Dr. Johnſon. Sir T. Hanmer had made the ſame emendation. It is alike neceſſary to the ſenſe and the metre. Dr. Johnſon likewiſe propoſed—

I'll wake mine eye-balls *out* firſt. MALONE.

Dr. Johnſon's conjecture may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611: "—I'll ride to Oxford, and *watch out mine eyes*, but I'll hear the brazen head ſpeak." Again, in *the Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

"—A piteous tragedy! able to *wake*
"An old man's eyes blood-ſhot." STEEVENS.

Again, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved in a note on the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Here ſhe exclaims againſt *repoſe* and *reſt*;
"And bids her *eyes* hereafter ſtill be *blind*." MALONE.

For

For my being abſent; whereunto I never
Purpoſe return? Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent [7], when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
The elected deer before thee [8]?

Piſ. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment: in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; ſpeak:
I have heard, I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear,
Therein falſe ſtruck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But ſpeak.

Piſ. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Moſt like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Piſ. Not ſo, neither:
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and ſingular in his art,
Hath done you both this curſed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Piſ. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it; for 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo: You ſhall be miſs'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my huſband?

Piſ. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado

[7] *To be unbent*,—] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to a hunter. JOHNSON.

[8] —*when* thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
The elected deer *before thee?*] So, in one of our authour's poems, *Paſſionate Pilgrim*, 1599:
"Whenas thine eye hath choſe the dame,
"And *ſtall'd the deer that thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike.*" MALONE.

With

With that harſh, noble, ſimple, nothing[9];
That Cloten, whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.

Piſ. If not at court,
Then not in Britain muſt you bide.

Imo. Where then[1]?
Hath Britain all the ſun that ſhines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a ſwan's neſt: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Piſ. I am moſt glad
You think of other place. The embaſſador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is[2]; and but diſguiſe
That, which, to appear itſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view[3]: yea, haply, near
The reſidence of Poſthumus; ſo nigh, at leaſt,
[illegible]; though his actions were not viſible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for ſuch means!
Though peril to my modeſty[4], not death on't,

9 *With that harſh, noble,* &c.] Some epithet of two ſyllables has here been omitted by the compoſitor; for which, having but one copy, it is now vain to ſeek. MALONE.

1 *Where then?*] Hanmer has added theſe two words to Piſanio's ſpeech. Mr. Maſon would read—*What* then?—Perhaps Imogen ſilently anſwers her own queſtion: "*any where.* Hath Britain," &c. MALONE.

2 — *Now, if you could wear a mind*
Dark as your fortune is; &c.] To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the ſearch of others. *Darkneſs*, applied to the *mind*, is *ſecrecy*; applied to the *fortune*, is *obſcurity*. The next lines are obſcure. *You muſt*, ſays Piſanio, *diſguiſe that* greatneſs, *which, to appear* hereafter *in its proper form*, cannot yet appear without great *danger to itſelf.* JOHNSON.

3 — *full of view*:—] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

4 Though *peril to my modeſty*,—] I read:—*Through* peril—. *I would for ſuch means adventure* through *peril of modeſty*; I would riſque every thing but real diſhonour. JOHNSON.

I would

I would adventure.

Pif. Well, then here's the point:
You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceneſs,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty ſelf,) into a waggiſh courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſaucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek,
Expoſing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy[3]!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing Titan; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.

Pif. Firſt, make yourſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them: Would you, in their ſerving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble Lucius
Preſent yourſelf, deſire his ſervice, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him know[4],
If that his head have ear in muſick,) doubtleſs,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad *

[3] *Expoſing it (but, O, the harder heart!*
Alack, no remedy!)] I think it very natural to reflect in this diſtreſs on the cruelty of Poſthumus. Dr. Warburton propoſes to read—the harder *hap!* JOHNSON.

[4] —*which* you'll *make him know*,] This is Hanmer's reading. The common books have it:—which *will* make him know. Mr. Theobald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove, that it ſhouldbe:—which will make him *ſo*. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

The words were probably written at length in the manuſcript, *you will*, and *you* omitted at the preſs: or *will* was printed for *we'll*. MALONE.

* —*your means abroad*, &c.] As for your ſubſiſtence abroad, you may rely on me. So, in Sc. v. "—thou ſhould'ſt neither want my *means* for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment." MALONE.

You

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us[5]: This attempt
I am ſoldier to[6], and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Piſ. Well, madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel;
Leſt, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble miſtreſs,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious: if you are ſick at ſea,
Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper.—To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the beſt!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and ſo farewel.
Luc. Thanks, royal ſir.
My emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence;
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.
Cym. Our ſubjects, ſir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourſelf
To ſhew leſs ſovereignty than they, muſt needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, ſir, I deſire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—

[5] ——— *we'll* even
All that good time will give us:—] We'll make our work *even* with our *time*; we'll do what time will allow. JOHNSON.

[6] —*This attempt*
I am ſoldier to,] i. e. I have inliſted and bound myſelf to it. WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, I am equal to this attempt; I have enough of *ardour* to undertake it. MALONE.

Madam,

Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you*!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewel, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have croſt the Severn.—Happineſs!

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cauſe.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wiſhes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too ſlight in ſufferance. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Queen. Royal ſir,
Since the exile of Poſthumus, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time muſt do. 'Beſeech your majeſty,
Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

* — *all joy befall* your *grace and you!*] I think we ſhould read—*his* grace and you. MALONE.

Re-enter

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Att. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— [*Exit* CLOTEN.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; May
This night fore-stall him of the coming day*! [*Exit* Queen.

Clo.

* ——— *May*
This night fore-stall *him of the coming day!*] i. e. may his grief this

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman[7]; from every one
The best she hath[8], and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah;
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an anticipated and premature destruction! So, in Milton's *Masque:*

"Perhaps *fore stalling night* prevented them." MALONE.

[7] *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite*
Than lady, ladies, woman;] *She has all courtly parts*, says he, *more exquisite than* any *lady*, than all *ladies*, than all *womankind*. JOHNSON.

There is a similar passage in *All's well that ends well*, Act II. sc. iii. "To any count; to all counts; to what is man." TOLLET.

[8] —*from every one*
The best she hath,] So, in *The Tempest:*

"—but you, O you,
"So perfect, and so peerless, are created
"Of every creature's best." MALONE.

Clo.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish [9].
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

9 *Or this, or perish.*] These words, I think, belong to Cloten, who, requiring the paper, says:

Let's see't: I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish.

Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:

She's far enough, &c. JOHNSON.

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish,* properly belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper into the hands of Cloten, *I must either give it him freely, or perish in my attempt to keep it:* or else the words may be considered as a reply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Augustus, and are added slily: *You will either do what you say, or perish, which is the more probable of the two.* STEEVENS.

Cloten knew not, till it was tendered, that Pisanio had such a letter to give: he now presents; there could therefore be no question concerning his giving it *freely* or *with-holding* it.

These words, in my opinion, relate to Pisanio's present conduct, and they mean, I think, "I must either *practice this deceit* upon Cloten, or perish by his fury." In the fifth act (as Mr. Henley has observed) Pisanio gives the following account of the transaction now before us:

" ——— Lord Cloten,
" Upon my lady's missing, came to me
" With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
" If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
" *It was my instant death:* By accident,
" I had a *feigned letter* of my master's
" Then in my pocket, which directed him
" To seek her on the mountains near to Milford." MALONE.

Clo. Humh!

Pif. I'll write to my lord, ſhe's dead. O Imogen, Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again! [*Aſide.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Poſthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a villain, but do me true ſervice; undergo thoſe employments, wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee, with a ſerious induſtry,—that is, what villainy ſoe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honeſt man: thou ſhould'ſt neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pif. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou ſerve me? For ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Poſthumus, thou canſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Pif. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Pif. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clo. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit hither: let it be thy firſt ſervice; go.

Pif. I ſhall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to aſk him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Poſthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, theſe garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart,) that ſhe held the very garment of Poſthumus in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back, will I raviſh her: Firſt kill him, and in her eyes; there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body,—and when my luſt hath dined, (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that ſhe ſo prais'd,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again.

again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true *.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be crost with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, *in Boy's Clothes.*

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fullness

* *To him that is* most true.—] Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as *true*, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both. MALONE.

Is forer[1], than to lie for need; and falſhood
Is worſe in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the falſe ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to ſink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis ſome ſavage hold:
I were beſt not call[2]; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take, or lend[3].—Ho!—No anſwer? then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*

Enter

[1] *Is forer,*—] Is a *greater*, or *heavier* crime. JOHNSON.

[2] I were *beſt not call*;—] Mr. Pope was ſo little acquainted with the language of Shakſpeare's age, that inſtead of this the original reading, he ſubſtituted—*'Twere* beſt not call. MALONE.

[3] *If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,*
Take, or lend.—] I queſtion whether, after the words, *if ſavage,* a line be not loſt. I can offer nothing better than to read:

——— Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, *take or lend,*
If ſavage, *ſpeak.*

If you are *civiliſed* and *peaceable*, *take* a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompence; if you are *rough inhoſpitable* inhabitants of the mountain, *ſpeak*, that I may know my ſtate. JOHNSON.

It is by no means neceſſary to ſuppoſe that *ſavage hold* ſignifies the habitation of *a beaſt*. It may as well be uſed for the cave of a *ſavage*, or *wild man*, who, in the romances of the time, were repreſented as reſiding in the woods, like the famous *Orſon*, *Bremo* in the play of *Mucedorus*, or the ſavage in the ſeventh canto of the fourth book of Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, and the 6th B. C. 4. STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think is, If any one reſides here that is accuſtomed to the modes of civil life, anſwer me; but if this be the habitation of a wild and uncultivated man, or of one baniſhed from ſociety, that will enter into no converſe, let him at leaſt *ſilently* furniſh me with enough to ſupport me, accepting a price for it, or giving it to me without a price, in conſideration of future recompence. Dr. Johnſon's interpretation of the words *Take, or lend*, is ſupported by what Imogen ſays afterwards—

"Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
"To have *begg'd*, or *bought*, what I have took."

but

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd beſt woodman[4], and
Are maſter of the feaſt: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely, ſavoury: Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth *
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze on that,
Whilſt what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [*looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, ſir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good maſters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
I have ſtolen nought; nor would not, though I had found

but ſuch licentious alterations as transferring words from one line to another, and tranſpoſing the words thus transferred, ought, in my apprehenſion, never to be admitted. MALONE.

In the next act Imogen ſays,

"Our courtiers ſay, all's *ſavage* but at court."

and in *As you like it*, Orlando ſays,

"I thought that all things had been *ſavage* here." MASON.

4 — *beſt* woodman,] i. e. the beſt archer. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
"Againſt a poor unſeaſonable doe." MALONE.

* — *while* reſty *ſloth*—] *Reſty* ſignified, mouldy, rank. See Minſheu, in v. The word is yet uſed in the north. Perhaps, however, it is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe in which it is applied to a horſe. MALONE.

Gold ſtrew'd o' the floor[5]. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty gods.

Imo. I ſee, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, ſir: I have a kinſman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor meaſure our good minds
By th's rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almoſt night: you ſhall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to ſtay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould woo hard, but be your groom.—In honeſty
I bid for you, as I'd buy[6].

5 — o' the *floor.*] Old Copy—*i' the* floor. Corrected by Hanmer. MALONE.

6 *I ſhould woo hard, but be your groom.—In honeſty*
I bid for you, as I'd buy.] The old copy reads—as *I do* buy. The correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. He reads unneceſſarily, *I'd* bid for you, &c. In the folio the line is thus pointed:

I ſhould woo hard, but be your groom in honeſty:
I bid for you, &c. MALONE.

I think this paſſage might be better read thus;

I ſhould woo hard, but be your groom.—In honeſty
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

That is, I ſhould woo hard, but *I would* be your *bride-groom.* [And when I ſay that I would *woo hard,* be aſſured that] in honeſty I bid for you, *only at the rate at which* I would purchaſe you. TYRWHITT.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long abſence, ſuch is yours:—Moſt welcome!
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt friends.
Imo. 'Mongſt friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my father's ſons! then had my prize
Been leſs; and ſo more equal ballaſting[7]
To thee, Poſthumus. } *Aſide.*
Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.
Gui. 'Would, I could free't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*whiſpering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes[8],)
Could

[7] — *then had my prize*
Been leſs; and ſo more equal ballaſting—] Hanmer reads plauſibly, but without neceſſity, *price* for *prize*, and *balancing* for *ballaſting*. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. The meaning is,—Had I been leſs a prize, I ſhould not have been too heavy for Poſthumus. JOHNSON.

Between *prize* and *price* the diſtinction was not always obſerved in our authour's time, nor is it at this day; for who has not heard perſons above the vulgar confound them, and talk of high-*priz'd* and low-*priz'd* goods? MALONE.

The ſenſe is, then had the prize thou haſt maſtered in me been leſs, and not have ſunk thee, as I have done, by over-lading thee. HEATH.

[8] *That nothing gift of differing multitudes,*)] The poet muſt mean, that court, that obſequious adoration, which the ſhifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am perſuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

That nothing gift of *defering* multitudes:

i. e. obſequious, paying deference.—Deferer, *Ceder par reſpect a quelcun, obeir, condeſcendre*, &c.—Deferent, *civil, reſpectueux*, &c. Richelet. THEOBALD.

He is followed by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not ſee why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expreſſion equivalent to the *many-headed rabble*. JOHNSON.

Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false[9].

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter two Senators, *and* Tribunes.

1. *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that[1] the legions now in Gallia are

It certainly may; but then nothing is predicated of the many-headed multitude, unless we supply words that the text does not exhibit, "That worthless boon of the *differing* or many-headed multitude, [*attending upon them, and paying their court to them*;]" or suppose the whole line to be a periphrasis for *adulation* or *obeisance*.

There was no such word as *defering* or *deferring* in Shakspeare's time. "*Deferer* a une compaigne," Cotgrave in his Dictionary, 1611, explains thus: "To yeeld, *referre*, or attribute much, unto a companie." MALONE.

That *nothing gift* which the multitude are supposed to bestow, is glory, reputation, which is a present of little value from their hands; as they are neither unanimous in giving it, nor constant in continuing it. HEATH.

9 *Since* Leonatus *false.*] As Shakspeare has used "thy *mistress'* ear," and "*Menelaus'* tent," for thy *mistresses* ear and Menelauses tent, so, with still greater licence, he uses—Since *Leonatus false*, for—Since Leonatus *is* false.—It has been proposed to read—Since *Leonate is* false. MALONE.

[1] *That since the common men are now in action*
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that, &c.] These facts are historical. STEEVENS.
See p. 387, n. 5. MALONE.

Full

Full weak to undertake our wars againſt
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this buſineſs: He creates
Lucius pro-conſul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His abſolute commiſſion[2]. Long live Cæſar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2. *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. *Sen.* With thoſe legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your levy
Muſt be ſupplyant: The words of your commiſſion
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their diſpatch.

Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The foreſt, near the cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they ſhould meet, if Piſanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! Why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (ſaving reverence of the word) for, 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman. I dare ſpeak it to myſelf, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glaſs to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more re-

[2] — *to you—be commands*
His abſolute commiſſion.—] He *commands* the commiſſion to be given to you. So we ſay, I *ordered* the materials to the workmen. JOHNSON.

markable

markable in ſingle oppoſitions[3]: yet this imperſeverant[4] thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! Poſthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off; thy miſtreſs enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face[5]: and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage: but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is tied up ſafe: Out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very deſcription of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*to* Imo.] remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

[3] —*in ſingle* oppoſitions:] In ſingle combat. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" In *ſingle oppoſition*, hand to hand,
" He did confound the beſt part of an hour,
" In changing hardiment with great Glendower."

An *oppoſite* was in Shakſpeare the common phraſe for an adverſary, or antagoniſt. See Vol. VI. p. 615, n. 5. MALONE.

[4] —*imperſeverant*—] Thus the former editions. Hanmer reads—ill-*perſeverant*. JOHNSON.

Imperſeverant may mean no more than *perſeverant*, like *im*-boſom'd, *im*paſſion'd, *im*maſk'd. STEEVENS.

[5] —*before* thy *face*:] Poſthumus was to have his head ſtruck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face! We ſhould read,—*her* face, i. e. Imogen's: done to deſpite her, who had ſaid, ſhe eſteemed Poſthumus's garment above the perſon of Cloten. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare, who in the *Winter's Tale*, makes a clown ſay, " If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on after thou art dead," would not ſcruple to give the expreſſion in the text to ſo fantaſtick a character as Cloten. The garments of Poſthumus might indeed be cut to pieces *before his face*, though his head were off; no one, however, but Cloten would conſider this circumſtance as any aggravation of the inſult. MALONE.

Arv.

Arv. Brother, ſtay here: [*to* Imogen.
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I am very ſick.
Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: So pleaſe you, leave me;
Stick to your journal courſe: the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all [6]. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I am not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you, truſt me here:
I'll rob none but myſelf; and let me die,
Stealing ſo poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have ſpoke it:
How much the quantity [7], the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, ſir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why,
I love this youth; and I have heard you ſay,
Love's reaſon's without reaſon: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
My father, not this youth.
Bel. O noble ſtrain! [*Aſide.*
O worthineſs of nature! breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire baſe:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.

6 *Stick to your* journal *courſe: the breach of cuſtom*
Is breach of all.] Keep your *daily* courſe uninterrupted; if the ſtated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confuſion. JOHNSON.

7 *How much the quantity,*—] I read:
As much the quantity. JOHNSON.
Surely the preſent reading has exactly the ſame meaning. *How* much ſoever the maſs of my affection to my father may be, ſo much preciſely is my love for thee: and as much as my filial love weighs, ſo much alſo weighs my affection for thee. MALONE.

I am

I am not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewel.

Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.

Arv. You health.—So pleaſe you, ſir [8].

Imo. [*Aſide.*] Theſe are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou diſprov'ſt report!
The imperious ſeas * breed monſters; for the diſh,
Poor tributary rivers as ſweet fiſh.
I am ſick ſtill; heart-ſick:—Piſanio,
I'll now taſte of thy drug.

Gui. I could not ſtir him [9]:
He ſaid, he was gentle, but unfortunate [1];
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.

Arv. Thus did he anſwer me: yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and reſt.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And ſhalt be ever [2].— [*Exit* Imogen.
This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears, he hath had
Good anceſtors.

Arv. How angel-like he ſings!

[8] — *So pleaſe you, ſir.*] I cannot reliſh this *courtly phraſe* from the mouth of Arviragus. It ſhould rather, I think, begin Imogen's ſpeech. TYRWHITT.

* *The* imperious *ſeas*—] *Imperious* was uſed by Shakſpeare for *imperial*. See p. 264, n. *. MALONE.

9 *I could not ſtir him:*] Not *move* him to tell his ſtory. JOHNSON.

[1] —*gentle, but unfortunate*;] *Gentle*, is *well born*, of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

[2] *And ſhalt be ever.*—] That is, you ſhall ever receive from me the ſame kindneſs that you do at preſent: you ſhall *thus* only be *bound* to me for ever. MALONE.

Gui.

Gui. But his neat cookery [3]! He cut our roots in characters;
And ſauc'd our broths, as Juno had been ſick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A ſmiling with a ſigh: as if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile;
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both [4],
Mingle their ſpurs together [5].

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the ſtinking elder [6], grief, untwine
His periſhing root, with the increaſing vine!

[3] Gui. *But his neat cookery!* &c.] Only the firſt four words of this ſpeech are given in the old copy to Guiderius: The name of Arviragus is prefixed to the remainder, as well as to the next ſpeech. The corection was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[4] —*rooted in* him *both,*] Old Copy—in *them.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[5] *Mingle their* ſpurs *together.*] *Spurs* are the longeſt and largeſt leading roots of trees. Our poet has again uſed the ſame word in *The Tempeſt*:

" —— the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
" Have I made ſhake, and by the *ſpurs*
" Pluck'd up the pine and cedar."

Hence probably the *ſpur* of a poſt; the ſhort wooden buttreſs affixed to it, to keep it firm in the ground. MALONE.

[6] —*ſtinking elder,*—] Shakſpeare had only ſeen *Engliſh vines* which grow againſt walls, and therefore may be ſometimes entangled with the *elder.* Perhaps we ſhould read—*untwine*—from *the vine.* JOHNSON.

Surely this is the meaning of the words without any change. May patience increaſe, and may the ſtinking elder, grief, *no longer twine* his decaying [or deſtructive, if *periſhing* is uſed actively,] root *with* the vine, patience, thus increaſing!—As *to untwine* is here uſed for *to ceaſe to twine,* ſo, in *K. Henry VIII.* the word *uncontemned* having been uſed, the poet has conſtructed the remainder of the ſentence as if he had written *not contemned.* See Vol. VII. p. 76, n. 8. MALONE.

Sir John Hawkins propoſed to read—*entwine.* He ſays, " Let the ſtinking elder [*Grief*] *entwine* his root with the vine [*Patience*], and in the end Patience muſt outgrow Grief." STEEVENS.

Bel.

Bel. It is great morning[5]. Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave[6] without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth[7]. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee[8].

[5] *It is great morning.*] A Gallicism. *Grand jour.* STEEVENS.

[6] *A slave*—] i. e. then answering that abusive word, *slave.* MASON.

[7] —*for I wear not*
My dagger in my mouth.] So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, 1599:
"*I fight not with my tongue:* this is my oratrix." MALONE.

[8] *No, nor thy* tailor, *rascal,*
Who is thy grandfather; *he made those clothes,*
Which, as it seems, make thee.] See a note on a similar passage in a former scene, p. 391, n. 9. STEEVENS.

Clo.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
I am loth to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, or adder, ſpider,
'Twould move me ſooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I am ſon to the queen.
Gui. I am ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Thoſe that I reverence, thoſe I fear; the wiſe:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town ſet your heads:
Yield, ruſtick mountaineer[9]. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter

9 *Yield, ruſtick mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very conſiſtent one. Act I. ſc. iv. the lords who are converſing with him on the ſubject of his rencontre with Poſthumus, repreſent the latter as having neither put forth his ſtrength or courage, but ſtill advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his laſt appearance, we ſee him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Arviragus. The ſame perſons afterwards ſpeak of him as of a mere aſs or idiot; and yet, Act III. ſc. i. he returns one of the nobleſt and moſt reaſonable anſwers to the Roman envoy: and the reſt of his converſation on the ſame occaſion, though *it may lack form a little*, by no means reſembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius deſcribes him as not having ſenſe enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being ſometimes the effect of judgment); and yet he forms

Enter BELARIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did miſtake him, ſure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour
Which then he wore; the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking[1], were as his: I am abſolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wiſh my brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.

Bel. Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear[2]: But ſee, thy brother.

Re-enter

forms very artful ſchemes for gaining the affection of his miſtreſs, by means of her attendants; to get her perſon into his power afterwards; and ſeems to be no leſs acquainted with the character of his father, and the aſcendancy the queen maintained over his uxorious weakneſs. We find Cloten, in ſhort, repreſented at once as brave and daſtardly, civil and brutal, ſagacious and fooliſh, without the ſubtilty of diſtinction, and thoſe ſhades of gradation between ſenſe and folly, virtue and vice, which conſtitute the excellence of ſuch mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurſe in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

[1] — *the ſnatches in his voice,*
And burſt of ſpeaking,—] This is one of our authour's ſtrokes of obſervation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confuſed and cloudy underſtanding. JOHNSON.

[2] — *for defect of judgment*
Is oft the cure *of fear:*] The old copy reads—
—— for defect of judgment
Is oft the *cauſe* of fear.
and Mr. Tollet thinks it may be right, underſtanding *fear* in the ſenſe of exciting fear in others, a ſignification which it bore formerly. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.
"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all."
Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
"—— all theſe bold *fears*
"Thou ſee'ſt with peril I have anſwered."
But the objection to this interpretation is, that in this clauſe of the ſentence

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* Cloten's *Head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purſe,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Gui. I am perfect[3], what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who, call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and ſwore,
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in[4],

Diſplace

ſentence it was evidently the poet's intention to aſſign a reaſon for Cloten's being *himſelf free from apprehenſion*, not to account for his *terrifying others*.

It is undoubtedly true, that defect of judgment, or not rightly eſtimating the degree of danger and the means of reſiſtance, is often the cauſe of fear: the being poſſeſſed of judgment alſo may occaſion fear, as he who maturely weighs all circumſtances will know preciſely his danger; while the inconſiderate is raſh and fool-hardy: but neither of theſe aſſertions, however true, can account for Cloten's having *no apprehenſion* of roaring terrors; and therefore the text muſt be corrupt. Mr. Theobald amended the paſſage by reading:

——— for *the effect* of judgment
Is oft the cauſe of fear.

but, though Shakſpeare has in *K. Richard III.* uſed *effect* and *cauſe* as ſynonymons, I do not think it probable he would ſay the *effect* was the *cauſe*; nor do I think *the effect* and *the defect* likely to have been confounded: beſides, the paſſage thus amended is liable to the objection already ſtated. I have therefore adopted Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation. MALONE.

Hanmer reads, with equal juſtneſs of ſentiment:

——— for defect of judgment
Is oft the *cure* of fear.

But, I think, the play of *effect* and *cauſe* more reſembling the manner of our authour. JOHNSON.

[3] *I am perfect, what:*] I am *well informed*, what. So, in this play:

I'm *perfect*, the Pannonians are in arms. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*take us in,*] To *take in*, was the phraſe in uſe for to *apprehend* an out-law, or to make him amenable to publick juſtice. JOHNSON.

To *take in* means, ſimply, to conquer, to ſubdue. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——— cut the Ionian ſeas,
"And *take in* Toryne." STEEVENS.

Displace our heads, where, thanks to the gods*, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law[5]? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation[6]; ay, and that

From

That Mr. Steevens's explanation of this phrase is the true one, appears from the present allusion to Cloten's speech, and also from the speech itself in the former part of this scene. He had not threatened to render these outlaws amenable to justice, but to kill them with his own hand:

" *Die the death:*
" When I have *slain thee with my proper hand,*" &c.

" He'd *fetch us in,*" is used a little lower by Belarius, in the sense assigned by Dr. Johnson to the phrase before us. MALONE.

* — *thanks* to *the gods,*] The word *to* was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

5 For *we do fear the law?*] *For* is here used in the sense of *because*. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" See the simplicity of these base slaves!
" Who, *for* the villains have no faith themselves,
" Think me to be a senseless lump of clay."

Again, in *Othello:*

" And, *for* I know thou art full of love," &c. MALONE.

6 — *Though his* honour

Was nothing but mutation, &c.] What has his *honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a madman, or not? I have ventured to substitute *humour*, against the authority of the printed copies: and the meaning seems plainly this: " Though he was always fickle to the last degree, and governed by *humour*, not sound sense; yet not madness itself could make him so hardy to attempt an enterprize of this nature alone, and unseconded." THEOBALD.

The text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion, which was perpetually changing. WARBURT.

The sense necessarily requires, that we should adopt Theobald's amendment. Belarius is speaking of the disposition of Cloten, not of his

From one bad thing to worſe; not frenzy, not
Abſolute madneſs could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and ſwear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he ſo undertaking,
Or they ſo ſuffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foreſay it: howſoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth[7].

Gui. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the queen's ſon, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou hadſt not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone purſued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou haſt robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That poſſible ſtrength might meet[8], would ſeek us through,

his principles; and this account of him agrees with what Imogen ſays in the latter end of the ſcene, where ſhe calls him "that *irregulous* devil, Cloten. MASON.

[7] *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's ſickneſs made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*. JOHNSON.

[8] ——— *revenges,*
That poſſible ſtrength might meet,—] Such purſuit of vengeance as fell within any poſſibility of oppoſition. JOHNSON.

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood[9],
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st[1]
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudest wind[2],
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

And

9 *I'd let a* parish *of such Clotens blood,*] I would, says the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a *parish*. JOHNSON.

"His visage, says Fenner of a *catchpole*, was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that half a *parish* of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face." FARMER.

The sense of the passage is, I would let blood (or bleed) a whole parish, or any number, of such fellows as Cloten; not, "I would let out a parish of blood." EDWARDS.

Mr. Edwards is, I think, right. In the fifth act we have—

"This man——hath
"More of thee merited, than a *band* of Clotens
"Had ever scar for." MALONE.

1 —how *thyself thou blazon'st*—] In the old copy the word *thou* was inadvertently printed twice by the compositor:

Thou divine Nature, *thou* thyself thou blazon'st.

For this slight emendation, which the context fully supports, I am responsible. MALONE.

2 ——*They are as gentle*
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudest wind, &c.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
"For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;

"Yet,

And make him ſtoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder,
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them[3]
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd! Yet ſtill it's ſtrange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have ſent Cloten's clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaſſy to his mother; his body's hoſtage
For his return. [*Solemn muſick.*

Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, Polydore, it ſounds! But what occaſion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? ſince death of my deareſt mother
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys*,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

"Yet, if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm
"As oft 'twixt May and April is to ſee,
"When winds breathe ſweet, unruly though they be." MALONE.

[3] *That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them*—] The metre, ſays Mr. Heath, would be improved by reading:

That an *inſtinct inviſible* ſhould frame them—

He probably did not perceive that in Shakſpeare's time the accent was laid on the ſecond ſyllable of the word *inſtinct*. So, in one of our poet's Sonnets:

"As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did find—."

The old copy certainly is right. MALONE.

* — *lamenting* toys,—] *Toys* formerly ſignified freaks, or frolicks. One of N. Breton's poetical pieces, printed in 1577, is called, "The *toyes* of an idle head." See alſo Vol. VI. p. 457, n. 4, and Cole's Dict. 1679, in v. MALONE.

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead, in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made ſo much on. I had rather
Have ſkipp'd from ſixteen years of age to ſixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.
Gui. O ſweeteſt, faireſt lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.
Bel. O, mĕlancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom[5]? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh crare
Might eaſilieſt harbour in[6]?—Thou bleſſed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'ſt have made; but I,

[5] *O, mĕlancholy!*
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom?] So, in *Alba, the Monthes Mind of a melancholy Lover*, by R. T. 1598:
"This woeful tale, where ſorrow is the ground,
"Whoſe bottom's ſuch as nere the depth is found."
MALONE.

[6] — *to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh* crare
Might eaſilieſt harbour in?—] The old copy has—ſluggiſh *care*. It is not ſurprizing that the compoſitor ſhould have ſubſtituted a familiar for an uncommon word. The true reading was pointed out by Mr. Sympſon in a note on Fletcher's play, entitled *The Captain*, p. 10. The old copy has—*might'ſt*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*thou*, ſluggiſh crare, *might'ſt*, &c. MALONE.

A *crare*, ſays the author of *The Reviſal*, is a ſmall trading veſſel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The word occurs in Heywood's *Golden Age*:
"Behold a form to make your *craers* and barks."
Again, in *Amintas for his Phillis*, publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:
"Till thus my ſoule doth paſſe in Charon's *crare*."
Mr. Tollet obſerves that the word often occurs in Holinſhed, as twice, p. 906, Vol. II. STEEVENS.
The word is uſed in the Stat. 2 Jac. I. c. 32. "—*the owner of every ſhip, veſſel, or* crayer." TYRWHITT.

Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy[7]!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he ſlept; and put
My clouted brogues[8] from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but ſleeps[9]:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

7 ——— *but* I,

Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!] This is the reading of the firſt folio, which later editors not underſtanding, have changed into *but* ah! The meaning of the paſſage I take to be this:—*Jove knows, what man thou might'ſt have made, but I* know, *thou dieaſt*, &c. TYRWHITT.

I believe, "but *ah!*" to be the true reading. *Ay* is through the firſt folio, and in all books of that time, printed inſtead of *ah!* Hence probably *I*, which was uſed for the affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text here.

Heaven knows, (ſays Belarius) *what a man thou would'ſt have been*, had'ſt thou lived; *but* alas! *thou dieaſt of melancholy, while yet only a moſt accompliſhed boy.* MALONE.

8 — clouted *brogues*—] Are ſhoes ſtrengthened with *clout* or *hob*-nails. In ſome parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts* are likewiſe fixed to the ſhoes of ploughmen and other ruſticks. STEEVENS.

A *brogue* is a countryman's ſhoe, faſtened with a leathern thong. MALONE.

9 *Why, he but ſleeps:*] I cannot forbear to introduce a paſſage ſomewhat like this, from Webſter's *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, on account of its ſingular beauty.

"Oh, thou ſoft natural death! that art joint-twin
"To ſweeteſt ſlumber! no rough-bearded comet
"Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
"Beats not againſt thy caſement: the hoarſe wolf
"Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corſe,
"While horror waits on princes!" STEEVENS.

Arv. With faireſt flowers,
Whilſt ſummer laſts[1], and I live here, Fidele,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave: Thou ſhalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primroſe; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, ſore-ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corſe[2].

Gui.

[1] *With faireſt flowers,*
Whilſt ſummer laſts, &c.] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre:*
" No, I will rob Tellus of her weede,
" To ſtrewe thy greene with flowers: the yellowes, blues,
" The purple violets and marygolds,
" Shall as a carpet hang upon *thy grave,*
" *While ſummer dayes doth laſt.*" STEEVENS.

[2] — *the ruddock would,*
With charitable bill,—bring thee all this:
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
To winter-ground *thy corſe.*] Here again, the metaphor is ſtrangely mangled. What ſenſe is there in *winter-grounding* a corſe with *moſs?* A corſe might indeed be ſaid to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moſs* directs us plainly to another reading,

To winter-*gown* thy corſe:—

i. e. thy ſummer habit ſhall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moſs*. WARBURTON.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakſpeare's, ſince the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to expreſs. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-ſeaſon, by ſtraw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in reſpect of tender trees or flowers, ſuch as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, repreſents her to be.

The *ruddock* is the *red-breaſt*, and is ſo called by Chaucer and Spenſer;

" The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite."

The office of covering the dead is likewiſe aſcribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton in his poem called *The Owl*, 1604:

" Cov'ring with moſs the dead's uncloſed eye,
" The little *redbreaſt* teacheth charitie." STEEVENS.

— *the*

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.
Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?
Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

— *the* ruddock *would*, &c.] Is this an allusion to the *babes of the wood*, or was the notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad? PERCY.

This passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of *The White Devil*; and in such a manner, as confirms the old reading:

" Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,
" Since o'er shady groves they hover,
" And with leaves and flowers do cover
" The friendless bodies of unburied men;
" Call unto his funeral dole
" The ant, the fieldmouse, and the mole,
" To rear him *hillocks* that shall keep him warm." FARMER.

Which of these two plays was first written, cannot now be determined. Webster's play was published in 1612, that of Shakspeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to Webster's play, he thus speaks of Shakspeare: " And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakspeare," &c. STEEVENS.

We may fairly conclude that Webster imitated Shakspeare; for in the same page from which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing lines, is found a passage taken almost literally from *Hamlet*. It is spoken by a distracted lady:

" ——— you're very welcome;
" Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you;
" Heart's-ease for you; I pray make much of it;
" I have left more for myself."

See also *Timon of Athens*, p. 51, n. 6. Dr. Warburton asks, " What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss?*" But perhaps *winter-ground* does not refer to *moss*, but to the last antecedent, *flowers*. If this was the construction intended by Shakspeare, the passage should be printed thus:

Yea, and furr'd moss besides,—when flowers are none
To winter-ground thy corse.

i. e. you shall have also a warm covering of moss, when there are no flowers to adorn thy grave with that ornament with which WINTER is usually decorated. So, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher, 1625: " He looks like WINTER, stuck here and there with fresh *flowers*."—I have not however much confidence in this observation. MALONE.

Arv.

Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to the ground,
As once our mother[3]; uſe like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile muſt be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than prieſts and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I ſee, medicine the leſs[4]: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's ſon, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that[5]: Though mean and mighty rotting
Together, have one duſt; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world[6],) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

3 *As once our mother*;] The old copy reads—as once *to* our mother; the compoſitor having probably caught the word *to* from the preceding line. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

4 *Great griefs, I ſee, medicine the leſs:*] So again, in this play:
"——— a touch more rare
"Subdues all pangs, all fears."
Again, in *King Lear*:
"— where the greater malady is fix'd,
"The leſſer is ſcarce felt." MALONE.

5 *He was paid for that:*—] Hanmer reads:
He *has* paid for that:—
rather plauſibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *puniſhed*. So Jonſon:
"Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,
"For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll *pay* you." JOHNSON.
So Falſtaff in *the Merry Wives of Windſor*, after having been beaten, when in the dreſs of an old woman, ſays, "I pay'd nothing for it neither, but *was paid* for my learning." See Vol. I. p. 288, n. 6, and Vol. V. p. 173, n. 4. MALONE.

6 ——— *reverence,*
(That angel of the world,)—] *Reverence*, or due regard to ſubordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world. JOHNSON.

Gui.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit* Belarius.
Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we muſt lay his head to the eaſt;
My father hath a reaſon for't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So,—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the ſun*[7],
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all muſt,
As chimney-ſweepers, come to duſt.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſcepter, learning, phyſick[8], *muſt*
All follow this, and come to duſt.

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flaſh,*
Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-ſtone;*
Gui. *Fear not ſlander*[9], *cenſure raſh;*
Arv. *Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan:*

7 *Fear no more the heat o' the ſun,* &c.] This is the topick of conſolation that nature dictates to all men on theſe occaſions. The ſame farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. Τέκνον ἄθλιον ἔκλαυσε διηγήσεις, ἔκλαυσε πεπνίσεις, &c. WARBURTON.

8 *The ſcepter, learning,* &c.] The poet's ſentiment ſeems to have been this.—All human excellence is equally ſubject to the ſtroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the ſcience of ſcholars, nor the art of thoſe whoſe immediate ſtudy is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final deſtiny of man. JOHNSON.

9 *Fear not ſlander,* &c.] Perhaps,
Fear not *ſlander's* cenſure raſh. JOHNSON.
Both.

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign to thee[1], *and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee*[2]*!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation*[3] *have;*
And renowned be thy grave[4]*!*

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the body of* Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more: The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night, Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces[5]:— You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—

[1] *Consign to* thee,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ——— ——— *seal*
" A dateless bargain to engrossing death."

To consign to thee, is *to seal the same contract* with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. STEEVENS.

[2] *No* exorciser *harm thee!*] An *exorciser*, it has been already observed, signified in Shakspeare's time, an enchanter or conjurer, not a person who had the power to lay spirits. See Vol. III. p. 475, n. 7. MALONE.

[3] *Quiet* consummation *have;*] *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

" My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,
" This mangled tribute, with all willingness,
" To darkness, *consummation*, dust, and worms." STEEVENS.

[4] —*thy grave!*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. JOHNSON.

[5] —*Upon their faces:*—] Shakspeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed. This passage, might have taught Dr. Warburton not to have disturbed the text in a former scene. See p. 410, n. 5. MALONE.

Come

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them firſt, has them again:
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BEL. GUI. *and* ARV.

Imo. [*awaking.*] Yes, ſir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yon buſh?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins[6]!—can it be ſix miles yet?—
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and ſleep.
But, ſoft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddeſſes!

[*ſeeing the body.*

Theſe flowers are like the pleaſures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't—I hope, I dream;
For, ſo, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honeſt creatures: But 'tis not ſo;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are ſometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble ſtill with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as ſmall a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here ſtill: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſs man!—The garments of Poſthumus!
I know the ſhape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face[7]—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Piſanio,

[6] *'Ods pittikins!*—] This diminutive adjuration is uſed by Decker and Webſter in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1607; in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, or the *Gentle Craft*, 1600: It is derived from *God's my pity*, which likewiſe occurs in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*his* Jovial *face*—] *Jovial* face ſignifies in this place, ſuch a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently uſed in the ſame ſenſe by other old dramatick writers. So Heywood, in *The Silver Age*:

" ——— Alcides here will ſtand,
" To plague you all with his high *Jovial* hand."

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611, ſpeaking of Jupiter:

" ——— ——— all that ſtand,
" Sink in the weight of his high *Jovial* hand." STEEVENS.

All

All curſes madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conſpir'd with that irregulous devil [8], Cloten,
Haſt here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Piſanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Piſanio—
From this moſt braveſt veſſel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Poſthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on *.—How ſhould this be? Piſanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he ſaid, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the ſenſes? That confirms it home:
This is Piſanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chance to find us: O, my lord! my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, *a* Captain, *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothſayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garriſon'd in Gallia,
After your will, have croſs'd the ſea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ſhips:
They are here in readineſs.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The ſenate hath ſtirr'd up the cónfiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; moſt willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

[8] *Conſpir'd with that* irregulous *devil,*] *Irregulous* (if there be ſuch a word) muſt mean lawleſs, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans ſibi nata.* In Reinold's *God's Revenge againſt Adultery*, p. 121, I meet with "*irregulated* luſt." STEEVENS.

* —this *head on.*—] *This* head means the head of Poſthumus; the head that *did* belong to *this* body. See p. 428, n. 5. MALONE.

Luc.

Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision[9]:
(I fast, and pray'd[1], for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.
Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.
Cap. He is alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded, Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture[2]? What's thy interest

9 *Last night the* very *gods shew'd me a vision:*] It was no common dream, but sent from *the very gods*, or the gods themselves. JOHNSON.

1 *I* fast, *and pray'd,*—] *Fast* is here very licentiously used for *fasted*. So, in the novel subjoined to this play, we find—*lift* for *lifted*. MALONE.

2 ——— *who was he,*
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?—] To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are standing phrases; the question therefore is, Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it. JOHNSON.

Olivia speaking of her own beauty as of a *picture*, asks Viola if it "is not well *done?*" STEEVENS.

In

In this ſad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies ſlain:—Alas!
There are no more ſuch maſters: I may wander
From eaſt to occident, cry out for ſervice,
Try many, all good, ſerve truly, never
Find ſuch another maſter.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy maſter in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ[3]. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aſide.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, ſir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, ſir.

Luc. Thou doſt approve thyſelf the very ſame:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay,
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd; but, be ſure,
No leſs belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a conſul to me, ſhould not ſooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, ſir. But, firſt, an't pleaſe the gods,
I'll hide my maſter from the flies, as deep
As theſe poor pick-axes[4] can dig: and when

3 *Richard du Champ.*—] Shakſpeare was indebted for his modern names (which ſometimes are mixed with ancient ones) as well as his anachroniſms, to the faſhionable novels of his time. In a collection of ſtories, entitled *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleaſure*, 1576, I find the following circumſtances of ignorance and abſurdity. In the ſtory of the Horatii and the Curiatii, the *roaring of cannons* is mentioned. Cephalus and Procris are ſaid to be of the court of Venice; and "*that her father wrought ſo with the duke, that this Cephalus was ſent poſt in ambaſſage to the Turke.*—Eriphile, after the death of her huſband Amphiaraus, (*the Theban prophet,*) calling to mind the affection wherein *Don Infortunio* was drowned towards her," &c. &c. STEEVENS.

4 —*theſe poor pick-axes*—] Meaning her fingers. JOHNSON.

With

With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have ſtrew'd his grave,
And on it ſaid a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and ſigh;
And, leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me[5].

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than maſter thee.—My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettieſt daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, arm him[6].—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he ſhall be interr'd,
As ſoldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, *and* PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
A madneſs, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a deſperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her ſon gone,
So needful for this preſent: It ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a ſharp torture.

Piſ. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will: But, for my miſtreſs,

5 *So pleaſe you* entertain *me.*] i. e. hire me; receive me unto your ſervice. See Vol. I. p. 209, n. 1, and Vol. VII. p. 257, n. 7. MALONE.

6 — *arm him.*—] That is, *Take him up in your arms.* HANMER.

I nothing know where ſhe remains, why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes return. 'Beſeech your highneſs,
Hold me your loyal ſervant.

1. *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally. For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will[7], no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troubleſome;
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon; but our jealouſy [*to* Piſ.
Does yet depend[8].

1. *Lord.* So pleaſe your majeſty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt; with a ſupply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the ſenate ſent.

Cym. Now for the counſel of my ſon, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter[9].

1. *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of[1]: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put thoſe powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;

7 *And* will,—] I think it ſhould be read:
And *be'll*,—. STEEVENS.
There are ſeveral other inſtances of the perſonal pronoun being omitted in theſe plays, beſide the preſent, particularly in *K. Henry VIII.* nor is Shakſpeare the only writer of that age that takes this liberty. MALONE.

8 ——— *our jealouſy*
Does yet depend.] My ſuſpicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewiſe have not acquitted you. We now ſay, the *cauſe* is *depending*. JOHNSON.

9 *I am* amaz'd *with matter.*] i. e. confounded by variety of buſineſs. So, in *King John*:
"I am *amaz'd*, methinks, and loſe my way,
"Among the thorns and dangers of this world." STEEVENS.

1 *Your preparation*, &c.] Your forces are able to *face* ſuch an army as we hear the enemy will bring againſt us. JOHNSON.
See p. 445, n. 3. MALONE.

An

And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Piſ. I heard no letter[2] from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him, Imogen was ſlain: 'Tis ſtrange:
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work:
Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt; not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king[3], or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in ſome boats, that are not ſteer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noiſe is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleaſure, ſir, find we[4] in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Muſt or for Britons ſlay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there ſecure us.

2 *I* heard *no letter*—] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read with Hanmer, *I've had* no letter.— STEEVENS.

Perhaps *letter* here means, not an epiſtle, but the elemental part of a ſyllable. This might have been a phraſe in Shakſpeare's time. We yet ſay—I have not *heard* a *ſyllable* from him. MALONE.

3 — *to the note o' the king*,—] I will ſo diſtinguiſh myſelf, the king ſhall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

4 —*find we*—] Old Copy—*we find*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

To the king's party there's no going: newneſs
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muſter'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd[5]; and ſo extort from us that
Which we have done, whoſe anſwer[6] would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, ſir, a doubt,
In ſuch a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horſes[7] neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires[8], have both their eyes
And ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, beſides, the king
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life[9]; aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſy your cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot ſummer's tanlings, and

5 ——— *a* render

Where we have liv'd;—] An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a juſt repreſentation of the ſuperfluous caution of an old man. JOHNSON.

Render is uſed in a ſimilar ſenſe in *Timon*, Act V.

"And ſends us forth to make their ſorrow'd *render*."
STEEVENS.

So again, in this play:

"My boon is, that this gentleman may *render*,
"Of whom he had this ring." MALONE.

6 — *whoſe anſwer*—] The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten would be *death*, &c. JOHNSON.

7 — the *Roman horſes*—] Old Copy—*their* Roman. This is one of the many corruptions into which the tranſcriber was led by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 — *their* quarter'd *fires*,] Their fires regularly diſpoſed. JOHNSON.

9 *The* certainty *of this hard life*; That is, the certain conſequence of this hard life. MALONE.

The

The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.

Gui. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, ſir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourſelf.
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o'er-grown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.

Arv. By this ſun that ſhines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man die? ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veniſon?
Never beſtrid a horſe, ſave one, that had
A rider like myſelf, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy ſun, to have
The benefit of his bleſt beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bleſs me, ſir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So ſay I; Amen.

Bel. No reaſon I, ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation, ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time ſeems long; their blood thinks ſcorn, [*Aſide.*
Till it fly out, and ſhew them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A field, between the British *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief*[1].

Post. Yea, bloody cloth[2], I'll keep thee; for I wish'd[3]
Thou should'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murder wives much better than themſelves,
For wrying but a little[4]?—O, Piſanio!
Every good ſervant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do juſt ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this[5]: ſo had you ſaved

[1] —*bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Piſanio in the foregoing act determined to ſend. JOHNSON.

[2] *Yea, bloody cloth,* &c.] This is a ſoliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed ſpontaneouſly and inadvertently diſcharges itſelf in words. The ſpeech, throughout all its tenor, if the laſt conceit be excepted, ſeems to iſſue warm from the heart. He firſt condemns his own violence; then tries to diſburden himſelf, by imputing part of the crime to Piſanio; he next ſooths his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an inſtrument of the gods for the happineſs of Imogen. He is now grown reaſonable enough to determine, that having done ſo much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight againſt the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer ſupportable, he will die in a juſt cauſe, and die with the obſcurity of a man who does not think himſelf worthy to be remembered. JOHNSON.

3 *I wiſh'd*—] The old copy reads—*I* am *wiſh'd*. STEEVENS.
The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

4 *For* wrying *but a little?*] This uncommon verb is likewiſe uſed by Stanyhurſt in the third book of his tranſlation of Virgil, 1582:
" —— the mayſters *wrye* the veſſels."
Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:
" —— in her ſinking down, ſhe *wryes*
" The diadem." STEEVENS.

5 —*to put on*—] Is to *incite*, to *inſtigate*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth*:
" —— the powers above
" *Put on* their inſtruments." STEEVENS.

The

The noble Imogen to repent; and ſtruck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each elder worſe[6];
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift[7].
But Imogen is your own: Do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſt to obey[8]!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Againſt my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpoſe: I'll diſrobe me

[6] —*each elder worſe*;] The laſt deed is certainly not the oldeſt, but Shakſpeare calls the *deed* of an *elder* man an *elder deed*. JOHNSON.

I believe our authour muſt anſwer for this inaccuracy, and that he inadvertently conſidered the later evil deed as the elder; having probably ſome general notion in his mind of a quantity of evil, commencing with our firſt parent, and gradually accumulating in proceſs of time by a repetition of crimes. MALONE.

—*each elder worſe*;] i. e. where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldeſt ſinner is the greateſt. You, Gods, permit ſome to proceed in iniquity, and the older ſuch are, the more their crime. TOLLET.

[7] *And make them* dread it, *to the doers' thrift.*] Mr. Theobald reads—make them *dreaded*, i. e. permit them to proceed to the commiſſion of crimes, and thus, while they are formidable to others, gain profit to themſelves. *Dreaded* and *dread it* might have been eaſily confounded. Dr. Johnſon propoſes to read either *deeded* or *trade it*. In *Macbeth*, he obſerves, we have, in another ſenſe, *undeeded*; and in ſupport of his other conjecture, he remarks, that "*trade* and *thrift* correſpond; and that our authour plays with *trade*, as it ſignifies a lucrative vocation or a frequent practice. So Iſabella ſays,

"Thy ſin's not accidental, but a *trade*."

Mr. Steeven's interpretation appears to me inadmiſſible. MALONE.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it* is to make them *perſevere in the commiſſion of dreadful actions*. Dr. Johnſon has obſerved on a paſſage in *Hamlet*, that Pope and Rowe have not refuſed this mode of ſpeaking:—"To *ſinner it* or *ſaint it*,"—and "to *coy it*." STEEVENS.

[8] — *Do your* beſt *wills*,
And make me bleſt to obey!] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our authour to have written,

—— Do your *bleſt* wills,
And make me bleſt to obey. JOHNSON.

Of theſe Italian weeds, and ſuit myſelf
As does a Briton peaſant: ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
Myſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits ſhow.
Gods, put the ſtrength o' the Leonati in me!
To ſhame the guiſe o' the world, I will begin
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter at one ſide, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the* Roman *army; at the other ſide, the* Britiſh *army;* Leonatus Poſthumus *following it, like a poor ſoldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in ſkirmiſh,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heavineſs, and guilt, within my boſom
Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
The princeſs of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl[9],
A very drudge of nature's, have ſubdu'd me,
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

9 — *this* carl,] *Carle* is uſed by our old writers in oppoſition to a *gentleman*. See the poem of *John the Reeve*. PERCY.

Carlot is a word of the ſame ſignification, and occurs in our author's *As you like it*. Again, in an ancient *interlude* or *morality*, printed by Raſtell, without title or date:

" A *carlys* ſonne, brought up of nought."

The thought ſeems to have been imitated in *Philaſter*:

" The gods take part againſt me; could this *boor*
" Have held me thus elſe?" STEEVENS.

A *carl*, ſays Skinner, is a clown, ab. A. S. ceo*l*, ruſticus, colonus. MALONE.

The

The battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter, to his reſcue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, ſtand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.
Gui. Arv. Stand, ſtand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and ſeconds the* Britons: *They reſcue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then, enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thyſelf:
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and a* Britiſh *Lord.*

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?
Poſt. I did:
Though you, it ſeems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Poſt. No blame be to you, ſir; for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought: The king himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute *, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons ſeen, all flying
Through a ſtrait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling

* ——— *the king himſelf*
Of his wings deſtitute,] "The Danes ruſhed forth with ſuch violence upon their adverſaries, that firſt the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was conſtreined to retire and flee back.—HAIE beholding *the king*, with the moſt part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle ward, now *deſtitute of the wings*," &c. Holinſhed. See the next note. MALONE.

Merely

Merely through fear; that the ſtrait paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Poſt. Cloſe by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf[1];
Which gave advantage to an ancient ſoldier,—
An honeſt one, I warrant; who deſerv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads more like to run
The country baſe[2], than to commit ſuch ſlaughter;
With faces fit for maſks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame[3],)
Made good the paſſage; cry'd to thoſe that fled,
Our Britain's *harts die flying, not our men:*
To darkneſs fleet, ſouls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, *and will give you that*
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly; and may ſave,
But to look back in frown: ſtand, ſtand.—Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing,) with this word, *ſtand, ſtand,*

[1] *Cloſe by the battle,* &c.] The ſtopping of the Roman army by three perſons, is an alluſion to the ſtory of the Hays, as related by Holinſhed in his *Hiſtory of Scotland*, p. 155: "There was neere to the place of the battell, a long lane fenſed on the ſides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes.

"Here Haie with his ſonnes ſuppoſing they might beſt ſtaie the flight, placed themſelves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they met fleeing, and ſpared neither friend nor foe; but downe they went all ſuch as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie perſonages cried unto their fellowes to returne backe unto the battell," &c.

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs*, &c. article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this ſubject. MUSGRAVE.

[2] *The country baſe,*—] i. e. A ruſtick game called *priſon-bars*, vulgarly *priſon baſe*. So, in the 30th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or *priſon-baſe*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. 5. c. 8.

"So ran they all as they had been at *bace*." STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 115, n. 5. MALONE.

[3] —*for preſervation cas'd, or* ſhame,)] *Shame* for modeſty. WARBURTON.

Accom-

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleneſs, (which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, ſhame, part, ſpirit renew'd; that ſome, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a ſin in war,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A ſtop i' the chaſer, a retire; anon,
A rout, confuſion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles; ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made[4]: And now our cowards,
(Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need[5];) having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, ſlain before; ſome, dying; ſome, their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty:
Thoſe, that would die or ere reſiſt, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field[6].

Lord. This was ſtrange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder[7] at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhime upon't,

4 — they *victors made:*] The old copy has—*the* victors, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

5 —— became

The life o' the need,)] i. e. that *have become* the life, &c. Shakſpeare ſhould have written *become*, but there is, I believe, no corruption. In his 134th Sonnet, he perhaps again uſes *came* as a participle:

"The ſtatute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
"Thou uſurer, that put'ſt forth all to uſe,
"And ſue a friend, *came* debtor for thy ſake."

Became, however, in the text may be a verb. If this was intended, the parentheſis ſhould be removed. MALONE.

6 —*bugs*—] Terrors. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 373, n. 4. MALONE.

7 *Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made*

Rather to wonder, &c.] Poſthumus firſt bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. JOHNSON.

And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preſerv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, ſir.

Poſt. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhime.

Lord. Farewel; you are angry. [*Exit.*

Poſt. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble miſery!
To be i' the field, and aſk, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have ſav'd their carcaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd[8],
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he ſtruck: Being an ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange, he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For, being now a favourer to the Roman[9],

[8] — *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common ſuperſtition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon anceſtors, and ſo is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this ſuperſtition; which made Eraſmus, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteriſtick, ſay, "Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione ſibi placent." And Prior, in his *Alma*:

"North Britons hence have *ſecond ſight*;
"And *Germans free from gun-ſhot fight*." WARBURTON.

See a note on *Macbeth*, Act V. ſc. ult. So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

Their ſeconds miniſter an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That, on their knightly faith and troth,
No magick *them ſupplied;*
And ſought them that they had no charms
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with ſimple open arms
To have their cauſes tried. STEEVENS.

[9] — *favourer to the* Roman,] The editions before Hanmer's for Roman read Briton; and Dr. Warburton reads Briton ſtill. JOHNSON.

No

No more a Briton, I have reſum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriеſt hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the anſwer be [1]
Britons muſt take: For me, my ranſom's death;
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for Imogen.

Enter two Britiſh *Captains, and Soldiers.*

1. *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his ſons were angels.
2. *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit [2],
That gave the affront with them [3].
1. *Cap.* So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand! Who's there?
Poſt. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2. *Cap.* Lay hands on him; A dog!
A leg of Rome ſhall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his ſervice
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

[1] — *great the* anſwer *be*—] *Anſwer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. JOHNSON.

[2] — *a* ſilly *habit*.] *Silly* is *ſimple* or *ruſtick*. STEEVENS.

So, in the novel by Boccace, on which this play is formed: "The ſervant, who had no great good will to kill her, very eaſily grew pitifull, tooke off her upper garment, and gave her a poore ragged doublet, a *fillie* chapperone," &c. *The Decameron*, 1620. MALONE.

[3] *That gave the* affront *with them*.] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. JOHNSON.

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Alchymiſt*:

"To day thou ſhalt have ingots, and to-morrow
"*Give* lords *the affront*." STEEVENS.

To *affront*, Minſhieu explains thus in his dictionary, 1617: "To come face to face. Vi. *Encounter*." *Affrontare*, Ital. MALONE.

Enter

Enter CYMBELINE, *attended*; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and* Roman *captives. The Captains present* Posthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and two* Gaolers.

1. *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen[4], you have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2. *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt* Gaolers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease:
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all[5].

I know,

4 *You shall not now be stolen,—*] This wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

5 ——— *to satisfy,*
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.] Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech. STEEVENS.

I believe

I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every ſtamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather mine, being yours: And ſo, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel theſe cold bonds[6]. O Imogen!
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence. [*He ſleeps.*

Solemn muſick[7]. *Enter, as in an apparition,* Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Poſthumus, *with muſick before them. Then, after other muſick, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Poſthumus *round, as he lies ſleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-maſter, ſhew
Thy ſpite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates, and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd,
Attending Nature's law.

Whoſe

I believe Poſthumus means to ſay, "ſince for my crimes I have been deprived of my freedom, and ſince life itſelf is ſtill more valuable than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let heaven be appeaſed, how ſmall ſoever the atonement may be." I ſuſpect however that a line has been loſt, after the word *ſatisfy*. If the text be right, *to ſatisfy* means, *by way of ſatisfaction*. MALONE.

[6] —*cold bonds.*] This equivocal uſe of *bonds* is another inſtance of our authour's infelicity in pathetick ſpeeches. JOHNSON.

[7] *Solemn muſick*, &c.] Here follow a *viſion*, a *maſque*, and a *propheſy*, which interrupt the fable without the leaſt neceſſity, and unmeaſurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foiſted in afterwards for mere ſhow, and apparently not of Shakſpeare. POPE.

Every

Whoſe father then (as men report,
Thou orphan's father art,)
Thou ſhould'ſt have been, and ſhielded him
From this earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Poſthumus ript [8],
Came crying 'mongſt his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair,
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.
1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could ſtand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that beſt
Could deem his dignity?

Every reader muſt be of the ſame opinion. The ſubſequent narratives of Poſthumus, which render this maſque, &c. unneceſſary, (or perhaps the ſcenical directions ſupplied by the poet himſelf) ſeem to have excited ſome manager of a theatre to diſgrace the play by the preſent metrical interpolation. Shakſpeare, who has conducted his fifth act with ſuch matchleſs ſkill, could never have deſigned the viſion to be twice deſcribed by Poſthumus, had this contemptible nonſenſe been previouſly delivered on the ſtage. The following paſſage from Dr. Farmer's *Eſſay* will ſhew that it was no unuſual thing for the players to indulge themſelves in making additions equally unjuſtifiable.—"We have a ſufficient inſtance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet, by Naſh, called *Lenten Stuffe, with the Prayſe of the red Herring*, 4to. 1599, where he aſſures us, that in a play of his called *The Iſle of Dogs, foure acts*, without his conſent, or the leaſt gueſs of his drift or ſcope, were ſupplied by the players." STEEVENS.

[8] *That from me was Poſthumus ript,*] Perhaps we ſhould read,
That from *my womb* Poſthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongſt his foes. JOHNSON.

This circumſtance is met with in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607. The play of *Cymbeline* did not appear in print till 1623:

"What would'ſt thou run again into my womb?
"If thou wert there, thou ſhould'ſt be *Poſthumus*,
"And ript out of my ſides," &c. STEEVENS.

Moth.

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' ſeat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one,
Sweet Imogen?
Sici. Why did you ſuffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needleſs jealouſy;
And to become [8] the geck and ſcorn
O' the other's villainy?
2. *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, ſtriking in our country's cauſe,
Fell bravely, and were ſlain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.
1. *Bro.* Like hardiment Poſthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race, thy harſh
And potent injuries:
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion; help!
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
To the ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
Againſt thy deity.
2. *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice fly.

[8] *And to become*—] And permit *Poſthumus* to become the geck, &c. MALONE.

JUPITER *descends*[9] *in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress't;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted[1]. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath

[9] *Jupiter descends*—] It appears from *Acolastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to K. Henry VIII. bl. l. 1540, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state, "Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now a days in stage-plaies, when some *God* or some Saynt is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which seemed to be towardes some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie." The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, "the lyke maner used nowe at our days in stage playes." STEEVENS.

[1] *The more delay'd*, delighted.] *Delighted* is here either used for delighted *in*, or for *delighting*. So, in *Othello*:
"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack—." MALONE.

Was

Was ſulphurous to ſmell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſt fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing[2], and cloys his beak[3],
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be bleſt,
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. [*Ghoſts vaniſh.*

Poſt. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and begot
A father to me: and thou haſt created
A mother, and two brothers: But (O ſcorn!)
Gone! they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born.
And ſo I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I ſwerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve,
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment

[2] Prunes *the immortal wing*,—] A bird is ſaid to *prune* himſelf, when he clears his feathers from ſuperfluities. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I.

"Some, ſitting on the beach, to *prune* their painted breaſts."
STEEVENS.

[3] — cloys *his beak*,] Perhaps we ſhould read,
— *claws* his beak. TYRWHITT.

A *cley* is the ſame with a *claw* in old language. FARMER.

So, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 69:

"And as a catte wold ete fiſhes
"Without wetynge of his *clees*."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Underwoods*:

"— from the ſeize
"Of vulture death, and thoſe relentleſs *cleys*."

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, ſpeaks "of a diſeaſe in cattell betwixt the *clees* of their feete." And in the *Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date, under the article *Pounces*, it is ſaid, "The *cleis* within the fote ye ſhall call aright her pounces." To *claw* their beaks, is an accuſtomed action with hawks and eagles. STEEVENS.

Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our courtiers,
As good as promiſe.

[reads.] *When as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall* Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie[4]. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for ſympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, ſir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, ſir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Poſt. So, if I prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, ſir: But the comfort is, you ſhall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and ſorry that you are paid too

4 *'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff as madmen*
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie.] The meaning, which is too thin to be eaſily caught, I take to be this: *This is a dream or madneſs, or both,—or nothing,—but whether it be a ſpeech without conſciouſneſs,* as in a dream, *or a ſpeech unintelligible,* as in madneſs, be it as it is, *it is like my courſe of life.* We might perhaps read,
Whether *both, or nothing,*—. JOHNSON.

you

much[5]; purſe and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light, the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs[6]: O! of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it ſums up thouſands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor[7] but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge:—Your neck, ſir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Poſt. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, ſir, he that ſleeps feels not the toothach: But a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, ſir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Poſt. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictured: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know; or take upon yourſelf that, which I am ſure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry[8] on your own peril: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to

[5] —*ſorry that you* have paid *too much, and ſorry that you* are paid *too much*;] i. e. ſorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and ſorry that you *are paid*, or *ſubdued*, too much by the liquor. So Falſtaff: "—ſeven of the eleven I *pay'd*." Again, in the fifth ſcene of the fourth act of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*. STEEVENS.

The word has already occurred in this ſenſe, in a former ſcene:

"And though he came our enemy, remember
"He was *paid* for that."

See alſo Vol. V. p. 548, n. 8. MALONE.

[6] —*being* drawn *of heavineſs*:] Drawn is *embowell'd, exenterated*. So in common language a fowl is ſaid to be *drawn*, when its inteſtines are taken out. STEEVENS.

[7] —*debitor and creditor*—] For an *accounting book*. JOHNSON.

[8] —*jump the after-enquiry*—] That is, *venture* at it without thought. So *Macbeth*:

"We'd *jump* the life to come." JOHNSON.

To *jump* is to hazard. So, in the paſſage quoted from *Macbeth* by Dr. Johnſon. Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"To *jump* a body with a dangerous phyſick—." MALONE.

direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news;—I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* Posthumus, *and* Messenger.

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone [9]. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE V[1].

Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,

That

9 — *I never saw one so* prone.] i. e. forward. In this sense the word is used in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:

"Thus lay they in Doncaster, with curtol and serpentine,
"With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorous."

Again, in Sir A. Georges' translation of the sixth book of Lucan:

"—— Thessalian fierie steeds,
"For use of war so *prone* and fit." Steevens.

See Vol. II. p. 17, n. 9. Malone.

1 Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's cor-

That the poor ſoldier, that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms, whoſe naked breaſt
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I never ſaw
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks[2].

Cym. No tidings of him?

Piſ. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.
By whom, I grant, ſhe lives: 'Tis now the time
To aſk of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we are honeſt.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Ariſe my knights o' the battle[3]; I create you

contemporary, Jonſon, point out the concluſion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a leſs degree of dramatick violence than this. In the ſcene before us, all the ſurviving characters are aſſembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be diſcovered on this occaſion to offend the moſt ſcrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to ſatisfy the ſpectator by a cataſtrophe which is intricate without confuſion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

[2] —*one that promis'd nought*
But beggary and poor looks.] To promiſe *nothing but* poor *looks*, may be, to give no promiſe of courageous behaviour. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Richard II.*
" To *look* ſo *poorly*, and to ſpeak ſo fair." STEEVENS.

[3] —*knights o' the battle*;] Thus in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 164, edit. 1615: " Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *knight of the field*." STEEVENS.

Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter CORNELIUS, *and* Ladies.

There's buſineſs in theſe faces: —Why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To four your happineſs, I muſt report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worſe than a phyſician [4]
Would this report become? But I conſider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the doctor too.—How ended ſhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to herſelf. What ſhe confeſs'd,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you: Theſe her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, ſay.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd ſhe never lov'd you; only
Affected greatneſs got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight; whoſe life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, ſir, and worſe. She did confeſs, ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,

4 Whom *worſe than a phyſician*—] Old Copy—*Who*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Should

Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waſte you: In which time ſhe purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhew: and in time, (when
She had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her ſon into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs-deſperate; open'd, in deſpight
Of heaven and men, her purpoſes; repented
The evils ſhe hatch'd were not effected; ſo,
Deſpairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming; it had been vicious,
To have miſtruſted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothſayer, *and other* Roman *priſoners, guarded*; POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'ſt not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit,
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their captives, which ourſelf have granted:
So, think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider, ſir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cold, have threaten'd
Our priſoners with the ſword. But ſince the gods
Will have it thus; that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſom, let it come: ſufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can ſuffer:
Auguſtus lives to think on't: And ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ranſom'd: never maſter had

A page

A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat [5], so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar [6] to me:—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy [7]: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,

[5] *So feat,*—] So ready; so dextrous in waiting. JOHNSON.
See p. 312, n. 6. MALONE.

[6] *His* favour *is familiar*—] I am acquainted with his countenance. JOHNSON.

[7] — *I know not why,* nor *wherefore,*
To *say, live, boy:*] I know not what should induce me to say, live, boy. The word *nor* was inserted by Mr. Rowe. The late editions have given—*I* say, &c. MALONE.

Am

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt him ſo?

Imo. I'll tell you, ſir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, ſir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter: Walk with me; ſpeak freely.
[Cymbeline *and* Imogen *converſe apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One ſand another
Not more reſembles: That ſweet roſy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Gui. The ſame dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! ſee further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am ſure
He would have ſpoke to us.

Gui. But we ſaw him dead.

Bel. Be ſilent; let's ſee further.

Piſ. It is my miſtreſs: [*Aſide.*
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [Cym. *and* Imogen *come forward.*

Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to* Iach.] ſtep you forth;
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatneſs, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood.—On, ſpeak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Poſt. What's that to him? [*Aſide.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours;

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken that
Which, to be ſpoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy

I got

I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didſt baniſh; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler ſir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt ſky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember[8],—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy ſtrength:
I had rather thou ſhoul'dſt live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That ſtruck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The manſion where!) 'twas at a feaſt, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or, at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head!) the good Poſthumus,
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones,) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak: for feature, laming
The ſhrine of Venus, or ſtraight-pight Minerva,
Poſtures beyond brief nature[9]; for condition,

A ſhop

[8] Quail *to remember,*] To *quail* is to ſink into dejection. The word is common to many authors. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "She cannot *quail* me if ſhe come in likeneſs of the great Devil."

STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 146, n. 6. MALONE.

9 ——— *for feature, laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, or ſtraight-pight Minerva,
Poſtures beyond brief nature;] *Feature* for proportion of parts, which Mr. Theobald not underſtanding, would alter to *ſtature.*

——— for feature, laming
The ſhrine of Venus, or ſtraight-pight Minerva,
Poſtures beyond *brief* nature;—

i. e. The ancient ſtatues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*; i. e. of haſty, unelaborate nature, careleſs as to the elegance of form, in reſpect of *art*, which uſes peculiar addreſs to arrive at perfection. He gives the ſame character of the beauty of the antique in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" O'er

A ſhop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; beſides, that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the eye:—
Cym. I ſtand on fire:
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou would'ſt grieve quickly.—This Poſthumus,
(Moſt like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity—there it begins.
He ſpake of her, as Dian* had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made ſcruple of his praiſe; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,

" O'er picturing *that* Venus where we ſee
" *The fancy out-work nature.*"

It appears, from a number of ſuch paſſages as theſe, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. WARBURTON.

I cannot help adding, that paſſages of this kind are but weak proofs that our poet was converſant with what we call at preſent *the fine arts*. The pantheons of his own age (ſeveral of which I have ſeen) afford a moſt minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as Shakſpeare had at leaſt an opportunity of reading Chapman's tranſlation of *Homer*, the firſt part of which was publiſhed in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken theſe ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular obſervation, or acquaintance with ſtatuary and painting. It is ſurely more for his honour to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of ſculpture or mythology, than from his frequent alluſions to them to ſuppoſe he was intimately acquainted with either. STEEVENS.

* — as *Dian*—] i. e. as if Dian. So, in *the Winter's Tale*: "—h utters them *as* he had eaten ballads." See alſo Vol. V. p. 398, n. 8 MALONE

No

No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle[1]
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Poſt I in this deſign: Well may you, ſir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaſte daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Moſt vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes[2]
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon, that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I ſee him now,—

Poſt. Ay, ſo thou doſt, [*coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer[3]! Thou, king, ſend out
For torturers ingenious: it is I

[1] —*a carbuncle*, &c.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"He has deſerv'd it, were it *carbuncled*
"Like *Phœbus'* car."— STEEVENS.

[2] —*averring notes*] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

[3] *Some upright juſticer!*] I meet with this antiquated word in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:
"——— this day,
"Th' eternal *juſticer* ſees through the ſtars."
Again, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:
"No: we muſt have an upright *juſticer*." STEEVENS.

That

That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am Poſthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was ſhe; yea, and ſhe herſelf [4].
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o' the ſtreet to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Poſthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy leſs than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Poſt. Shall's have a play of this? Thou ſcornful page,
There lie thy part. [*ſtriking her: ſhe falls.*

Piſ. O, gentlemen, help
Mine, and your miſtreſs:—O, my lord Poſthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Poſt. How come theſe ſtaggers [5] on me?

Piſ. Wake, my miſtreſs!

Cym. If this be ſo, the gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.

Piſ. How fares my miſtreſs?

Imo. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Piſ. Lady,
The gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter ſtill?

Imo. It poiſon'd me.

4 — *and ſhe herſelf.*] That is, She was not only *the temple of virtue*, but *virtue herſelf.* JOHNSON.

5 — *theſe ſtaggers*—] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horſe's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

Cor. O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt: If Piſanio
Have, ſaid ſhe, given his miſtreſs that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
As I would ſerve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, ſir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no eſteem: I, dreading that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which, being ta'en, would ceaſe
The preſent power of life; but, in ſhort time,
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is ſure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock[6]; and now
Throw me again. [*embracing him.*

Poſt. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my fleſh, my child?

6 *Think, that you are upon a rock;*] In this ſpeech, or in the anſwer, there is little meaning. I ſuppoſe, ſhe would ſay, Conſider ſuch another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me ſee whether you will repeat it. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a ſtage-direction is wanting to clear this paſſage from obſcurity. Imogen firſt upbraids her huſband for the violent treatment ſhe had juſt experienced; then confident of the return of paſſion which ſhe knew muſt ſucceed to the diſcovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to ruſh into his arms, and while ſhe clung about him faſt, to dare him to throw her off a ſecond time, leſt that precipitation ſhould prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they ſtood had been a rock. To which he replies, *hang there*, i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now ſupports you ſhall decay. STEEVENS.

What,

What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard[7] in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?

Imo. Your bleſſing, ſir. [*kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not;
You had a motive for't. [*to* Guiderius *and* Arviragus.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am ſorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely: But her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Piſ. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore,
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe was gone,
It was my inſtant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket; which directed him *
To ſeek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the ſtory:
I ſlew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have ſpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A moſt uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me

[7] —*a* dullard—] In this place means a perſon ſtupidly unconcern'd. So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

"What *dullard!* would'ſt thou doat in ruſty art?" STEEVENS.

* —*which* directed *him*—] Which led or induced him. MALONE.

With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
If it could ſo roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am ſorry for thee[8]:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence.

Bel. Stay, ſir king:
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thyſelf; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever ſcar for.—Let his arms alone; [*to the guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old ſoldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By taſting of our wrath[9]? How of deſcent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he ſpake too far.

Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My ſons, I muſt,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadſt, great king, a ſubject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

[8] *I am* ſorry *for thee:*] The old copy has—I am *ſorrow* for thee. This obvious error of the preſs (which was corrected in the ſecond folio) adds ſupport to Mr. Steevens's emendation of a paſſage in *Much ado about nothing*. See Vol. II. p. 282, n. 1. MALONE.

[9] *By* taſting *of our wrath?*] The conſequence is taken for the whole action; *by taſting* is *by forcing us to make thee taſte.* JOHNSON.

Cym.

Cym. What of him? he is
A baniſh'd traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſumed this age[1]: indeed, a baniſh'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot:
Firſt pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons;
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my ſons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſaucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my ſons;
Then, ſpare not the old father. Mighty ſir,
Theſe two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine;
They are the iſſue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my iſſue?
Bel. So ſure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you ſometime baniſh'd:
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
Itſelf, and all my treaſon[2]; that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle princes
(For ſuch, and ſo they are,) theſe twenty years

[1] Aſſum'd *this age*:] I believe is the ſame as *reach'd* or *attain'd this age*. STEEVENS.

As there is no reaſon to imagine that Belarius had aſſumed the appearance of being older than he really was, I ſuſpect that, inſtead of *age*, we ought to read *gage*; ſo that he may be underſtood to refer to *the engagement*, which he had entered into, a few lines before, in theſe words:

"——We will die all three;
"But I will prove that two of us are as good
"As I have given out him." TYRWHITT.

[2] *Your pleaſure was my* near *offence, my puniſhment*
Itſelf, and all my treaſon;] My crime, my puniſhment, and all the treaſon that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only. Mr. Tyrwhitt, with great probability, conjectured that Shakſpeare wrote—my *mere* offence, which was formerly ſpelt *meere*. The word in the old copy is *neere*. MALONE.

Have I train'd up: thoſe arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, ſir, as
Your highneſs knows. Their nurſe, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children
Upon my baniſhment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treaſon: Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, gracious ſir,
Here are your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world:—
The benediction of theſe covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with ſtars.

Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt[3].
The ſervice, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'ſt: I loſt my children;
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Moſt worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely ſon; he, ſir, was lapp'd
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with eaſe produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that natural ſtamp:
It was wiſe nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

[3] *Thou weep'ſt and ſpeak'ſt.* &c.] "Thy tears give teſtimony to the ſincerity of thy relation; and I have the leſs reaſon to be incredulous, becauſe the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the ſtory which you relate." The king reaſons very juſtly. JOHNSON.

Cym.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bleſt may you be[4],
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou haſt loſt by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never ſay hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter; I you brothers,
When you were ſo indeed[5].

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continued ſo, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.

Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither[7]? Theſe,

4 — may *you be,*] The old copy reads—*pray* you be. STEEVENS.
The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

5 *When* you *were ſo, indeed.*] The folio gives:
When *we* were ſo, indeed.
If this be right, we muſt read:
Imo. I, you brothers.
Arv. When we were ſo, indeed. JOHNSON.
The emendation which has been adopted, was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. Shakſpeare in his licentious manner might have meant,—"when we did really ſtand in the relation of brother and ſiſter to each other." MALONE.

6 — fierce *abridgement*] *Fierce*, is *vehement, rapid.* JOHNSON.
So, in *Timon of Athens:*
"Oh, the *fierce* wretchedneſs that glory brings!" STEEVENS.
See alſo Vol. II. p. 434, n. 5. MALONE.

7 — *and* whither?] Old Copy—*whether.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who likewiſe reformed the pointing. MALONE.

And your three motives to the battle *, with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will ſerve our long intergatories [8]. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counter-change
Is ſeverally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoke the temple with our ſacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.
[*to* Belarius.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save theſe in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.

Imo. My good maſter,
I will yet do you ſervice.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn ſoldier, that ſo nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Poſt. I am, ſir,
The ſoldier that did company theſe three
In poor beſeeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finiſh.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee, [*kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but, your ring firſt;

* *And your* three motives *to the battle,*—] i. e. the motives of you three for engaging in the battle. MASON.

[8] —*our long intergatories.*] The old copy has—*interrogatories.* But the metre, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved, ſhews that Shakſpeare meant the word ſhould be pronounced here as he has written in other places, *intergatories.* See Vol. III. p. 446, n. 5. MALONE.

And here the bracelet of the trueſt princeſs,
That ever ſwore her faith.

Poſt. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to ſpare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, ſir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Poſt. Your ſervant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your ſoothſayer: As I ſlept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews[9]
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it[1]: let him ſhew
His ſkill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [reads.] *When as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive,*

9 — ſprightly *ſhews*—] are ghoſtly appearances. STEEVENS.

1 *Make no* collection *of it:*] A collection is a corollary, a conſequence deduced from premiſes. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on *The Immortality of the Soul:*

"When ſhe, from ſundry arts, one ſkill doth draw;
"Gath'ring from divers ſights, one act of war;
"From many caſes like, one rule of law:
"Theſe her *collections*, not the ſenſes are." STEEVENS.

So, the Queen ſays in *Hamlet:*

"—— her ſpeech is nothing,
"Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
"The hearers to *collection.*"

Whoſe containing means, *the contents of which.* MASON.

be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import ſo much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [*to* Cym.
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this moſt conſtant wife; who, even now,
Anſwering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipp'd about
With this moſt tender air.

Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Perſonates thee: and thy lopt branches point
Thy two ſons forth: who, by Belarius ſtolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majeſtick cedar join'd; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin[2]:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we ſubmit to Cæſar,
And to the Roman empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in juſtice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have lay'd moſt heavy hand[3].

Sooth.

[2] My *peace we will begin*:—] I think it better to read:
By peace we will begin.— JOHNSON.

[3] Whom *heavens, in juſtice, (both on her, and hers,)*
Have lay'd moſt heavy hand.] i. e. have lay'd moſt heavy hand *on*. Thus the old copy, and thus Shakſpeare certainly wrote, many ſuch elliptical expreſſions being found in his works. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
"And dotes on *whom* he looks [*on*], 'gainſt law and duty."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes,
"*Which* after hours give leiſure to repent [*of*]."

Again,

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle[4], at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace[5].

[*Exeunt.*

Again, in the *Winter's Tale:*

" —— even as bad as those,
" That vulgars give boldest titles [*to*]."

Again, *ibidem:*

" —— The queen is spotless
" In that *which* you accuse her [*of*]."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" —— *whoever* the king removes,
" The cardinal instantly will find employment [*for*]."

Again, in *Othello:*

" *What* conjurations and what mighty magick
" I won his daughter [*with*]."

Mr. Pope, instead of the lines in the text, substituted—

On whom heaven's justice (both on her and hers)
Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

and this capricious alteration was adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

4 —this yet *scarce-cold battle,*] Old Copy—*yet this,* &c. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

5 This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity.

congruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the abſurdity of the conduct, the confuſion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impoſſibility of the events in any ſyſtem of life, were to waſte criticiſm upon unreſiſting imbecillity, upon faults too evident for detection, and too groſs for aggravation. JOHNSON.

A book entitled *Weſtward for Smelts, or the Waterman's fare of mad Merry Weſtern Wenches, whoſe Tongues albeit, like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are ſweet, and will much content you: Written by kinde Kitt of Kingſtone*,—was publiſhed at London in 1603; and again, in 1620. To the ſecond tale in that volume Shakſpeare ſeems to have been indebted for two or three of the circumſtances of *Cymbeline*. [See p. 309, n. 1.] It is told by the Fiſhwife of *Stand on the Green*, and is as follows:

"In the troubleſome raigne of king Henry the Sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature moſt beautifull, ſo that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; ſo excellent were the gifts that nature had beſtowed on her. In body was ſhe not onely ſo rare and unparaleled, but alſo in her gifts of minde, ſo that in this creature it ſeemed that Grace and Nature ſtrove who ſhould excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her huſband, thought himſelfe ſo happy in his choiſe, that he believed, in chooſing her, he had tooke holde of that bleſſing which Heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for currant; for in his height of love he began ſo to hate her, that he ſought her death: the cauſe I will tell you.

"Having buſineſſe one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to London: being toward night, he tooke up his inne, and to be briefe, he went to ſupper amongſt other gentlemen. Amongſt other talke at table, one tooke occaſion to ſpeake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, ſo long as they continued loyal to man. To whom anſwered one, ſaying, This is truth, ſir; ſo is the divell good ſo long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodneſs and women's loyaltie will come both in one yeere; but it is ſo farre off, that none in this age ſhall live to ſee it.

"This gentleman loving his wife dearely, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill generall taxation of women, in her behalf, ſaid, Sir, you are too bitter againſt the ſexe of women, and doe ill, for ſome one's ſake that hath proved falſe to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightneſſe; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongſt theſe gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deſerveth:—you know my meaning, ſir; conſtrue my words as you pleaſe. Excuſe me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I anſwere in the behalfe of one who is as free from diſloyaltie as is the ſunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, ſir, ſaid the other, ſince wee are oppoſite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like ſouldiers, which end their

their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you anſwere for, is chaſte, but yet againſt her will; for many women are honeſt, 'cauſe they have not the meanes and opportunitie to be diſhoneſt; ſo is a thief true in priſon, becauſe he hath nothing to ſteale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this ſame ſaint you ſo adore, I would pawne my life and whole eſtate, in a ſhort while to bring you ſome manifeſt token of her diſloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of women's ſlights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abuſed. This ſpeech of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, ſo that with much adoe he held himſelfe from offering violence; but his anger beeing a little over, he ſaid,—Sir, I doe verily beleeve that this vaine ſpeech of yours proceedeth rather from a looſe and ill manner'd minde, than of any experience you have had of women's looſeneſs: and ſince you think yourſelfe ſo cunning in that divelliſh art of corrupting women's chaſtitie, I will lay down heere a hundred pounds, againſt which you ſhall lay fifty pounds, and before theſe gentlemen I promiſe you, if that within a month's ſpace you bring me any token of this gentlewoman's diſloyaltie, (for whoſe ſake I have ſpoken in the behalfe of all women,) I doe freely give you leave to injoy the ſame; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, ſpeake, and I will acquaint you where ſhe dwelleth: and beſides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any ſuch intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the ſame. So the money was delivered in the oaſt of the houſe his hands, and the ſitters by were witneſſes; ſo drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being aſſured of his wife's chaſtitie, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwiſe: for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get ſome jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to perſuade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for hee deſerved no better ſtile) lay at Waltam a whole day before he came to the ſight of her; at laſt he eſpyed her in the fields, to whom he went, and kiſſed her (a thing no modeſt woman can deny); after his ſalutation, he ſaid, Gentlewoman, I pray, pardon me, if I have beene too bold: I was intreated by your huſband, which is at London, (I riding this way) to come and ſee you; by me he hath ſent his commends to you, with a kind intreat that you would not be diſcontented for his long abſence, it being ſerious buſineſs that keepes him from your ſight. The gentlewoman very modeſtlie bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes; withall telling him that her huſband might command her patience ſo long as he pleaſed. Then intreated ſhee him to walke homeward, where ſhe gave him ſuch entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her huſband's friend.

"In the time of his abiding at her houſe, he oft would have ſingled her in private talke, but ſhe perceiving the ſame, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modeſt woman,) would never come in his ſight but at

at meales, and then were there so many at boord, that it was no time for to talke of love-matters: therefore he saw he must accomplish his desire some other way; which he did in this manner. He having laine two nights at her house, and perceiving her to bee free from lustful desires, the third night he fained himselfe to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined: for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to think that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same: therefore he resolved to doe something that night, that might win him the wager, or utterly bring him in despaire of the same. With this resolution he went to her chamber, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himself under the bed. Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who, having been at prayers with her houshold, was going to bed. She preparing herselfe to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore, on a little table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a little crucifix of gold, which dayly she wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fitteſt for his turne, and therefore observed where she did lay the same.

"At length the gentlewoman, having untyred her selfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, tooke the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, listening if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought hee all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noise, going straight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted: all this performed he with so little noise, that neither the mistres nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to her husband, as signe of his wife's disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laid him downe to sleepe: happy had she beene, had his bed proved his grave.

"In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistris the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when she rose, attiring herselfe hastily, ('cause one tarried to speake with her,) missed not her crucifix. So passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; onely she seemed a little discontented that her gheſt went away so unmanerly, she using him so kindely. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, hee asked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came downe to him; who seeing him returned so suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted

ſaluted him, he ſaid in this manner:—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too yong in experience of woman's ſubtilties, and that no woman was longer good than till ſhe had cauſe, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing ſo unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I ſpeake, ſee heere (ſhewing him the crucifix); know you this? If this be not ſufficient proofe, I will fetch you more.

"At the ſight of this, his bloud left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the ſight of this crucifix, which he knew ſhe alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he muſt (as he thought) goe ſomething neere, which ſtole ſo private a jewell. But remembering himſelfe, he cheeres his ſpirits, ſeeing that was ſufficient proofe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded ſhould be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abuſed, who went into his chamber, and being weary of this world, (ſeeing where he had put onely his truſt he was deceived,) he was minded to fall upon his ſword, and ſo end all his miſeries at once: but his better genius perſuaded him contrary, and not ſo, by laying violent hand on himſelfe, to leap into the divel's mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but reſolving no one thing, at laſt he concluded to puniſh her with death, which had deceived his truſt, and himſelfe utterly to forſake his houſe and lands, and follow the fortunes of king Henry. To this intent, he called his man, to whom he ſaid,—George, thou knoweſt I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee than thy other fellowes; and thou haſt often told me that thou diddeſt owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldeſt be ready to render up to doe me good. True, ſir, anſwered his man, I ſaid no more then, than I will now at any time, whenſoever you pleaſe, performe. I believe thee, George, replyed he; but there is no ſuch need: I onely would have thee doe a thing for me, in which is no great danger; yet the profit which thou ſhalt have thereby ſhall amount to my wealth. For the love that thou beareſt to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir, anſwered George, more for your love than any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes many men valiant,) pray tell me what it is? George, ſaid his maſter, this it is; thou muſt goe home, praying thy miſtreſs to meet me halfe the way to London; but having her by the way, in ſome private place kill her: I mean as I ſpeake, kill her, I ſay; this is my command, which thou haſt promiſed to performe; which if thou performeſt not, I vow to kill thee the next time thou comeſt in my ſight. Now for thy reward, it ſhall be this:—Take my ring, and when thou haſt done my command, by virtue of it, doe thou aſſume my place till my returne, at which time thou ſhalt know what my reward is; till then govern my whole eſtate, and for thy miſtreſs' abſence and my own, make what excuſe thou pleaſe; ſo be gone. Well, ſir, ſaid George, ſince it is your will, though unwilling I am to do it, yet I will performe it. So went he his way toward Waltam; and his maſter preſently rid to the court, where hee abode with king Henry, who

who a little before was inlarged by the earle of Warwicke, and placed in the throne againe.

" George being come to Waltam, did his dutie to his miſtris, who wondered to ſee him, and not her huſband, for whom ſhe demanded of George; he anſwered her, that he was at Enfield, and did requeſt her to meet him there. To which ſhee willingly agreed, and preſently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to ſpeake to her in this manner: Miſtris, I pray you tell me, what that wife deſerves, who through ſome lewd behaviour of hers hath made her huſband to neglect his eſtates, and meanes of life, ſeeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the ſhame which her wickedneſſe hath purchaſed him? Why, George, quoth ſhee, haſt thou met with ſome ſuch creature? Be it whomſoever, might I be her judge, I thinke her worthy of death. How thinkeſt thou? 'Faith miſtris, ſaid he, I think ſo too, and am ſo fully perſuaded that her offence deſerves that puniſhment, that I purpoſe to be executioner to ſuch a one myſelfe: Miſtris, you are this woman; you have ſo offended my maſter, (you know beſt, how, yourſelfe,) that he hath left his houſe, vowing never to ſee the ſame till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore thoſe words which you mean to utter, ſpeake them preſently, for I cannot ſtay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of theſe unkinde words (ill deſerved at her hands) ſhe looked as one dead, and uttering aboundance of teares, ſhe at laſt ſpake theſe words: And can it be, that my kindnes and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands than death? It cannot be. I know thou onely tryeſt me, how patiently I would endure ſuch an unjuſt command. I'le tell thee heere, thus with body proſtrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preſervation; thoſe ſhould be my worſt words: for death's fearful viſage ſhewes pleaſant to that ſoule that is innocent. Why then prepare yourſelfe, ſaid George, for by heaven I doe not jeſt. With that ſhe prayed him ſtay, ſaying,—And is it ſo? Then what ſhould I deſire to live, having loſt his favour, (and without offence) whom I ſo dearly loved, and in whoſe ſight my happineſſe did conſiſt? Come, let me die. Yet George, let me have ſo much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in theſe few words to him: Tell him, my death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet no otherwiſe but by a wife's obedience) ever ſince I called him huſband; but that I am guilty of the leaſt fault toward him, I utterly deny; and doe, at this hour of my death, deſire that Heaven would pour down vengeance upon me, if ever I offended him in thought. Intreat him that he would not ſpeake aught that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deſerved none. 'Pray Heaven bleſſe him; I am prepared now, ſtrike pr'ythee home, and kill me and my griefes at once.

" George, ſeeing this, could not with-hold himſelfe from ſhedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his ſword, ſaying,—Miſtris, that I have uſed you ſo roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded ſo by my

my master, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me. But I being perſwaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath than to ſtaine my hands with the bloud of your cleere and ſpotleſſe breſt: yet let me intreat you ſo much, that you would not come in his ſight, leſt in his rage he turne your butcher, but live in ſome diſguiſe, till time have opened the cauſe of his miſtruſt, and ſhewed you guiltleſſe; which, I hope, will not be long.

" To this ſhe willingly granted, being loth to die cauſeleſſe, and thanked him for his kindneſſe; ſo parted they both, having teares in their eyes. George went home, where he ſhewed his maſter's ring, for the government of the houſe till his maſter and miſtris returne, which he ſaid lived a while at London, 'cauſe the time was ſo troubleſome, and that was a place where they were more ſecure than in the country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to his will; amongſt whom hee uſed himſelfe ſo kindely that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (miſtris of the houſe) in ſhort time got man's apparell for her diſguiſe; ſo wandered ſhe up and downe the countrey, for ſhe could get no ſervice, becauſe the time was ſo dangerous that no man knew whom he might truſt: onely ſhe maintained herſelfe with the price of thoſe jewels which ſhe had, all which ſhe ſold. At the laſt, being quite out of money, and having nothing left (which ſhe could well ſpare) to make money of, ſhe reſolved rather to ſtarve than ſo much to debaſe herſelfe to become a beggar. With this reſolution ſhe went to a ſolitary place beſide Yorke, where ſhe lived the ſpace of two dayes on hearbs, and ſuch things as ſhe could there finde.

" In this time it chanced that king Edward, beeing come out of France, and lying thereabout with the ſmall forces hee had, came that way with ſome two or three noblemen, with an intent to diſcover if any ambuſhes were laid to take him at an advantage. He ſeeing there this gentlewoman, whom he ſuppoſed to be a boy, aſked her what ſhe was, and what ſhe made there in that private place? To whom ſhee very wiſely and modeſtly withall, anſwered, that ſhe was a poore boy, whoſe bringing up had bin better than her outward parts then ſhewed, but at that time ſhe was both friendleſſe and comfortleſſe, by reaſon of the late warre. He beeing moved to ſee one ſo well featured as ſhe was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages; to whom ſhe ſhewed herſelfe ſo dutifull and loving, that in ſhort time ſhe had his love above all her fellows. Still followed ſhe the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at laſt (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her huſband.

" After the battell at Barnet, where K. Edward got the beſt, ſhe going up and downe amongſt the ſlaine men, to know whether her huſband, which was on K. Henrie's ſide, was dead or eſcaped, happened to ſee the other who had been her gheſt, lying there for dead. She remembering him, and thinking him to be one whom her huſband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, ſhe cauſed one to helpe her with him to a houſe there-by; where opening his breſt to dreſſe his wounds, ſhe eſpied her crucifix, at ſight of which her heart

was

was joyfull, hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace: for she remembering herselfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her.

On a time, when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke; to whom he said, "Good gentle youth, keep the same; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horrour in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that so long as I see it I shall never be in rest. Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation 'twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectively as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to doe her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her, above all his other pages, most dearly, said, "Edmund, (for so had she named herselfe,) thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge my selfe." She being glad of this, with the king's authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battel of Barnet; she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence; before whom the page asked him how he came by the crucifix. He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denyed the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denyed the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sickneſſe, they proceeded from the lightneſſe of his braine, and were untruthes.

"She seeing this villain's impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know this? Yes, answered hee, but would God I ne're had knowne the owner of it! It was my wife's, a woman virtuous, till this divill (speaking to the other) did corrupt her purity,—who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie.

"With that the king said, Sirra, now are you found to be a knave. Did you not, even now, affirme you bought it? To whom he answered with fearfull countenance, And it like your grace, I said so, to preserve this gentleman's honour, and his wife's, which by my

my telling of the truth would have been much indamaged; for indeed ſhe, being a ſecret friend of mine, gave me this as a teſtimony of her love.

"The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover her ſelfe in that diſguiſe, ſaid, "And it like your majeſty, give mee leave to ſpeake, and you ſhall ſee me make this villain confeſſe how he hath abuſed that good gentleman. The king having given her leave, ſhe ſaid, "Firſt, ſir, you confeſſed before your oaſt and my ſelfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell; then before his majeſtie you affirmed you bought it; ſo denying your former words: Now you have denyed that which you ſo boldly affirmed before, and ſaid it was this gentleman's wife's gift. With his majeſtie's leave I ſay, thou art a villaine, and this is likewiſe falſe." With that ſhe diſcovered her ſelfe to be a woman, ſaying—"Hadſt thou, villaine, ever any ſtrumpet's favour at my hands? Did I, for any ſinfull pleaſure I received from thee, beſtow this on thee? Speake, and if thou have any goodneſs left in thee, ſpeak the truth."

"With that, he being daunted at her ſudden ſight, fell on his knees before the king, beſeeching his grace to be mercifull unto him, for he had wronged that gentlewoman. Therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and him ſelfe, and how he ſtole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes perſuaded her huſband that ſhe was a whore. The king wondered how he durſt, knowing God to be juſt, commit ſo great a villainy; but much more admired he to ſee his page to turn a gentlewoman. But ceaſing to admire, he ſaid—"Sir, (ſpeaking to her huſband,) you did the part of an unwiſe man to lay ſo fooliſh a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is puniſhment inough; but ſeeing it concernes me not, your wife ſhall be your judge." With that *Mrs. Dorrill*, thanking his majeſtie, went to her huſband, ſaying, "Sir, all my anger to you I lay down with this kiſſe." He wondering all this while to ſee this ſtrange and unlooked-for change, wept for joy, deſiring her to tell him how ſhe was preſerved; wherein ſhe ſatisfied him at full. The king was likewiſe glad that he had preſerved this gentlewoman from wilfull famine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner:—That he ſhould reſtore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him; and ſo was to have a yeere's impriſonment. So this gentleman and his wife went, with the king's leave, lovingly home, where they were kindely welcomed by George, to whom for recompence he gave the money which he received: ſo lived they ever after in great content." MALONE.

A SONG, *sung by* Guiderius *and* Arviragus *over* Fidele, *supposed to be dead.*

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

To fair Fidele's *grassy tomb,*
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

2.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

4.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

6.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

KING LEAR.

Perſons Repreſented.

Lear, *King of* Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloſter.
Edgar, *Son to* Gloſter.
Edmund, *Baſtard Son to* Gloſter.
Curan, *a Courtier.*
Old Man, Tenant to Gloſter.
Phyſician.
Fool.
Oſwald, *Steward to* Goneril.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril,
Regan,
Cordelia,
} *Daughters to* Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of ſtate in King Lear's *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo.

[1] The ſtory of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakſpeare ſeems to have been more indebted to the *True Chronicle Hiſtory of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordelli,* 1605, (which I have already publiſhed at the end of a collection of the quarto copies,) than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that ſome play on this ſubject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moſte famous Chronicle Hyſtorie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the ſame title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. See the extracts from theſe Entries at the end of the Prefaces, &c. From *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates,* 1587, Shakſpeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The epiſode of Gloſter and his ſons muſt have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia,* as I have not found the leaſt trace of it in any other work. I have referred to theſe pieces, whenever our author ſeems more immediately to have followed them, in the courſe of my notes on the play. For the firſt *King Lear,* ſee likewiſe *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded,* &c. publiſhed for S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs.

The reader will alſo find the ſtory of *King Lear,* in the ſecond book and the 10th canto of Spenſer's *Faery Queen,* and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England,* 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harſnet's pamphlet to which it contains ſo many references, (as will appear in the notes) was not publiſhed till that year.

STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains,* (p. 306, edit. 1674.) tells a ſimilar ſtory to this of *Leir* or *Lear,* of Ina king of the Weſt Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wiſe Speeches.* PERCY.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom[2], it appears not which of the dukes

The story told by Camden in his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605, is this:

"Ina, king of West Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and so would do during their lives, above all other: the two elder sware deepely they would; the youngest, but the wisest, told her father flatly, without flattery, that albeit she did love, honour, and reverence him, and so would whilst she lived, as much as nature and daughter by dutie at the uttermost could expect, *yet she did think that one day it would come to passe that she should affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when she were married*; who being made one flesh with her, as God by commandement had told, and nature had taught her, she was to cleave fast to, forsaking father and mother, kiffe and kinne. [Anonymous.] One referreth this to the daughters of king Leir."

It is, I think, more probable that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote Cordelia's reply concerning her future marriage, than *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, as Camden's book was published recently before he appears to have composed this play, and that portion of it which is entitled *Wise Speeches*, where the foregoing passage is found, furnished him with a hint in *Coriolanus*.

The story of King Leir and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed transcribed it; and in his Chronicle Shakspeare had certainly read it, as it occurs not far from that of *Cymbeline*; though the old play on the same subject probably *first* suggested to him the idea of making it the ground-work of a tragedy.

Geoffrey of Monmouth says, that Leir, who was the eldest son of Bladud, "nobly governed his country for sixty years." According to that historian, he died about 800 years before the birth of Christ.

The name of Leir's youngest daughter, which in Geoffrey's history, in Holinshed, *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, and the old anonymous play, is *Cordeilla, Cordila*, or *Cordelia*, Shakspeare found softened into *Cordelia* by Spenser in his Second Book, Canto X. The names of Edgar and Edmund were probably suggested by Holinshed. See his *Chronicle*, Vol. I. p. 122: "*Edgar*, the son of *Edmund*, brother of Athelstane," &c.

This tragedy, I believe, was written in 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

As the episode of Gloster and his sons is undoubtedly formed on the story of the blind king of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*, I shall subjoin it, at the end of the play. MALONE.

[2] —*in the division of the kingdom*,] There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster

dukes he values moſt; for equalities are ſo weigh'd [3], that curioſity in neither [4] can make choice of either's moiety [5].

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, ſir, hath been at my charge: I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon ſhe grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, ſir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper *.

Glo. But I have, ſir, a ſon by order of law, ſome year elder than this [6], who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came ſomewhat ſaucily into the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother fair; there

Gloſter only were privy to his deſign, which he ſtill kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as ſubſequent reaſons ſhould determine him. JOHNSON.

3 —*equalities*,] So, the firſt quartos; the folio reads—*qualities*. JOHNSON.

Either may ſerve; but of the former I find an inſtance in the *Flower of Friendſhip*, 1568: "After this match made, and *equalities* conſidered," &c. STEEVENS.

4 —*that* curioſity *in neither*—] *Curioſity* is ſcrupulouſneſs, or captiouſneſs. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, Act IV. ſc. iv.

"For *curious* I cannot be with you." STEEVENS.

See p. 106, n. 4, and p. 505, n. 6. MALONE.

5 —*of either's* moiety.] The ſtrict ſenſe of the word *moiety* is *half, one of two equal parts*; but Shakſpeare commonly uſes it for *any part* or *diviſion*.

"Methinks my *moiety* north from Burton here,
"In quantity equals not one of yours:"

and here the *diviſion* was into *three* parts. STEEVENS.

Heywood likewiſe uſes the word *moiety* as ſynonymous to *any part* or *portion*. "I would unwillingly part with the *greateſt moiety* of my own means and fortunes." *Hiſt. of Women*, 1624. See alſo Vol. V. p. 195, n. 1. MALONE.

* —*being ſo* proper.] i. e. handſome. See Vol. III. p. 14, n. 7. MALONE.

6 —*ſome* year *elder than this*,] Some *year*, is an expreſſion uſed when we ſpeak *indefinitely*. STEEVENS.

was good ſport at his making, and the whoreſon muſt be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My ſervices to your lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſerving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again:—The king is coming. [*Trumpets ſound within.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloſter.

Glo. I ſhall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Lear. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe[7]. The map there[8].—Know, that we have divided, In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our faſt intent[9] To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our age[1]; Conferring them on younger ſtrengths[2], while we[3] Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our ſon of Cornwall, And you, our no leſs loving ſon of Albany,

[7] —*expreſs our* darker *purpoſe.*] *Darker*, for more ſecret; not for indirect, oblique. WARBURTON.

This word may admit a further explication. *We ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe:* that is, we have already made known in ſome meaſure our deſign of parting the kingdom; we will now diſcover what has not been told before, the reaſons by which we ſhall regulate the partition. This interpretation will juſtify or palliate the exordial dialogue. JOHNSON.

[8] *The map there.*] So the quartos. The folio reads—*Give me* the map there. MALONE.

[9] —*and 'tis our* faſt *intent*—] *Faſt* is the reading of the firſt folio, and, I think, the true reading. JOHNSON.

Our *faſt intent* is our determined reſolution. The quartos have—our *firſt* intent. MALONE.

[1] —*from our age*;] The quartos read—*of our ſtate.* STEEVENS.

[2] Conferring *them on younger* ſtrengths,] is the reading of the folio; the quartos read—*Confirming* them on younger *years.* STEEVENS.

[3] —*while we*, &c.] From *while we*, down to *prevented now*, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

We

We have this hour a constant will [4] to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now [5] we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it [6].—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life [7], with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As

4 —constant *will*—] seems a confirmation of *fast* intent. JOHNS. *Constant* is *firm, determined. Constant will* is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The same epithet is used with the same meaning in the *Merchant of Venice:*

" ——— else nothing in the world
" Could turn so much the constitution
" Of any *constant* man." STEEVENS.

5 *Since now*, &c.] These two lines are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

6 *Where merit doth most challenge it.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads less intelligibly:

Where nature doth with merit challenge. MALONE.

7 Gon. *Sir, I*
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,—

No less than life,] So, in Holinshed: " —he first asked Gonorilla the eldest, how well she loved him; who calling hir gods to record, protested that *she loved him more than her own life*, which by right and reason should be most deere unto hir. With which answer the father being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of hir how well she loved him; who answered (confirming hir saieings with great othes,) that she loved him more than toong could expresse, and farre above all other creatures of the world.

Then called he his youngest daughter Cordeilla before him, and asked hir, what account she made of him; unto whom she made this answer

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable;
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you[8].

Cor. What ſhall Cordelia do[9]? Love, and be ſilent.
[*Aſide.*

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, even from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champains rich'd[1],
With plenteous rivers and wide-ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's iſſue
Be this perpetual.—What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak[2].

Reg. I am made of that ſelf metal as my ſiſter[3],
And prize me at her worth[4]. In my true heart
I find, ſhe names my very deed of love;

anſwer as followeth: Knowing the great love and fatherlie zeale that you have alwaies born towards me, (for the which I maie not anſwere you otherwiſe than I thinke and as my conſcience leadeth me,) I proteſt unto you that I have loved you ever, and will continnuallie (while I live) love you as my natural father. And if you would more underſtand of the love I bear you, aſcertain your ſelfe, that ſo much as you have ſo much you are worth, and ſo much I love you, and no more."
MALONE.

[8] *Beyond all manner of ſo much*—] Beyond all aſſignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot ſay it is *ſo much*, for how much ſoever I ſhould name, it would yet be more. JOHNSON.

[9] —*do?*] So the quarto; the folio has *ſpeak*. JOHNSON.

[1] —*and with champains* rich'd,
With plenteous rivers—] Theſe words are omitted in the quartos. To *rich* is an obſolete verb. It is uſed by Tho. Drant in his tranſlation of Horace's *Epiſtles*, 1567:
"To *ritch* his country, let his words lyke flowing water fall."
STEEVENS.

[2] —*Speak.*] Thus the quartos. This word is not in the folio.
MALONE.

[3] *I am made*, &c.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *Sir*, I am made of *the ſelf-ſame* metal *that my ſiſter is*. STEEVENS.

[4] *And* prize *me at her worth.*] I believe this paſſage ſhould rather be pointed thus:
And prize me at her worth, in my true heart
I find, ſhe names, &c.
That is, *And* ſo may you *prize me at her worth*, as *in my true heart I find*, that *ſhe names*, &c. TYRWHITT.

Only

Only she comes too short,—that I profess [5]
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses [6];
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer [7] than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity [8], and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd [9] on Goneril.—Now, our joy [1],

5 *Only she comes too short,—that I profess*, &c.] Only she falls short of my affection to you, *in that*, i. e. *inasmuch as*, I profess myself, &c. Thus the folio. The quartos read:

Only she *came short*, that I profess, &c.

Dr. Johnson is of opinion that the construction is, "I find *that* she names my deed of love; *I find* that I profess," &c.

Since I wrote the above, I have found that the passage struck Mr. Mason in the same light as it did me. Malone.

6 *Which the most precious* square *of sense possesses*;] Perhaps *square* means only *compass*, *comprehension*. Johnson.

So, in a *Paræneses to the Prince*, by lord Sterline, 1604:

"The *square* of reason, and the mind's clear eye." Steevens.

I believe that Shakspeare uses *square* for the full complement of all the senses. Edwards.

7 *More* richer—] Thus the quartos. The folio has—More *ponderous*. Malone.

8 *No less in space*, validity,—] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title. Warburton.

So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607: "The countenance of your friend is of less value than his councel, yet both of very small *validity*." Steevens.

9 —*confirm'd*—] The folio reads, *conferr'd*. Steevens.

1 —*Now, our joy*,] Here the true reading is picked out of two copies. Butter's quarto reads:

——*But* now our joy,
Although the last, not least in our dear love,
What can you say to win a third, &c.

The folio:

—— Now our joy,
Although our last, *and* least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be int'ress'd. *What can you say*, &c. Johnson.

Although

Although the laſt, not leaſt [2]; to whoſe young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be intereſs'd [3]; what can you ſay, to draw [4]
A third more opulent than your ſiſters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing [5]?

Cor. Nothing [5].

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: ſpeak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majeſty
According to my bond; nor more, nor leſs.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia [6]? mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return thoſe duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay,
They love you, all? Haply, when I ſhall wed [7],
That

[2] *Although the laſt, not leaſt*, &c.] So, in the old anonymous play, King Leir ſpeaking to Mumford:

" —— to thee laſt of all;
" Not greeted laſt, 'cauſe thy deſert was ſmall. STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, written before 1593:

" The *third* and *laſt*, not *leaſt*, in our account." MALONE.

[3] *Strive to be* intereſs'd;] So, in the Preface to Drayton's *Polyolbion*: " —there is ſcarce any of the nobilitie, or gentry of this land, but he is ſome way or other by blood *intereſſed* therein."

To *intereſt* and to *intereſſe*, are not, perhaps, different ſpellings of the ſame verb, but are two diſtinct words though of the ſame import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *intereſſer*. STEEVENS.

[4] —*to* draw —] The quarto reads—what can you ſay, *to win*. STEEVENS.

[5] Theſe two ſpeeches are wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[6] *How, how*, Cordelia?] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*Go to, go to*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*Haply, when I ſhall wed*, &c.] So, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1587, Cordila ſays:

" —Nature ſo doth bind and me compell
" To love you as I ought, my father, well;

" Yet

That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all[8].

Lear. But goes this with thy heart[9]?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender[1]?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate[2], and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,

"Yet shortly I may chance, if fortune will,
"To find in heart to bear another more good will:
"Thus much I said of nuptial loves that meant." STEEVENS.

See also the quotation from Camden's *Remaines*, near the end of the first note on this play. MALONE.

[8] *To love my father all.*] These words are restored from the first edition, without which the sense was not complete. POPE.

9 *But goes this with thy heart?*] Thus the quartos, and thus I have no doubt Shakspeare wrote, this kind of inversion occurring often in his plays, and in the contemporary writers. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"—and make your house our Tower."

Again, in *the Merchant of Venice:*

"——That many may be meant
"By the fool multitude."

See the note on the latter passage in the APPENDIX.

The editor of the folio, not understanding this kind of phraseology, substituted the more common form—But goes *thy heart with this?* as in the next line he reads, Ay, *my good* lord, instead of—Ay, *good my lord*, the reading of the quartos, and the constant language of Shakspeare. MALONE.

[1] *So young, and so untender?*] So, in Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Ah me, quoth Venus, *young, and so unkind?* MALONE.

2 *The* mysteries *of Hecate,*] The quartos have *mistres*, the folio—*miseries*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio, who likewise substituted *operations* in the next line for *operation*, the reading of the original copies. MALONE.

And

And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever[3]. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation[4] meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my ſometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her moſt[5], and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery.—Hence, and avoid my ſight!—
[*To* Cordelia[6].
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who ſtirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digeſt this third:
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majeſty. Ourſelf, by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we ſtill retain[7]
The name, and all the additions to a king[8];

3 *Hold thee, from this,*—] i. e. from this time. STEEVENS.

4 —*his generation*—] i. e. his children. MALONE.

5 *I lov'd her moſt,*] So Holinſhed:—"which daughters he greatly loved, but eſpecially Cordeilla, the youngeſt, farre above the two elder." MALONE.

6 *To* Cordelia.] Rather, as the author of the *Reviſal* obſerves, *to Kent.* For in the next words Lear ſends for France and Burgundy to offer Cordelia without a dowry. STEEVENS.

Surely ſuch quick tranſitions or inconſiſtencies, which ever they are called, are perfectly ſuited to Lear's character. I have no doubt that the direction now given is right. Kent has hitherto ſaid nothing that could extort even from the cholerick king ſo harſh a ſentence, having only interpoſed in the mildeſt manner; "*Good my liege,*"—. Afterwards indeed, when he remonſtrates with more freedom, and calls Lear a madman, the king exclaims—"Out of my ſight!" MALONE.

7 *Only we* ſtill *retain*] Thus the quarto. Folio: we *ſhall* retain. MALONE.

8 —*all the* additions *to a king*;] All the titles belonging to a king. See p. 208, n. 8. MALONE.

The

The ſway, revenue, execution of the reſt[2],
Beloved ſons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*giving the crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'ſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou, that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak[1],
When power to flattery bows? To plainneſs honour's
bound,
When majeſty ſtoops to folly. Reverſe thy doom;
And, in thy beſt conſideration, check
This hideous raſhneſs: anſwer my life my judgment,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;

2 —*execution of the reſt,*] The *execution of the reſt* is, I ſuppoſe, *all the other buſineſs.* JOHNSON.

1 *Think'ſt thou, that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,*] I have given this paſſage according to the old folio, from which the modern editions have ſilently departed, for the ſake of better numbers, with a degree of inſincerity, which, if not ſometimes detected and cenſured, muſt impair the credit of ancient books. One of the editors, and perhaps only one, knew how much miſchief may be done by ſuch clandeſtine alterations. The quarto agrees with the folio, except that for *reſerve thy ſtate,* it gives, *reverſe thy doom,* and has *ſtoops,* inſtead of *falls to folly.* The meaning of *anſwer my life my judgment,* is, *Let my life be anſwerable for my judgment,* or, *I will ſtake my life on my opinion.*— The reading which, without any right, has poſſeſſed all the modern copies is this:

—— to plainneſs honour
Is bound, when majeſty to folly falls.
Reſerve thy ſtate; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs; with my life I anſwer,
Thy youngeſt daughter, &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverſe thy doom* was Shakſpeare's firſt reading, as more appoſite to the preſent occaſion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reſerve thy ſtate,* which conduces more to the progreſs of the action. JOHNSON.

I have followed the quartos. *Reſerve* was formerly uſed for *preſerve.* So, in our poet's 52d Sonnet:

"*Reſerve* them for my love, not for their rhymes." MALONE.

Nor are thoſe empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs[2].

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thine enemies[3]: nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my ſight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye[4].

Lear. Now, by Apollo*,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vaſſal! miſcreant! [*laying his hand on his ſword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear ſir, forbear[5].

Kent. Do; kill thy phyſician, and the fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe. Revoke thy gift[6];
Or, whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou doſt evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,

[2] *Reverbs*—] This is perhaps a word of the poet's own making, meaning the ſame as *reverberates*. STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *a pawn*

To wage againſt *thine enemies*;] i. e. I never regarded my life, as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the poſſeſſion, not the property; and which was entruſted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in *waging* war againſt your enemies.

To *wage againſt* is an expreſſion uſed in a letter from Guil. Webbe to Robt. Wilmot, prefixed to *Tancred and Guiſmund*, 1592: "—you ſhall not be able to *wage againſt* me in the charges growing upon this action." STEEVENS.

[4] *The true* blank *of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the *white* or exact mark at which the arrow is ſhot. *See better*, ſays Kent, *and keep me always in your view.* JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 348, n. 5. MALONE.

* —*by* Apollo,—] Bladud, Lear's father, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, attempting to fly, fell on *the temple of Apollo*, and was killed. This circumſtance our authour muſt have noticed, both in Holinſhed's *Chronicle* and *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*. MALONE.

[5] *Dear ſir, forbear.*] This ſpeech is omitted in the quarto. STEEV.

[6] —*thy* gift.] The quartos read—thy *doom*. STEEVENS.

(Which

(Which we durſt never yet,) and, with ſtrain'd pride[7],
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power[8];
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good[9], take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for proviſion
To ſhield thee from diſeaſes of the world[1];
And, on the ſixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſh'd trunk be found in our dominions,

7 —*ſtrain'd pride,*] The oldeſt copy reads—*ſtrayed* pride; that is, *pride exorbitant*; pride paſſing due bounds. JOHNSON.

8 *To come betwixt our ſentence and our* power;] i. e. as Mr. Edwards obſerves, *our power to execute that ſentence.* STEEVENS.

9 *Our potency* made *good*, &c.] Thus Butter's quarto, of which the firſt Signature is B, and the folio. The other quarto, printed in the ſame year, has—*make* good. The meaning, I think, is, As a proof that I am not a mere threatner, that I have power as well as will to puniſh, take the due reward of thy demerits; hear thy ſentence. The words *our potency made good* are in the abſolute caſe. I ſhall however ſubjoin Dr. Johnſon's interpretation. MALONE.

As thou haſt come with unreaſonable pride between the ſentence *which I had paſſed, and the* power *by which I ſhall execute it*, take thy reward *in another ſentence which ſhall* make good, *ſhall eſtabliſh, ſhall maintain*, that power.

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good*, relates only to *our place.*—Which our nature cannot bear, nor our *place*, without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is eaſy and clear.—Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very juſt obſervation of life, made to entangle himſelf with vows, upon any ſudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability. JOHNSON.

1 *To ſhield thee from* diſeaſes *of the world*;] Thus the quartos. The folio has *diſaſters*. The alteration, I believe, was made by the editor, in conſequence of his not knowing the meaning of the original word. *Diſeaſes*, in old language, meant the ſlighter inconveniencies, troubles, or diſtreſſes of the world. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. Vol. VI. p. 47:

"And in that eaſe I'll tell thee my *diſeaſe.*"

Again, in *A Woman kill'd with kindneſs*, by T. Heywood, 1617:

"Fie, fie, that for my private buſineſſe
"I ſhould *diſeaſe* a friend, and be a trouble
"To the whole houſe."

The proviſion that Kent could make in five days, might in ſome meaſure guard him againſt the *diſeaſes* of the world, but could not ſhield him from its *diſaſters*. MALONE.

The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter[2],
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence[3], and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter[4] take thee, maid,
[*to* Cordelia.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said[5]!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*to* Regan *and* Goneril.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course[6] in a country new. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER; *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love[7]?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,

2 —*By Jupiter,*] Shakspeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he had Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON.

3 Freedom *lives hence,*—] So the folio: the quartos concur in reading—*Friendship* lives hence. STEEVENS.

4 —*dear shelter*—] The quartos read—*protection.* STEEVENS.

5 *That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!*—] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

That *rightly* thinks, and hast most *justly* said. MALONE.

6 *He'll shape his old course*—] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles. JOHNSON.

7 —*quest of love.*] *Quest of love* is *amorous expedition.* The term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phrase is often to be met with in the *Faëry Queen.* STEEVENS.

When

When she was dear to us, we did hold her so[8];
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming[9] substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmites she owes[1],
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions[2].

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*to* France.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,

[8] —*we did hold her so*;] We esteemed her worthy of that dowry, which, as you say, we promised to give her. MALONE.

[9] —*seeming*—] is *beautiful*. JOHNSON.

Seeing rather means *specious*. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "—pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so *seeming* mistress Page." Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"——hence shall we see,
"If power change purpose, what our *seemers* be." STEEVENS.

[1] —*owes*,] i. e. is possessed of. STEEVENS.

[2] *Election* makes not up *on such conditions*.] To *make up* signifies to complete, to conclude; as, *they made up the bargain*; but in this sense it has, I think, always the subject noun after it. To *make up*, in familiar language, is neutrally, *to come forward*, to *make advances*, which, I think, is meant here. JOHNSON.

Election makes not up, I conceive, means, *Election comes not to a decision*; in the same sense as when we say, "I have *made up* my mind on that subject." MALONE.

The argument of your praiſe, balm of your age,
Moſt beſt, moſt deareſt[3], ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it[4], or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint[5]: which to believe of her,

Muſt

3 *Moſt beſt, moſt deareſt,*] Thus the quartos. We have juſt had *more worthier*, and in a preceding paſſage *more richer*. The ſame phraſeology is found often in theſe plays and in the contemporary writings. The folio reads—*The* beſt, *the* deareſt. MALONE.

4 —ſuch *unnatural degree*,
That *monſters it*,] This was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"But with *ſuch* words *that* are but rooted in
"Your tongue."

Again, *ibidem*:

"——No, not with *ſuch* friends,
"*That* thought them ſure of you."

Three of the modern editors, however, in the paſſage before us, have ſubſtituted *As* for *That*. MALONE.

That monſters *it*,] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"To hear my nothings *monſter'd*." STEEVENS.

5 —*or* your fore-*vouch'd affection*
Fall'n *into taint*:] The reading is here formed out of two copies. The quartos read:

——or *you*, *for* vouch'd *affections*
Fall'n into taint.

The folio:

—or *your fore*-vouch'd *affection*
Fall into taint.

The meaning of the paſſage as now printed is, I think, Either her offence *muſt be* monſtrous, or, if ſhe has not committed any ſuch offence, the affection which you always profeſſed to have for her *muſt be tainted* and *deceived*, and is now without reaſon alienated from her.

I once thought the reading of the quartos right,—or *you*, *for* vouch'd affections, &c. i. e. on account of the extravagant profeſſions made by her ſiſters: but I did not recollect that France had not heard theſe. However, Shakſpeare might himſelf have forgot this circumſtance. The plural *affections* favours this interpretation.

Dr. Johnſon thinks that the words, *you, for vouch'd affection*, fall *into taint*, mean, "you muſt fall into reproach, diſgrace or cenſure, in conſequence of *having profeſſed an affection which you did not feel*."

The

Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your majeſty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art[6],
To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I well intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A ſtill-ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadſt not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What ſay you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with reſpects[7], that ſtand
Aloof from the entire point[8]. Will you have her?
She is herſelf a dowry[9].

The more obvious interpretation already given, appears to me to be ſupported by our authour's words in another place:

"When *love* begins to ſicken and *decay*," &c.

Or in old language ſignifying *before*, Dr. Johnſon thought the meaning in the folio might poſſibly be, *Sure her crime muſt be monſtrous* before *your affection* can be affected with hatred. MALONE.

[6] *If* for *I want*, &c.] If this be my offence, that I want the glib and oily art, &c. MALONE.

[7] —*with* reſpects—] i. e. with cautious and prudential conſiderations. See Vol X. p. 102, n. 3.

Thus the quartos. The folio has—*regards*. MALONE.

[8] —*from the entire point.*] Single, unmixed with other conſiderations. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is right. The meaning of the paſſage is, that his love wants ſomething to mark its ſincerity;

"Who ſeeks for aught in love but love alone?" STEEVENS.

[9] *She is herſelf* a dowry.] The quartos read:

She is herſelf *and dower*. STEEVENS.

Bur. Royal Lear [1],
Give but that portion which yourſelf propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dutcheſs of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have ſworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am ſorry then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt Cordelia, that art moſt rich, being poor;
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect.—
Thy dowerleſs daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'riſh Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewel, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find [2].

Lear. Thou haſt her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, *and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewel to your ſiſters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;

[1] *Royal* Lear,] So, the quarto: the folio has—*Royal* king. STEEVENS.

[2] *Thou loſeſt* here, &c.] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns. Thou loſeſt this reſidence to find a better reſidence in another place. JOHNSON.

And,

And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Uſe well our father[3]:
To your profeſſed boſoms[4] I commit him:
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewel to you both.

Gon. Preſcribe not us our duties[5].

Reg. Let your ſtudy
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms: You have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted[6].

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning[7] hides;

3 — Uſe *well our father:*] So the quartos. The folio reads— *Love* well. MALONE.

4 *To your* profeſſed *boſoms* —] Thus the ancient copies. The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read *profeſſing*, and ſo we ſhould certainly now write. MALONE.

Shakſpeare often uſes one participle for the other;—*longing* for *longed* in the *Gentlemen of Verona*, and *all-obeying* for *all-obeyed* in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

5 Preſcribe *not* us *our duties.*] *Preſcribe* was uſed formerly without *to* ſubjoined. So, in Maſſinger's *Picture*:

" — Shall I *preſcribe you*,
" Or blame your fondneſs."' MALONE.

6 *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] You are well deſerving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in the third part of *King Henry VI.* Act IV. ſc. i: " Though I *want* a kingdom," i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 137: "Anſelm was expelled the realm, and *wanted* the whole profits of his biſhoprick," i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c. TOLLET.

Thus the folio. In the quartos the tranſcriber or compoſitor inadvertently repeated the word *worth*. They read:

And well are worth the *worth* that you have wanted. MALONE.

7 — *plaited cunning* —] i. e. *complicated*, *involved* cunning. JOHNS.

I once thought that the authour wrote *plated*:—cunning *ſuperinduced*, thinly ſpread over. So, in this play:

" ——— *Plate* ſin with gold,
" And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks."

But the word *unfold*, and the following lines in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*, ſhew, that *plaited*, or (as the quartos have it) *pleated*, is the true reading:

" For that he colour'd with his high eſtate,
" Hiding baſe ſin in *pleats* of majeſty." MALONE.

Who cover faults[8], at last shame them derides,
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE, *and* CORDELIA.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition[9], but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit[1] together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

[8] *Who cover faults*, &c.] The quartos read,
Who *covers* faults, at last *shame them* derides.
This I have replaced. The former editors read with the folio:
Who *covers* faults at last *with shame* derides. STEEVENS.
In this passage Cordelia is made to allude to a passage in scripture.—Prov. xxviii. 13. "He that *covereth* his sins, shall not *prosper*; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy." HENLEY.

[9] —*of long engrafted* condition,] i. e. of *qualities* of mind, confirmed by long habit. So, in *Othello*: "—a woman of so gentle a *condition!*" See also Vol. V. p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

[1] —*let us* hit—] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us* fit. JOHNSON.

[2] —*let us* hit—] i. e. agree. STEEVENS.

Reg.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.
Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i' the heat[3].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddeſs[4]; to thy law
My ſervices are bound: Wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom[5]; and permit
The curioſity of nations[6] to deprive me[7],

For

[3] —*i' the beat.*] i. e. We muſt *ſtrike while the iron's hot.* STEEV.

[4] *Thou, nature, art my goddeſs;*] Edmund only ſpeaks of *nature* in oppoſition to *cuſtom*, and not (as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes) to the exiſtence of a *God.* Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *cuſtom* or *law* had preſcribed, ſo he had nothing to do but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldeſt and the youngeſt.

To contradict Dr. Warburton's aſſertion yet more ſtrongly, Edmund concludes this very ſpeech by an invocation to heaven:

"Now, *gods*, ſtand up for baſtards!" STEEVENS.

Edmund calls *nature* his goddeſs, for the ſame reaſon that we call a baſtard a *natural* ſon: one, who according to the law of nature, is the child of his father, but according to thoſe of civil ſociety is *nullius filius.* MASON.

[5] *Stand in the* plague *of cuſtom*;—] The meaning is plain, though oddly expreſſed. Wherefore ſhould I acquieſce, ſubmit tamely to the plagues and injuſtice of cuſtom?

Shakſpeare ſeems to mean by the *plague of cuſtom*, Wherefore ſhould I remain in a ſituation where I ſhall be plagued and tormented only in conſequence of the contempt with which cuſtom regards thoſe who are not the iſſue of a lawful bed? STEEVENS.

[6] *The* curioſity *of nations*—] *Curioſity*, in the time of Shakſpeare, was a word that ſignified *an over-nice ſcrupulouſneſs* in manners, dreſs, &c. In this ſenſe it is uſed in *Timon*: "When thou waſt (ſays Apemantus) in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much *curioſity.*" Barrett in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets it, *piked diligence: ſomething too curious, or too much affectated:* and again in this play of *King Lear*, Shakſpeare ſeems to uſe it in the ſame ſenſe: "—which I have rather blamed as my own jealous *curioſity.*" STEEVENS.

Curioſity is uſed before in the preſent play, in this ſenſe: "For *equalities*

For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moon-ſhines
Lag of a brother[8] ? Why baſtard ? wherefore baſe ?
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt madam's iſſue ? Why brand they us
With baſe ? with baſeneſs ? baſtardy ? baſe, baſe ?
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature[9], take
More compoſition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,

equalities are ſo weighed, that *curioſity* in neither can make choice of either's moiety." Again, in *All's Well that ends well :*

" Frank nature, rather *curious* than in haſte,
" Hath well compos'd thee."

In THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY, *or Interpreter of hard Words*, by H. Cockeram, 8vo. 1655, *Curioſity* is defined—" More diligence than needs." MALONE.

By " the *curioſity* of nations" Edmund means the *nicety*, the *ſtrictneſs* of civil inſtitutions. So, when Hamlet is about to prove that the duſt of Alexander might be employed to ſtop a bung-hole, Horatio ſays, " that were to conſider the matter too *curiouſly*." MASON.

7 —*to* deprive *me*,] To *deprive* was, in our author's time, ſynonymous to *diſinherit*. The old dictionary renders *exhæredo* by this word : and Holinſhed ſpeaks of *the line of Henry before* deprived. Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book III. ch. xvi.

" To you, if whom ye have *depriv'd* ye ſhall reſtore again."
STEEVENS.

8 *Lag of a brother ?*] Edmund inveighs againſt the tyranny of cuſtom, in two inſtances, with reſpect to younger brothers, and to baſtards. In the former he muſt not be underſtood to mean himſelf, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is ſaid, *Wherefore ſhould I or any man.* HANMER.

9 *Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature*, &c.] How much the lines following this, are in character, may be ſeen by that monſtrous wiſh of Vanini, the Italian atheiſt, in his tract *De admirandis Naturæ*, &c. printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died. *O utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum eſſem procreatus ! Ita enim progenitores mei* in venerem incaluiſſent ardentiùs, *ac* cumulatim affatimque generoſa femina contuliſſent, *è quibus ego formæ blanditiam et eleganciam, robuſtas corporis vires, mentemque innubilem conſequutus fuiſſem. At quia* conjugatorum ſum ſoboles, his orbatus ſum bonis." Had the book been publiſhed but ten or twenty years ſooner, who would not have believed that Shakſpeare alluded to this paſſage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what ſuch an atheiſt as Vanini would ſay, when he wrote upon ſuch a ſubject. WARBURTON.

Got

Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall toe the legitimate[1]. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power[2]!
Confin'd to exhibition[3]! All this done
Upon the gad[4]!—Edmund! How now? what news?

[1] *Sholl* toe *the legitimate.*] The quartos read—shall *tooth'* legitimate. The folio—shall *to th'* legitimate. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. To *toe* him, says Dr. Johnson, "is perhaps to kick him out: or, to *toe*, may be literally to supplant." A passage in *Hamlet* adds some support to this reading: "—for the *toe* of the peasant now treads on the kibe of the courtier." In Devonshire, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes to me, "to *toe* a thing up, is, to tear it up by the roots; in which sense the word is perhaps used here; for Edmund immediately adds—I *grow*, I prosper."

Mr. Edwards proposed to read, shall *top* the legitimate. The verb to *top* is used in the last act of this play. Again, in *Macbeth:*

"——— Not in the legions
"Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
"To *top* Macbeth." MALONE.

The succeeding expression, *I grow*, seems to favour the emendation proposed by Mr. Edwards. STEEVENS.

[2] —subscrib'd *his power!*] To *subscribe*, is, to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building. JOHNSON.

To *subscribe* in Shakspeare is to *yield*, or *surrender*. So, afterwards: "—You owe me no *subscription*." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"For Hector in his blaze of wrath *subscribes*
"To tender objects." MALONE.

The folio reads—*prescribed*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*exhibition!*] is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *All this done*
Upon the gad!] To do upon the *gad*, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad-fly. JOHNSON.

Edm. So pleaſe your lordſhip, none.

[*putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide itſelf. Let's ſee: Come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, ſir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for ſo much as I have peruſed, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, ſir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay or taſte of my virtue[5].

Glo. [reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age*[6], *makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond*[7] *bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny! who ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered.*

[5] —*an* eſſay *or* taſte *of my virtue.*] Though *taſte* may ſtand in this place, yet I believe we ſhould read—*aſſay* or *teſt* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So, in *Hamlet:*

" Bring me to the *teſt.*" JOHNSON.

Both the quartos and folio have *eſſay*, which may have been merely a mis-ſpelling of the word *aſſay*, which in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table*, 1604, is defined—" a proof or trial." But as *eſſay* is likewiſe defined by Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, " a trial," I have made no change.

To *aſſay* not only ſignified to make trial of coin, but to *taſte* before another; *prælibo*. In either ſenſe the word might be uſed here. MALONE.

[6] *This policy, and reverence of age,*—] Butter's quarto has, *this policy of age*; the folio, *this policy* and reverence *of age*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*idle and fond*—] Weak and fooliſh. JOHNSON.

Come

Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our father would ſleep till I waked him, you ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar. —Humph— Conſpiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him,—you ſhould enjoy half his revenue,*—My ſon Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durſt ſwear it were his; but, in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as ward to the ſon, and the ſon manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, deteſted, brutiſh villain! worſe than brutiſh!—Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhall run a certain courſe; where, if you[8] violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my

[8] —where, *if you*—] *Where* was formerly often uſed in the ſenſe of *whereas*. See Vol. VI. p. 195, n. 4. MALONE.

life

life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour[9], and to no other pretence of danger[1].

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm.[2] Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him[3], I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution[4].

Edm.

9 —*to your* honour,] It has been already observed that this was the usual mode of address to a lord in Shakspeare's time. See also Vol. X. p. 2, n. 2. MALONE.

1 —pretence—] *Pretence* is design, purpose. So, afterwards in this play:

Pretence and purpose of unkindness. JOHNSON.

2 *Edm.*] From *Nor is*, to *heaven and earth!* are words omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

3 —*wind* me *into him*,] I once thought it should be read—*you* into him; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phrase, like *do* me *this*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "—challenge *me* the duke's youth to fight with him." Instances of this phraseology occur in the *Merchant of Venice*, *King Henry IV.* Part I. and in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

4 —*I would* unstate *myself to be in a due resolution.*] I take the meaning to be this, *Do you frame the business*, who can act with less emotion; *I would unstate myself*; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due resolution*, to be settled and composed on such an occasion. The words *would* and *should* are in old language often confounded. JOHNSON.

The same word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
"*Unstate* his happiness, and be stag'd to shew
"Against a sworder."——

To *unstate*, in both these instances, seems to have the same meaning. Edgar has been represented as wishing to possess his father's fortune, i. e. to *unstate* him; and therefore his father says he would *unstate* himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish him.

To

Edm. I will ſeek him, ſir, preſently; convey the buſineſs[5] as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wiſdom of nature[6] can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds itſelf ſcourged by the ſequent effects: love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces, treaſon; and the bond crack'd between ſon and

To *enſtate* is to *confer* a fortune. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" —— his poſſeſſions

" We do *enſtate* and widow you withal." STEEVENS.

It ſeems to me, that *I would unſtate myſelf* in this paſſage means ſimply, *I would give my eſtate* (including rank as well as fortune.) TYRWHITT.

Gloſter cannot bring himſelf thoroughly to believe what Edmund has told him of Edgar. He ſays, " Can he be ſuch a monſter?" He afterwards deſires Edmund to ſound his intentions, and then ſays, he would give all he poſſeſſed *to be certain of the truth*; for that is the meaning of the words, *to be in a due reſolution*. So, in *Othello*:

" —— To be once in doubt,

" Is—once to be *reſolv'd*."

Here *reſolved* means, to be certain of the fact. Again, in the *Maid's Tragedy*:

" —— 'tis not his crown

" Shall buy me to thy bed, now I *reſolve*

" He has diſhonour'd thee." MASON.

Though to *reſolve* in Shakſpeare's time certainly ſometimes meant to *ſatisfy*, *declare*, or *inform*, I have never found the ſubſtantive *reſolution* uſed in that ſenſe: and even had the word ever borne that ſenſe, the authour could not have written—to be *in* a due reſolution, but muſt have written, " —*to attain* a due reſolution." Who ever wiſh'd " to be *in* due information" on any point? MALONE.

5 —convey *the buſineſs*—] To *convey* is to *carry through*; in this place it is to *manage artfully*: we ſay of a juggler, that he has a clean *conveyance*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, by Lilly, 1599: " Two, they ſay, may keep counſel if one be away; but to *convey* knavery, two are too few, and four are too many." STEEVENS.

So, in lord Sterline's *Julius Cæſar*:

" A circumſtance, or an indifferent thing,

" Doth oft mar all when not with care *convey'd*." MALONE.

6 —*the wiſdom of nature*—] That is, though natural philoſophy can give account of eclipſes, yet we feel their conſequences. JOHNSON.

father,

father. * This villain[7] of mine comes under the prediction; there's ſon againſt father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time; Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders, follow us diſquietly to our graves! * —Find out this villain, Edmund; it ſhall loſe thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent baniſh'd! his offence, honeſty!—Strange! ſtrange! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are ſick in fortune, (often the ſurfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon, and the ſtars: as if we were villains by neceſſity; fools, by heavenly compulſion; knaves, thieves, and treachers[8], by ſpherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on: An admirable evaſion of whore-maſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition to the charge of a ſtar[9]! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *urſa major*; ſo that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I ſhould have been that I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing. Edgar.—

7 *This villain*—] All from aſteriſk to aſkeriſk is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

8 —*and treachers*,—] The modern editors read *treacherous*; but the reading of the firſt copies, which I have reſtored to the text, may be ſupported from moſt of the old contemporary writers. So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

"How ſmooth the cunning *treacher* look'd upon it!"

Again, in *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"——Hence, *trecher* as thou art!"

Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Roſe*, mentions "the falſe *treacher*," and Spenſer often uſes the ſame word. STEEVENS.

9 —*of a ſtar.*] Both the quartos read—to the charge *of ſtars*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes[1], like the catastrophe of the old comedy[2]: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi[3].

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

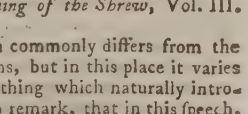
Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you[4], the effects he writes of, suc-

[1] —and *pat he comes,*—] The quartos read,
—and *out* he comes. STEEVENS.

[2] —*like the catastrophe of the old comedy:*] I think this passage was intended to ridicule the very aukward conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage. WARNER.

[3] —*O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.*] The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this passage, perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakspeare however shews by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural, that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on musick say, *mi contra fa est diabolus:* the interval *fa mi,* including a *tritonus,* or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint,* to the unatural and offensive sounds, *fa sol la mi.* BURNEY.



The words *fa, sol,* &c. are not in the quarto. The folio, and all the modern editions, read corruptly *me* instead of *mi.* Shakspeare has again introduced the gamut in *The Taming of the Shrew,* Vol. III. p. 297. MALONE.

[4] *I promise you,* &c.] The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentations or insertions, but in this place it varies by omission, and by the omission of something which naturally introduces the following dialogue. It is easy to remark, that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture. JOHNSON.

ceed unhappily; * as of[5] unnaturalneſs between the child and the parent; death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient amities; diviſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt king and nobles; needleſs diffidences, baniſhment of friends, diſſipation of cohorts[6], nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you[7] been a ſectary aſtronomical?

Edm. Come, come*; when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourſelf, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his preſence, till ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure; which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchief of your perſon[8] it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear[9]. * I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower; and, as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord ſpeak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

[5] —*as of*—] All from this aſteriſk to the next, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[6] —*diſſipation of* cohorts,—] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnſon reads—of *courts*. STEEVENS.

[7] *How long have you*—] This line I have reſtored from the two eldeſt quartos, and have regulated the following ſpeech according to the ſame copies. STEEVENS.

[8] —*that* with *the miſchief of your perſon*—] This reading is in both copies; yet I believe the authour gave it, *that* but *with the miſchief* of your perſon it would ſcarce allay. JOHNSON.

I do not ſee any need of alteration. He could not expreſs the violence of his father's diſpleaſure in ſtronger terms than by ſaying it was ſo great that it would ſcarcely be appeaſed by the deſtruction of his ſon. MALONE.

[9] *That's my fear.*] All between this and the next aſteriſk, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Edg.

Edg. Arm'd, brother? *

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt; go arm'd; I am no honeſt man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs.— [*Exit* Edgar.
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſy!—I ſee the buſineſs.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL, *and* STEWARD.

Gon. Did my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night[1]! he wrongs me; every hour
He flaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him; ſay, I am ſick:—
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well; the fault of it I'll anſwer.

[1] *By day and night! he wrongs me*;] It has been ſuggeſted by Mr. Whalley that we ought to point differently:

By day and night, he wrongs me;

not conſidering theſe words as an adjuration. But that an adjuration was intended, appears, I think, from a paſſage in *King Henry VIII.* The king, ſpeaking of Buckingham, (Act I. ſc. ii.) ſays,

" ——*By day and night*
" He's traitor to the height."

It cannot be ſuppoſed that Henry means to ſay that Buckingham is a traitor in the night as well as by day. MALONE.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to queſtion:
If he diſlike it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd[2]. Idle old man,
That ſtill would manage thoſe authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and muſt be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are ſeen abus'd[3].
Remember what I have ſaid.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; adviſe your fellows ſo:
I would breed[4] from hence occaſions, and I ſhall,

[2] *Not to be over-rul'd*, &c.] This line, and the four following lines, are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

[3] *Old fools are babes again; and muſt be us'd*
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are ſeen abus'd.] The ſenſe ſeems to be this: *Old men muſt be treated with checks*, when as *they are ſeen to be deceived with flatteries*: or, *when they are weak enough to be* ſeen abuſed by flatteries, they are then weak enough to be *uſed with checks*. There is a play of the words *uſed* and *abuſed*. To *abuſe* is, in our authour, very frequently the ſame as to *deceive*. This conſtruction is harſh and ungrammatical; Shakſpeare perhaps thought it vicious, and choſe to throw away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank the officiouſneſs of his editors, who reſtore what they do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

The objection to Dr. Johnſon's interpretation is, that he ſupplies the word *with* or *by*, which are not found in the text: "—when as they are ſeen to be deceived *with* flatteries," or, "when they are weak enough to be ſeen abuſed *by* flatteries," &c. and in *his* mode of conſtruction the word *with* preceding *checks*, cannot be underſtood before *flatteries*.

I think Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation the true one. MALONE.

The plain meaning, I believe, is—old fools muſt be uſed with checks, as flatteries muſt be check'd when they are made a bad uſe of. TOLLET.

I underſtand this paſſage thus. *Old fools—muſt be uſed with checks*, as well *as flatteries, when they* [i. e. flatteries] *are ſeen* to be *abuſed*. TYRWHITT.

[4] *I would breed*, &c.] This line and the firſt four words of the next are found in the quartos, but omitted in the folio. MALONE.

That

That I may ſpeak :—I'll write ſtraight to my ſiſter,
To hold my very courſe :—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the ſame.

Enter KENT, *diſguiſed.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my ſpeech diffuſe[5], my good intent
May carry through itſelf to that full iſſue
For which I raz'd my likeneſs.—Now, baniſh'd Kent,
If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy maſter, whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, *Knights, and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an* Attendant.] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, ſir.

5 *If but as well I other accents borrow,*
That can my ſpeech diffuſe,] We muſt ſuppoſe that Kent advances looking on his diſguiſe. This circumſtance very naturally leads to his ſpeech, which, otherwiſe, would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my ſpeech as well as I have changed my dreſs.* To *diffuſe* ſpeech, ſignifies to *diſorder* it, and ſo to *diſguiſe* it; as in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act IV. ſc, vii:

" ——— ruſh at once
" With ſome *diffuſed* ſong."—

Again, in the *Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid ſays to the *Paſſionate Man*, who appears diſordered in his dreſs: " —Go not ſo *diffuſedly*." Again, in our author's *King Henry V*: " —ſwearing, and ſtern looks, *diffus'd* attire."

To *diffuſe ſpeech* may, however, mean to *ſpeak broad*, with a clowniſh accent. STEEVENS.

Diffuſed certainly meant, in our authour's time, wild, irregular, heterogeneous. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

" I have ſeen an Engliſh gentleman ſo *defuſed* in his ſuits, his doublet being for the weare of Caſtile, his hoſe for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germany, that hee ſeemed no way to be an Engliſhman but by the face." MALONE.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs? What would'ſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly, that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wiſe, and ſays little[6]; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot chooſe; and to eat no fiſh[7].

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a ſubject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'ſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'ſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, ſir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call maſter.

Lear. What's that?

6 —*to* converſe *with him that is wiſe, and ſays little*;] To *converſe* ſignifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to *diſcourſe* or *talk*. His meaning is, that he chuſes for his companions men of reſerve and caution; men who are no tattlers nor tale-bearers. JOHNSON.

We ſtill ſay in the ſame ſenſe—he had criminal *converſation* with her,—meaning *commerce*. So, in *King Richard III:*

" His apparent open guilt omitted,

" I mean his *converſation* with Shore's wife." MALONE.

7 —*and to eat no fiſh.*] In queen Elizabeth's time the Papiſts were eſteemed, and with good reaſon, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phraſe of, *He's an honeſt man, and eats no fiſh*; to ſignify he's a friend to the government and a Proteſtant. The eating fiſh, on a religious account, being then eſteemed ſuch a badge of popery, that when it was enjoin'd for a ſeaſon by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fiſh-towns, it was thought neceſſary to declare the reaſon; hence it was called *Cecil's faſt*. To this diſgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-hater*, who makes the courtezan ſay, when Lazarillo, in ſearch of the umbrano's head, was ſeized at her houſe by the intelligencers for a traytor: " Gentlemen, I am glad you have diſcovered him. He ſhould not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And ſure I did not like him, when he *called for fiſh*." And Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*: " I truſt I am none of the wicked that *eat fiſh a fridays*." WARBURTON.

Kent.

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, ſir, to love a woman for ſinging; nor ſo old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter STEWARD.

You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So pleaſe you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? Call the clotpole back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's aſleep.—How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He ſays, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwer'd me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highneſs is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs[8] appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your highneſs is wrong'd.

[8] —*of kindneſs*—] Theſe words are not in the quartos. MALONE.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of mine own conception: I have perceived a moſt faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence[9] and purpoſe of unkindneſs: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not ſeen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, ſir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would ſpeak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you ſir, you ſir, come you hither: Who am I, ſir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreſon dog! you ſlave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord[1]; I beſeech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks[2] with me, you raſcal?

[*ſtriking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither; you baſe foot-ball player.

[*tripping up his heels.*

[9] —*a very* pretence—] *Pretence* in Shakſpeare generally ſignifies *deſign*. So, in a foregoing ſcene in this play: "—to no other *pretence* of danger." Again, in *Holinſhed*, p. 648: "—the *pretenſed* evill purpoſe of the queene." STEEVENS.

[1] *I am none of this, my lord*; &c.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—I am none of *theſe*, my lord; I beſeech *your pardon*. MALONE.

[2] —bandy *looks*—] A metaphor from *Tennis*:

"Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience."
Decker's Satiromaſtix.

Again:

"—buckle with them hand to hand,
"And *bandy* blows as thick as hailſtones fall."
Wily Beguiled. STEEVENS.

"To *bandy* a ball," Cole defines, *clava pilam torquere*; "to *bandy* at tennis," *reticulo pellere*. Dict. 1679. MALONE.

Lear.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou ſerveſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, ſir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wiſdom [3]? ſo. [*puſhes the* Steward *out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earneſt of thy ſervice. [*giving* Kent *money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. [*giving* Kent *his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how doſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool [4]?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly [5]: There, take my coxcomb [6]: Why, this fellow has baniſh'd two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs [7], and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

3 *Have you wiſdom?*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*you have* wiſdom. MALONE.

4 *Why*, fool?] The folio reads—*why, my boy?* and gives this queſtion to Lear. STEEVENS.

5 —*thou'lt catch cold ſhortly:*] i. e. be turned out of doors, and be expoſed to the inclemency of the weather. FARMER.

6 —*take my coxcomb:*] Meaning his cap, called ſo, becauſe on the top of the fool or jeſter's cap was ſewed a piece of red cloth, reſembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was uſed to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. WARBURTON.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the firſt part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation, who has ſince added, that Minſhew, in his *Dictionary*, 1627, ſays, "Natural ideots and fools have, and ſtill do accuſtome themſelves to weare in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat *with a necke and head of a cocke on the top*, and a bell thereon," &c. STEEVENS.

7 —*two coxcombs,*] Two fools-caps, intended, as it ſeems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters. JOHNSON.

Fool.

Fool. If I gave them all my living [8], I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters [9].

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when lady, the brach [1], may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest [2],
Ride more than thou goest,

[8] —*all my* living,] *Living* in Shakspeare's time signified estate, or property. So, in *Friar Bacon* and *Friar Bungay*, by R. Greene, 1594:

"In Laxfield here my land and *living* lies." MALONE.

[9] —beg *another of thy daughters.*] The fool means to say, that it is by *begging* only that the old king can obtain any thing from his daughters: even a badge of folly in having reduced himself to such a situation. MALONE.

[1] —*lady, the* brach—] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind. "Nos quidem hodie *brach* dicimus de cane fœminea, quæ leporem ex odore persequitur." Spelm. Gloss. in voce *Bracco*.

Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favour'd animal*. The third quarto has a much more unmannerly reading, which I would not wish to establish: but all the other editions concur in reading *lady brach*. *Lady* is still a common name for a hound. So Hotspur:

"I had rather hear *lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem to a Friend*, &c.

"Do all the tricks of a salt *lady* bitch."

In the old black letter *Booke of Huntyng*, &c. no date, the list of dogs concludes thus: "—and small *ladi popies* that bere awai the fleas and divers small fautes." We might read—"when *lady*, the *brach*," &c. STEEVENS.

Both the quartos of 1608 read—when Lady *otb'e* brach. I have therefore printed—lady, *the* brach, grounding myself on the reading of those copies, though erroneously exhibited, and on the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *King Henry IV.* P. I. The folio, and the late editions, read—when *the lady* brach, &c. MALONE.

[2] *Lend less than thou owest*,] That is, *do not lend all that thou hast*. To *owe*, in old English, is *to possess*. If *owe* be taken for *to be in debt*, the more prudent precept would be:

Lend *more* than thou owest. JOHNSON.

Learn more than thou troweſt[3],
Set leſs than thou throweſt;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Lear. This is nothing, fool[+].

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*to* Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet fool?

Lear. No, lad[5], teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counſel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou* for him ſtand:
The ſweet and bitter fool
Will preſently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that thou waſt born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me;

3 *Learn more than thou* troweſt,] To *trow*, is an old word which ſignifies to *believe*. The precept is admirable. WARBURTON.

+ Lear. *This is nothing, fool.*] Thus the quartos. In the folio theſe words are given to Kent. MALONE.

5 *No, lad,—*] This dialogue, from *No, lad, teach me*, down to, *Give me an egg*, was reſtored from the firſt edition by Mr. Theobald. It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reaſons, as it ſeemed to cenſure monopolies. JOHNSON.

* Or *do thou —*] The word *or*, which is not in the quartos, was ſupplied by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

if

if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't[6]; and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myſelf; they'll be ſnatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou cloveſt thy crown i' the middle, and gaveſt away both parts, thou boreſt thine aſs on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gaveſt thy golden one away. If I ſpeak like myſelf in this, let him be whipp'd that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools had ne'er leſs grace in a year[7]; [Singing.
For wiſe men are grown foppiſh;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, ever ſince thou madeſt thy daughters thy mother[8]: for when thou gaveſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thine own breeches,

[6] —*if I had a* monopoly *out, they would have a part on't:*—] A ſatire on the groſs abuſes of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went ſhares with the patentee. WARBURTON.

The modern editors, without authority, read—

——a monopoly *on't*,—.

Monopolies were in Shakſpeare's time the common objects of ſatire. In the books of the Stationers' Company, I meet with the following entry. "John Charlewoode, Oct. 1587: lycenſed unto him by the whole conſent of the aſſiſtants, the *onlye* ymprynting of all manner of billes for plaiers." Again, Nov. 6, 1615. The liberty of printing *all* billes for fencing was granted to Mr. Purfoot. STEEVENS.

7 *Fools* had ne'er *leſs grace in a year*;] There never was a time when fools were leſs in favour; and the reaſon is, that they were never ſo little wanted, for wiſe men now ſupply their place. Such, I think, is the meaning. JOHNSON.

—*leſs* grace—] So the folio. Both the quartos read—*leſs wit*. STEEVENS.

In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lily, 1594, we find, "I think gentlemen *had never leſs wit in a year*." I ſuſpect therefore the original to be the true reading. MALONE.

[8] —*when thou madeſt thy daughters thy* mother;] i. e. when you inveſted them with the authority of *a* mother. Thus the quartos. The folio reads, with leſs propriety,—thy *mothers*. MALONE.

Then

Then they for ſudden joy did weep[9], [Singing.
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a king ſhould play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a ſchool-maſter that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, ſirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, ſometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on[1]? Methinks, you are too much of late i'the frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow, when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure[2]: I am better than thou art now; I am a

9 *Then they for ſudden joy did weep*, &c.] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1630:

"When Tarquin firſt in court began,
"And was approved king,
"So men *for ſudden joy did weep*,
"*But I for ſorrow ſing.*"

I cannot aſcertain in what year T. Heywood firſt publiſhed this play, as the copy in 1630, which I have uſed, was the *fourth* impreſſion. STEEVENS.

1 — *what makes that* frontlet *on?*] A *frontlet* was a forehead-cloth, uſed formerly by ladies at night to render that part ſmooth. Lear, I ſuppoſe, means to ſay, that Goneril's brow was as completely covered by a frown, as it would be by a frontlet. MALONE.

2 — *now thou art an* O without a figure:] The fool means to ſay, that Lear, "having pared his wit on both ſides, and left nothing in the middle," is become a mere cypher; which has no arithmetical value, unleſs preceded or followed by ſome figure. In *The Winter's Tale* we have the ſame alluſion, reverſed:

"——and therefore, like a cypher,
"Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply,
"With one we—thank—you, many thouſands more
"Standing before it." MALONE.

fool,

fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forſooth, I will hold my tongue; ſo your face [*to* Gon.] bids me, though you ſay nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.—

That's a ſheal'd peaſcod[3]. [*pointing to* Lear.

Gon. Not only, ſir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful,
By what yourſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on[4]
By your allowance[5]; which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-ſparrow fed the cuckoo ſo long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling[6].

Lear.

[3] *That's a ſheal'd peaſcod.*] i. e. Now a mere huſk, which contains nothing. The outſide of a king remains, but all the intrinſick parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give. JOHNSON.

The robing of Richard IId's effigy in Weſtminſter-abbey is wrought with *peaſcods open*, and the *peas out*; perhaps in alluſion to his being once in full poſſeſſion of ſovereignty, but ſoon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remaines*, 1674, p. 453, edit. 1657, p. 340. TOLLET.

[4] —*put it on*] i. e. promote, puſh it forward. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——the pow'rs above
"*Put on* their inſtruments." STEEVENS.

[5] *By your* allowance;] By your *approbation*. MALONE.

[6] —*darkling*.] This word is uſed by Marſton and other writers of Shakſpeare's age. MALONE.

Dr. Farmer concurs with me in thinking that the words—*So out went the candle*, &c. are a fragment of ſome old ſong. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare's

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, ſir, I would, you would make uſe of that good wiſdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away theſe diſpoſitions, which of late transform you [7] from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an aſs know when the cart draws the horſe?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee [8].

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear [9]: does Lear walk thus? ſpeak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his diſcernings are lethargy'd.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! ſure 'tis not ſo [1].—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's ſhadow [2]? I would learn that; for by the marks

Shakſpeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and ſarcaſtick. Though they were licenſed to ſay any thing, it was ſtill neceſſary to prevent giving offence, that every thing they ſaid ſhould have a playful air: we may ſuppoſe therefore that they had a cuſtom of taking off the edge of too ſharp a ſpeech by covering it haſtily with the end of an old ſong, or any glib nonſenſe that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakſpeare often finiſhes this fool's ſpeeches.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

7 —*transform* you —] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*tranſport* you. STEEVENS.

8 —*Whoop, Jug!* &c.] There are in the fool's ſpeeches ſeveral paſſages which ſeem to be proverbial alluſions, perhaps not now to be underſtood. JOHNSON.

—*Whoop, Jug, I love thee.*] This, as I am informed, is a quotation from the burthen of an old ſong. STEEVENS.

Whoop Jug, I'll do thee no harm, occurs in *The Winter's Tale.* MALONE.

9 —*this is not Lear:*] This paſſage appears to have been imitated by Ben Jonſon in his *Sad Shepherd:*

"—this is not Marian!
"Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you, aſk her!
"Aſk her, good ſhepherds! aſk her all for me:
"Or rather aſk yourſelves, if ſhe be ſhe;
"Or I be I." STEEVENS.

1 —*ſleeping, or waking!—Ha! ſure 'tis not ſo.*] Thus the quartos. The folio: Ha! waking? 'Tis not ſo. MALONE.

2 —*Lear's ſhadow?*] The folio gives theſe words to the Fool. STEEVENS.

of

of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters[3].—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father*.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace[4]. The shame itself doth speak

3 —*for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.*] Mr. Tyrwhitt thought it difficult "to conceive how the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason, should be of any use to persuade Lear that he had or had not any daughters."

Lear, it should be remembered, has not parted with all *the marks of sovereignty*. In the midst of his prodigality to his children, he reserved to himself *the name and all the additions to a king*.—Shakspeare often means more than he expresses. Lear has just asked whether he is a shadow. I wish, he adds, to be resolved on this point; for if I were to judge by the marks of sovereignty, and the consciousness of reason, I should be persuaded that I am not a shadow, *but a man, a king*, and a father. But this latter persuasion is false; for those whom I thought my daughters, are *unnatural hags*, and never proceeded from these loins.

As therefore I am not a father, so neither may I be an embodied being; I may yet be a shadow. However, let me be certain. *Your name, fair gentlewoman?*

All the late editions, without authority, read—by the marks of sovereignty, *of* knowledge, and *of* reason.—The words—*I would learn that*, &c. to—*an obedient father*, are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

4 —*a grac'd palace.*—] A palace graced by the presence of a sovereign. WARBURTON.

* *Which they will make a most obedient father.*] *Which* is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians to the pronoun *I*, and is employed according to a mode now obsolete for *whom*, the accusative case of *who*. STEEVENS.

For

For inſtant remedy: Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
A little to diſquantity your train [5];
And the remainder, that ſhall ſtill depend [6],
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.

Lear. Darkneſs and devils!—
Saddle my horſes; call my train together.—
Degenerate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people; and your diſorder'd rabble
Make ſervants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents [7],—O, ſir, are you come [8]?

[5] A little *to diſquantity your train*;] Mr. Pope for *A little* ſubſtituted—*Of fifty*, and ſupported his alteration by this note. "*A little* is the common reading; but it appears, from what Lear ſays in the next ſcene, that this number *fifty* was required to be cut off, which (as the editions ſtood) is no where ſpecified by Goneril." MALONE.

If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found, in the *firſt folio*, that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after theſe words—

To have a thankleſs child.—Away, away.

and goes out, while Albany and Goneril have a ſhort conference of two ſpeeches; and then returns in a ſtill greater paſſion, having been informed (as it ſhould ſeem) of the expreſs number, without:

What? *fifty* of my followers at a clap!

This renders all change needleſs; and *away*, *away*, being reſtored, prevents the repetition of *go*, *go*, *my people*; which, as the text ſtood before this regulation, concluded both that and the foregoing ſpeech. Goneril, with great art, is made to avoid mentioning the limited number; and leaves her father to be informed of it by accident, which ſhe knew would be the caſe as ſoon as he left her preſence. STEEVENS.

[6] —*ſtill* depend,] *Depend*, for continue in ſervice. WARBURTON.

[7] Woe, *that too late repents*,—] This is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos—for *Woe*, have *We*, and that of which the firſt ſignature is B, reads—*We* that too late *repent's*—; i. e. repent *us*: which I ſuſpect is the true reading. Shakſpeare might have had *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, in his thoughts:

"They call'd him doting foole, all his requeſts debarr'd,
"Demanding if with life he were not well content:
"Then he *too late his rigour did repent*
"'Gainſt me,—." *Story of Queen Cordila.* MALONE.

O, ſir, are you come?] Theſe words are not in the folio. MALONE.

is it your will? [*to* Alb.] ſpeak, ſir.—Prepare my horſes.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter[9]!

Alb. Pray, ſir, be patient[1].

Lear. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt: [*to* Goneril.
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their name.—O moſt ſmall fault,
How ugly didſt thou in Cordelia ſhew!
Which, like an engine[2], wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*ſtriking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people[3].

Alb.

9 *Than the ſea-monſter!*] Mr. Upton obſerves, that the ſea-monſter is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical ſymbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his travels, ſays—"that he killeth his ſire, and raviſheth his own dam." STEEVENS.

1 *Pray, ſir, be patient.*] The quartos omit this ſpeech. STEEVENS.

2 —*like an* engine,—] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an engine is meant the *rack*. He is right. To *engine* is, in Chaucer, to *ſtrain* upon the *rack*; and in the following paſſage from the *Three Lords of London*, 1590, *engine* ſeems to be uſed for the ſame inſtrument of torture:

"From Spain they come with *engine* and intent
"To ſlay, ſubdue, to triumph, and *torment*."

Again, in the *Night-Walker*, by B. and Fletcher:

"Their ſouls ſhot through with adders, torn on *engines*."
STEEVENS.

3 —*Go, go, my people.*] Perhaps theſe words ought to be regulated differently:

Go, go:—my people!

By Albany's anſwer it ſhould ſeem that he had endeavoured to appeaſe Lear's anger; and perhaps it was intended by the authour that he ſhould here be put back by the king with theſe words,—"Go, go;" and that Lear ſhould then turn haſtily from his ſon-in-law, and call his train: "My people!" Mes gens. Fr. So, in a former part of this ſcene:

"You ſtrike *my people*; and your diſorder'd rabble
"Make ſervants of their betters."

Again, in *Othello*, Act I. ſc. i.

"Call up all *my people*."

Alb. My lord, I am guiltleſs, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you[4].

Lear. It may be ſo, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddeſs, hear! Suſpend thy purpoſe, if
Thou didſt intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey ſterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe;
And from her derogate body[5] never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd[6] torment to her!
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears[7] fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt[8]; that ſhe may feel

How

However the paſſage be underſtood, theſe latter words muſt bear this ſenſe. The meaning of the whole, indeed, may be only—"Away, away, my followers!" MALONE.

4 *Of what hath mov'd you.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

5 —*from her* derogate *body*—] Her ſhrunk and waſted body. See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616: "*Derogate.* To impaire, diminiſh, or take away." MALONE.

6 —diſnatur'd—] *Diſnatur'd* is wanting natural affection. So, Daniel in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

"I am not ſo *diſnatured* a man." STEEVENS.

7 —*cadent tears*—] i. e. falling tears. Dr. Warburton would read *candent*. STEEVENS.

It is a more ſevere imprecation to wiſh that tears by conſtant flowing may fret channels in the cheeks, which implies a long life of wretchedneſs, than to wiſh that thoſe channels ſhould be made by ſcalding tears, which does not mark the ſame continuation of miſery.

The ſame thought occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where he ſays,

"Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
"Their eyes *o'er-galled with recourſe of tears*,"

ſhould prevent his going to the field. MASON.

8 *Turn all her mother's* pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt;] "Her *mother's pains*" here ſignifies, not bodily ſufferings, or the throes of child-birth, (with which this "diſnatured babe" being unacquainted, it could not *deride* or *deſpiſe* them,) but *maternal cares*; the ſolicitude of a mother for the welfare of her child. So, in *King Richard III.*

"'Tis time to ſpeak; my *pains* are quite forgot."

How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
To have a thankleſs child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never affiict yourſelf to know the cauſe;
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, ſir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus:
[*to* Goneril.
That theſe hot tears [9], which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blaſts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings [1] of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cauſe again, I'll pluck you out;
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe [2],
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo [3]:—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who,

Benefits mean *good offices*; her kind and *beneficent* attention to the education of her offspring, &c. Mr. Roderick has, in my opinion, explained both theſe words wrong. He is equally miſtaken in ſuppoſing that the ſex of this child is aſcertained by the word *her*; which clearly relates, not to Goneril's iſſue, but to herſelf. "*Her* mother's *pains*" means—the pains which ſhe (*Goneril*) takes *as a mother*. MALONE.

[9] *That theſe hot tears,* &c.] I will tranſcribe this paſſage from the firſt edition, that it may appear to thoſe who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of reviſion, and what indulgence is due to thoſe that endeavour to reſtore corrupted paſſages.—*That theſe hot tears, that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curſe, peruſe every ſenſe about the old fond eyes, beweep this cauſe again,* &c. JOHNSON.

[1] *The* untented *woundings*—] *Untented* wounds, means wounds in their worſt ſtate, not having a *tent* in them to digeſt them; and may poſſibly ſignify here ſuch as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpoſe. One of the quartos reads, *untender*. STEEVENS.

[2] — *that you* loſe.] The quartos read—that you *make*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Let it be ſo,* &c.] The reading is here gleaned up, part from the firſt, and part from the ſecond edition. JOHNSON.

Let

Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever; thou ſhalt[4], I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oſwald, ho!
You, ſir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.

[*to the* Fool.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

* *Gon*[5]. This man hath had good counſel:—A hundred knights!
'Tis politick, and ſafe, to let him keep
At point[6], a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy[7].—Oſwald, I ſay!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Let it be ſo is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

And *is it come to this* is omitted in the folio. *Yet have I left a daughter* is the readiug of the quartos; the folio has, *I have another daughter.* MALONE.

4 —*thou ſhalt, I warrant thee.*] Theſe words are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

5 *Gon.* All from this aſteriſk to the next, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

6 *At point,*] I believe, means, completely armed, and conſequently ready at appointment or command on the ſlighteſt notice. STEEVENS.

7 *And hold our lives* in *mercy.*] Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope who could not endure that the language of Shakſpeare's age ſhould not correſpond in every inſtance with that of modern times, reads —*at* mercy; and the ſubſequent editors have adopted his innovation. MALONE.

Gon. Safer than truſt too far:
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter;
If ſhe ſuſtain him and his hundred knights,
When I have ſhew'd the unfitneſs *,—How now, Oſwald[8]?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own,
As may compact it more[9]. Get you gone;
And haſten your return. [*Exit* Stew.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleneſs, and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attaſk'd[1] for want of wiſdom,

[8] —*How now, Oſwald?*] The quartos read—*what Oſwald, ho!* Oſw. *Here, Madam.*

Gon. *What, have you writ this letter,* &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —*compact it more.*] Unite one circumſtance with another, ſo as to make a conſiſtent account. JOHNSON.

More is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

[1] —*more* attaſk'd—] It is a common phraſe now with parents and governeſſes: *I'll take you to taſk*, i. e. *I will reprehend and correct you.* To be *at taſk*, therefore, is to be liable to *reprehenſion and correction.* JOHNSON.

Both the quartos inſtead of *at taſk*—read, *alapt.* A late editor of *King Lear*, ſays, that the firſt quarto reads—*attaſk'd*; but unleſs there be a third quarto which I have never ſeen or heard of, his aſſertion is erroneous. STEEVENS.

The quarto printed by N. Butter, 1608, of which the firſt ſignature is B, reads—*attaſk'd* for want of wiſdom. The other quarto printed by the ſame printer in the ſame year, of which the firſt ſignature is A, reads—*alapt* for want of wiſdom, &c. Three copies of the quarto firſt deſcribed, (which concur in reading *attaſk'd*,) and one copy of the other quarto, are now before me. The folio reads—*at taſk.*—The quartos have *praiſe* inſtead of *prais'd. Attaſk'd* I ſuppoſe, means, *charged, cenſured.* So, in *K. Henry IV*:

" How ſhew'd his *taſking?* ſeem'd it in contempt?"

See Vol. V. p. 248, n. 8.

In the notes on this play I ſhall hereafter call the quarto firſt mentioned, quarto B; the other, quarto A. MALONE.

Than

Than prais'd for harmful mildneſs.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well[2].

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Court before the ſame.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloſter with theſe letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there before you[3].

Kent. I will not ſleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt ſee, thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly:

[2] *Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.*] So, in our authour's 103d Sonnet:

"Were it not ſinful then, *ſtriving to mend,*
"*To mar the ſubject that before was well?*" MALONE.

[3] —there *before you.*] He ſeems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the houſe of Gloſter. JOHNSON.

The word *there* in this ſpeech ſhews, that when the king ſays, "Go you before to *Gloſter*," he means the town of Gloſter, which, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved, Shakſpeare choſe to make the reſidence of the duke of Cornwall and Regan, in order to give a probability to their ſetting out late from thence, on a viſit to the earl of Gloſter, whoſe caſtle our poet conceived to be in the neighbourhood of that city. Our old Engliſh earls uſually reſided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his ſon-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the earl of Gloſter's caſtle. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 557, n. 7. MALONE.

for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what can'st thou tell, my boy [3]?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong [4]:—

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce [5]!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

3 Why, *what canst* thou *tell*, my *boy?*] So the quartos. The folio reads—What canst tell, boy? MALONE.

4 *I did her wrong:*—] He is musing on Cordelia. JOHNSON.

5 *To take it again perforce!*] He is meditating on the resumption of his royalty. JOHNSON.

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Court within the Caſtle of the earl of Gloſter.

Enter EDMUND, *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, ſir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutcheſs, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments [5]?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur [6]. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Beſt!
This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs!
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy queſtion [7],

Which

5 —ear-kiſſing *arguments?*] *Ear-kiſſing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only *whiſper'd ones.* STEEVENS.

6 *Cur.*] This and the following ſpeech, are omitted in one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

7 —queazy *queſtion,*] Something of a *ſuſpicious, queſtionable, and uncertain nature.* This is, I think, the meaning. JOHNSON.

Queazy,

Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste[8],
And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany[9]?
Advise yourself,

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewel.—

[*Exit* Edgar.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*wounds his arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, *and* Servants *with torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Queazy, I believe, rather means *delicate*, what requires to be handled nicely. So, Ben Jonson, in *Sejanus*:

"Those times are somewhat *queasy* to be touch'd.—
"Have you not seen or read part of his book?

Again, in *Much Ado about nothing*:

"Despight of his quick wit, and *queazy* stomach." STEEV.

[8] —*i' the haste,*] I should suppose we ought to read only *in haste*; *i' the* being repeated accidentally by the compositor. STEEVENS.

[9] —*have you nothing said*
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?] The meaning is, *have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the duke of Albany?* HANMER.

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read:
Against his party, *for* the duke of Albany? JOHNSON.

Mumbling

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon [1]
To ſtand his auſpicious miſtreſs:—
Glo. But where is he?
Edm. Look, ſir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fled this way, ſir. When by no means he could—
Glo. Purſue him, ho!—Go after.— [*Exit* Servant.] By no means,—what?
Edm. Perſuade me to the murder of your lordſhip;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainſt parricides did all their thunders [2] bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnatural purpoſe, in fell motion,
With his prepared ſword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gaſted [3] by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.
Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught;
And found—Diſpatch [4].—The noble duke my maſter,
My worthy arch [5] and patron, comes to-night:

By

[1] *Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon*—] This was a proper circumſtance to urge to Gloſter; who appears, by what paſſed between him and his baſtard ſon in a foregoing ſcene, to be very ſuperſtitious with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.

The quartos read, *warbling* inſtead of *mumbling*. STEEVENS.

——— *conjuring the moon*
To ſtand his auſpicious miſtreſs:—] So, in *All's well that ends well*:
"And fortune play upon thy proſperous helm,
"As *thy auſpicious miſtreſs*." MALONE.

[2] —*their thunders*—] Firſt quarto; the reſt have it, *the thunder*. JOHNSON.

[3] —*gaſted*—] Frighted. JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at ſeveral Weapons*: "—either the ſight of the lady has *gaſted* him, or elſe he's drunk." STEEVENS.

[4] *Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught;*
And found—Diſpatch.] The ſenſe is interrupted. He ſhall be caught—and found, *he ſhall be puniſhed*. Diſpatch. JOHNSON.

[5] —*arch*—] i. e. *Chief*; a word now uſed only in compoſition, as *arch-*

By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward [6] to the ſtake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech [7]
I threaten'd to diſcover him: He replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing baſtard! doſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal [8]
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I ſhould deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didſt produce
My very character [9]*,) I'd turn it all*
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpurs [1]
To make thee ſeek it.

Glo. Strong and faſten'd villain [2]!
Would he deny his letter [3]?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*

arch-angel, arch-duke. So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know nobody*, 1616:

"Poole, that *arch* for truth and honeſty." STEEVENS.

6 — *murderous* coward —] The firſt edition reads, *caitiff*. JOHNSON.

7 *And found him* pight *to do it, with* curſt *ſpeech*—] *Pight* is *pitched*, fixed, ſettled. *Curſt* is ſevere, harſh, vehemently angry. JOHNS.

So, in the old morality of *Luſty Juventus*, 1561:

"Therefore my heart is ſurely *pyght*
"Of her alone to have a fight."

Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"———— tents
"Thus proudly *pight* upon our Phrygian plains." STEEVENS.

8 — *would the* repoſal —] i. e. Would any opinion that men have repoſed in thy truſt, virtue, &c. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads, *could the repoſure*. STEEVENS.

9 — *though thou didſt produce*
My very character,)—] i. e. my very handwriting. See Vol. II. p. 110, n. 5. MALONE.

1 — *pregnant and potential* ſpurs—] Thus the quartos. Folio: potential *ſpirits*. MALONE.

2 *Strong and faſten'd villain!*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads —*O ſtrange* and faſten'd villain. MALONE.

3 *Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.*] Thus the quartos. The folio omits the words—*I never got him*; and, inſtead of them, ſubſtitutes—*ſaid he?* MALONE.

Hark,

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable[4].

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news[5].

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort[6].

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues[7].
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

4 —*of my land*—

To make thee capable.] i. e. capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy. So, in *The Life and Death of Will Summers*, &c. "The king next demanded of him, (he being a fool,) whether he were *capable* to inherit any land," &c. STEEV.

5 —*strange news.*] Thus the quartos. Instead of these words the folio has—*strangeness*. MALONE.

6 —*of that consort.*] These words are not in the quartos. MALONE.

7 *To have the* waste *and* spoil *of his revenues.*] Thus quarto B. The other quarto reads—

To have *these*—and waste *this* his revenues.

The folio:

To have *the expence and waste* of his revenues.

These in quarto A was, I suppose, a misprint for—*the use*. MALONE.

Corn.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice [8]; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth [9] this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night [1].
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize [2],
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home [3]; the several messengers

From

[8] *He did* bewray *his* practice;] To *bewray* is to *reveal*, or discover. See Minsheu's Dict. 1617, in v. "To *bewraie*, or disclose, a Goth, bewrye. MALONE.

Practice is always used by Shakspeare for *insidious mischief*. The quartos read—*betray*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*whose virtue and obedience doth*—] i. e. whose virtuous obedience. MALONE.

[1] —threading *dark-ey'd night*.] The quarto reads:—*threat'ning* dark-ey'd night. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the former of these expressions in *Coriolanus*, Act III:

"They would not *thread* the gates." STEEVENS.

[2] —*of some* poize,] i. e. of some weight or moment. So, in *Othello*:

"—full of *poize* and difficulty,
"And fearful to be granted."

Thus the quarto B. The other quarto of 1608, and the folio, have *prize*. MALONE.

[3] —*from our home*:] Not at home, but at some other place. JOHNS.

Thus

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business[4],
Which craves the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, madam:
You graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* Steward, *severally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend[5]: Art of the house[6]?
Kent. Ay.
Stew. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I' the mire.
Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold[7], I would make thee care for me.

Stew.

Thus the folio. The quarto B reads—which I *left* thought it fit to answer from our *home.* The other quarto:—which I *best* thought it fit to answer from our *hand.* MALONE.

4 — *to our* business,] Thus the quartos. Folio:—to our *businesses.* MALONE.

5 *Good* dawning *to thee, friend:*] So the folio. The quartos read — good *even. Dawning* is again used in *Cymbeline* as a substantive, for morning:

" ——— that dawning
" May bare the raven's eye."

It is clear from various passages in this scene, that the morning is now just beginning to dawn, though the moon is still up, and though Kent early in the scene calls it still night. Towards the close of it, he wishes Gloster *good morrow,* as the latter goes out, and immediately after calls on the *sun* to shine, that he may read a letter. MALONE.

6 — *of* the *house?*] So the quartos. Folio—of *this* house. MALONE.

7 — *Lipsbury pinfold,*] The allusion which seems to be contained in this line I do not understand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which bursts from Kent in this dialogue, there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-suited knave* I know not the meaning, unless

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Stew. What doſt thou know me for?
Kent. A knave; a raſcal, an eater of broken meats;

unleſs it be that he has different dreſſes for different occupations. *Lily-liver'd* is *cowardly*; *white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are ſtill in vulgar uſe. An *one-trunk-inheriting ſlave*, I take to be a wearer of old caſt-off cloaths, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON.

I do not find the name of *Lipſbury*: it may be a cant phraſe, with ſome corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-ſuited* ſhould, I believe, be *third-ſuited*, wearing cloaths at the *third-hand*. Edgar, in his pride, had *three ſuits* only. FARMER.

Lipſbury pinfold may be a cant expreſſion importing the ſame as *Lob's Pound*. So, in Maſſinger's *Duke of Milan*:

" To marry her, and ſay he was the party
" Found in *Lob's Pound*."

A *Pinfold* is a *pound*. Thus in Gaſcoigne's *Dan Bartholemew of Bathe*, 1587:

" In ſuch a *pinfolde* were his pleaſures pent."

Three-ſuited knave might mean, in an age of oſtentatious finery like that of Shakſpeare, one who had no greater change of rayment than *three ſuits* would furniſh him with; ſo, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*: " —wert a pitiful fellow, and hadſt nothing but *three ſuits* of apparel:" or it may ſignify a fellow *thrice ſued* at *law*, who has *three ſuits* for debt ſtanding out againſt him. A *one-trunk-inheriting ſlave* may be uſed to ſignify a fellow, the whole of whoſe poſſeſſions are confined to *one coffer*, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *ſucceſſor in poverty*; *a poor rogue hereditary*, as *Timon* calls *Apemantus*. *A worſted-ſtocking knave* is another reproach of the ſame kind. The ſtockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, (as I learn from Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, printed in 1595,) were remarkably expenſive, and ſcarce any other kind than ſilk were worn, even (as this author ſays) by thoſe who had not above forty ſhillings a year wages.—So, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" Green ſickneſſes and ſerving-men light on you,
" With greaſy breeches, and in *woollen ſtockings*."

Silk ſtockings were not made in England till 1560, the ſecond year of queen Elizabeth's reign. Of this extravagance Drayton takes notice in the 16th ſong of his *Polyolbion*:

" Which our plain fathers erſt would have accounted ſin,
" Before the coſtly coach and *ſilken ſtock* came in." STEEVENS.

This term of reproach alſo occurs in *the Phœnix*, by Middleton, 1607: " Mettreza Auriola keeps her love with half the coſt that I am at; her friend can go afoot, like a good huſband; walk in *worſted ſtockings*, and inquire for the ſixpenny ordinary." MALONE.

a baſe,

a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred-pound [8], filthy worſted-ſtocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave [9]; a whoreſon, glaſs-gazing, ſuper-ſerviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that would'ſt be a bawd, in way of good ſervice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the ſon and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition [1].

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'ſt me? Is it two days ago, ſince I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o' the moonſhine of you [2]: Draw, you whoreſon cullionly barber-monger [3], draw.

[*drawing his ſword.*

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal: you come with letters againſt the king; and take vanity the puppet's part [4], againſt the

[8] — *hundred pound,*—] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach uſed in Middleton's *Phœnix*, 1607. STEEVENS.

9 —action-taking *knave*;] That is, a fellow, who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the aſſault, inſtead of reſenting it like a man of courage. MASON.

[1] — *addition.*] i. e. titles. The Statute 1 Hen. V. ch. v. which directs that in certain writs a deſcription ſhould be *added* to the name of the defendant, expreſſive of his eſtate, myſtery, degree, &c. is called the ſtatute of *Additions*. MALONE.

[2] *I'll make a ſop o' the* moonſhine *of you.*] I ſuppoſe he means, that after having beaten the Steward ſufficiently, and made his fleſh as ſoft as moiſtened bread, he will lay him flat on the ground, like a ſop in a pan, or a tankard. See the paſſage quoted from *Troilus and Creſſida* in p. 576, n. 7. MALONE.

[3] — *barber-monger,*] *Barber-monger* perhaps means one who conſorts much with barbers. MALONE.

Barber-monger may mean, *dealer in the lower tradeſmen:* a ſlur upon the ſteward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the buſineſs of the family. FARMER.

4 — *vanity the puppet's* part,] Alluding to the myſteries or allego-

the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks:—draw, you raſcal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand, rogue, ſtand; you neat ſlave[5], ſtrike. [*beating him.*

Stew. Help ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe; come, I'll fleſh you; come on, young maſter.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that ſtrikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtirr'd your valour. You cowardly raſcal, nature diſclaims in thee[6]; a tailor made thee.

rical ſhews, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were perſonified. JOHNSON.

So, in *Volpone*, or *The Fox*:

" Get you a cittern, Lady *Vanity*." STEEVENS.

The deſcription is applicable only to the old *moralities*, between which and the *myſteries* there was an eſſential difference. ANONYMUS.

5 —neat *ſlave*,] You mere ſlave, you very ſlave. JOHNSON.

You neat ſlave, I believe, means no more than *you finical raſcal*, you who are an aſſemblage of *foppery and poverty*. Ben Jonſon uſes the ſame epithet in his *Poetaſter*:

" By thy leave, my *neat* ſcoundrel." STEEVENS.

6 —*nature* diſclaims *in thee*;] So the quartos and the folio. The modern editors read, without authority:

—nature diſclaims *her ſhare* in thee.

The old reading is the true one. So, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonſon, 1609:

" No, I *diſclaim in* her, I ſpit at her."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. chap. xvi:

" Not theſe, my lords, make me *diſclaim in* it which all purſue." STEEVENS.

Corn.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, ſir: a ſtone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him ſo ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, ſir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd, At ſuit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter[7]!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain[8] into mortar[9], and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, ſirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, ſir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty. Such ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrinſe t'unlooſe[1]: ſmooth every paſſion[2] That

[7] *Thou whoreſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter!*—] Zed is here probably uſed as a term of contempt, becauſe it is the laſt letter in the Engliſh alphabet, and as its place may be ſupplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonic. In Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a ſyllable than a letter. STEEVENS.

This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaſter ſays, "Z is much harder amongſt us, and ſeldom ſeen:—S is become its *lieutenant-general*. It is lightlie expreſſed in Engliſh, ſaving in foren enfranchiſments." FARMER.

[8] —*this unbolted villain*—] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouſe. WARBURTON.

[9] —*into mortar,*] This expreſſion was much in uſe in our author's time. So, Maſſinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, Act I. ſc. i:

"——— I will help your memory,
"And *tread thee into mortar.*" STEEVENS.

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unſifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is neceſſary to tread it by men in wooden ſhoes. This *unbolted* villain is therefore this *coarſe* raſcal. TOLLET.

[1] *Like rats, oft bite the* holy cords *in twain*
Which are too intrinſe *t' unlooſe:*] By theſe *holy cords* the poet means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the ſanctuary*; and the fomenters of family

That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their maſters[3];
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague

differences are compared to theſe ſacrilegious rats. The expreſſion is fine and noble. WARBURTON.

The quartos read—*to intrench*. The folio—*t'intrince*. *Intrinſe*, for ſo it ſhould be written, I ſuppoſe was uſed by Shakſpeare for *intrinſecate*, a word which, as Theobald has obſerved, he has uſed in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —— Come, mortal wretch,
" With thy ſharp teeth this knot *intrinſecate*
" Of life at once untie."

We have had already in this play *reverbs* for *reverberates*. Again, in *Hamlet*:

" Seaſon your admiration for a while
" With an *attent* ear."

The word *intrinſecate* was but newly introduced into our language, when this play was written. See the preface to Marſton's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598: " I know he will vouchſafe it ſome of his new-minted epithets; as *real*, intrinſecate, *Delphicke*," &c.

I doubt whether Dr. Warburton has not, as uſual, ſeen more in this paſſage than the poet intended. In the quartos the word *holy* is not found, and I ſuſpect it to be an interpolation made in the folio edition. We might perhaps better read, with the elder copy,

Like rats, oft bite *thoſe* cords in twain, *which are*
Too, &c. MALONE.

[2] —ſmooth *every paſſion*—] So the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors ſubſtituted *ſooth*. The verb to *ſmooth* occurs frequently in our elder writers. So, in Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1592:

" For ſince he learn'd to uſe the poet's pen,
" He learn'd likewiſe with *ſmoothing* words to feign."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

" Yield to his humour, *ſmooth*, and ſpeak him fair."

Again, in our poet's *King Richard III*:

" Smile in men's faces, *ſmooth*, deceive, and cog." MALONE.

[3] —*and turn their* halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their maſters;] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwiſe called the *king-fiſher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would *vary* with the wind, and by that means ſhew from what point it blew. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" But how now ſtands the wind?
" Into what corner peers my *halcyon's bill*?"

Again,

A plague upon your epileptick viſage[4]!
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot[5].
Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?
Glo. How fell you out? ſay that.
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and ſuch a knave[6].
Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? What's his offence?
Kent. His countenance likes me not[7].
Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.
Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolſey, Cardinall*, a poem, 1599:

"Or as a *halcyon* with her turning breſt,
"Demonſtrates wind from wind, and eaſt from weſt." STEEV.

4 —*epileptick viſage!*] The frighted countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. JOHNSON.

5 —*Camelot.*] was the place where the romances ſay king Arthur kept his court in the Weſt; ſo this alludes to ſome proverbial ſpeech in thoſe romances. WARBURTON.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song III:

"Like *Camelot*, what place was ever yet renown'd?
"Where, as at Carlion, oft he kept the table round."
STEEVENS.

In Somerſetſhire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geeſe, ſo that many other places are from hence ſupplied with quills and feathers. HANMER.

6 *No contraries hold more antipathy,*
Than I and ſuch a knave.] Hence Mr. Pope's expreſſion:
"The ſtrong antipathy of good to bad." TOLLET.

7 —likes *me not.*] i. e. pleaſes me not. So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:
"I did but caſt an amorous eye, e'en now,
"Upon a pair of gloves that ſomewhat *lik'd* me." STEEVENS.

Quite from his nature[8]: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honeſt mind and plain,—he muſt ſpeak truth:
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants[9],
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good ſooth, or in ſincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aſpect,
Whoſe influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front[1],—

Corn. What mean'ſt thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much. I know, ſir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me to it[2].

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

8 — *conſtrains the* garb

Quite from his nature:] Forces his *outſide* or his *appearance* to ſomething totally *different from* his natural diſpoſition. JOHNSON.

9 *Than twenty* ſilly *ducking obſervants,*] *Silly* means *ſimple*, or ruſtic. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. ſc. iii; "There was a fourth man in a *ſilly* habit," meaning Poſthumus in the dreſs of a peaſant. *Nicely is fooliſhly.* Niais, Fr. STEEVENS.

See p. 445, n. 2. *Nicely* is rather, I think, with the utmoſt exactneſs, with an attention to the moſt *minute trifle*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge." MALONE.

1 *On* flickering *Phœbus' front,*—] Dr. Johnſon in his *Dictionary* ſays this word means to *flutter*. I meet with it in *The Hiſtory of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

"By flying force of *flickering* fame your grace ſhall underſtand."

Sir Thomas North, in his tranſlation of *Plutarch*, talks of the *flickering* enticements of Cleopatra.—Stanyhurſt, in his tranſlation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582, deſcribes Iris

"From the ſky down *flickering*," &c.

Again, in the old play, entitled, *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"With gaudy pennons *flickering* in the air." STEEVENS.

2 — *though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me to it,*] Though I ſhould win you, diſpleaſed as you now are, to like me ſo well as to entreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON.

Stew.

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his maſter, very late,
To ſtrike at me, upon his miſconſtruction;
When he, conjunct[3], and flattering his diſpleaſure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of man, that
That worthy'd him, got praiſes of the king
For him attempting who was ſelf-ſubdu'd;
And, in the fleſhment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of theſe rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool[4].

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks, ho!
You ſtubborn ancient knave[5], you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your ſtocks for me: I ſerve the king;
On whoſe employment I was ſent to you:
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stocking his meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks:—
As I have life and honour, there ſhall he ſit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

3 *When he,* conjunct,] *Conjunct* is the reading of the old quartos; *compact,* of the folio. STEEVENS.

4 *None of theſe rogues, and cowards,*
But Ajax is their fool.] i. e. a fool to them. Theſe rogues and cowards talk in ſuch a boaſting ſtrain, that if we were to credit their account of themſelves, Ajax would appear a perſon of no proweſs when compared with them.—Since the firſt publication of this note in my SECOND APPENDIX to the *Supp. to Shakſpeare,* 8vo. 1783, I have obſerved that our poet has elſewhere employed the ſame phraſeology. So, in *the Taming of the Shrew:*

"Tut, ſhe's a lamb, a dove, *a fool to him.*"

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*

"——— now this maſk
"Was cry'd incomparable, and the enſuing night
"Made it *a fool* and beggar."

The phraſe in this ſenſe is yet uſed in low language. MALONE.

5 — ancient *knave,*] Two of the quartos read—*miſcreant* knave, and one of them—*unreverent,* inſtead of *reverend.* STEEVENS.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour [6]
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks [7].

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
* His fault [8] is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches [9],
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with *: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs [1].—Put in his legs.—
[Kent *is put in the stocks* [2].
Come, my good lord; away. [*Exeunt* REG. *and* CORN.

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd [3]: I'll entreat for thee.

6 —*colour*—] The quartos read, *nature*. STEEVENS.

7 —*stocks*.] This is not the first time that stocks had been introduced on the stage. In *Hick-scorner*, which was printed early in the reign of *K. Henry VIII.* *Pity* is put into them, and left there till he is freed by *Perseveraunce* and *Contemplacyon*. STEEVENS.

8 *His fault*—] All between the asterisks is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

9 —*and* contemned'st *wretches*,] The quartos read—and *temnest* wretches. This conjectural emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

1 *For following her affairs*, &c.] This line is not in the folio. MALONE.

2 I know not whether this circumstance of putting Kent in the *stocks* be not ridiculed in the punishment of Numps, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair*.

It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still in some colleges, there were moveable *stocks* for the correction of the servants. FARMER.

3 *Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd.*] Metaphor from bowling. WARBURTON.

Kent.

Kent. Pray, do not, ſir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that muſt approve the common ſaw[4]!
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm ſun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruſe this letter!—Nothing almoſt ſees miracles[5],
But miſery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia[6];
Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd

Of

[4] *Good king, that muſt approve the common ſaw!*] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of*, &c. That changeſt better for worſe. Hanmer obſerves, that it is a proverbial ſaying, applied to thoſe who are turned out of houſe and home to the open weather. It was perhaps firſt uſed of men diſmiſſed from an hoſpital, or houſe of charity, ſuch as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Thoſe houſes had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction.* JOHNSON.

Kent was not thinking of the king's being *turned out of houſe and home to the open weather*, a miſery which he has not yet experienced, but of his being likely to receive a worſe reception from Regan than that which he had already experienced from his elder daughter Goneril. Hanmer therefore certainly miſunderſtood the paſſage.

A quotation from Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, may prove the beſt comment on it. "This Auguſtine after his arrival converted the Saxons indeed from Paganiſme, but, as the proverb ſayth, bringing them *out of Goddes bleſſing into the warme ſunne*, he alſo imbued them with no leſſe hurtful ſuperſtition than they did know before." MALONE.

The *ſaw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, book ii. chap. 5.

"In your renning from him to me, *ye runne*
"*Out of God's bleſſing into the warme ſunne.*" TYRWHITT.

[5] —*Nothing almoſt ſees* miracles,] Thus the folio. The quartos read—Nothing almoſt ſees *my wrack.* STEEVENS.

[6] —*I know, 'tis from Cordelia*, &c.] This paſſage, which ſome of the editors have degraded as ſpurious, to the margin, and others have ſilently altered, I have faithfully printed according to the quarto, from which the folio differs only in punctuation. The paſſage is very obſcure, if not corrupt. Perhaps it may be read thus:

—— Cordelia

Of my obſcured courſe; and ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate,—ſeeking to give
Loſſes their remedies[7]:—All weary and o'er-watch'd,

——Cordelia—has been—informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate-ſeeking, to give
Loſſes their remedies.—

Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and when the *enormous* care of *ſeeking her fortune* will allow her time, ſhe will employ it in remedying loſſes. This is harſh; perhaps ſomething better may be found. I have at leaſt ſupplied the genuine reading of the old copies. *Enormous* is unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary courſe of things. JOHNSON.

So Holinſhed, p. 647: "The major perceiving this *enormous* doing," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *and ſhall find time*
From this enormous ſtate, ſeeking to give
Loſſes their remedies;—] I confeſs I do not underſtand this paſſage, unleſs it may be conſidered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himſelf by moonlight: it certainly conveys the ſenſe of what ſhe would have ſaid. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on thoſe circumſtances in it that promiſe the change in our affairs which we moſt wiſh for; and Kent having read Cordelia's aſſurances that ſhe will find a time to free the injured from the *enormous* miſrule of Regan, is willing to go to ſleep with that pleaſing reflection uppermoſt in his mind. But this is mere conjecture. STEEVENS.

In the old copies theſe words are printed in the ſame character as the reſt of the ſpeech. I have adhered to them, not conceiving that they form any part of Cordelia's letter, or that any part of it is or can be read by Kent. He wiſhes for the riſing of the ſun, that he *may* read it. I ſuſpect that two half lines have been loſt between the words *ſtate* and *ſeeking*. This *enormous ſtate* means, I think, the confuſion ſubſiſting in the ſtate, in conſequence of the diſcord which had ariſen between the dukes of Albany and Cornwall; of which Kent hopes Cordelia will avail herſelf. He ſays in a ſubſequent ſcene,

" ——There is a diviſion,
" Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
" With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall."

In the modern editions, after the words *under globe*, the following direction has been inſerted: "*Looking up to the moon.*" Kent is ſurely here addreſſing, not the moon, but the ſun, which he has mentioned in the preceding line, and for whoſe riſing he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. He has juſt before ſaid to Gloſter, "Give you *good morrow!*" The *comfortable* beams of the moon no poet, I believe, has mentioned. Thoſe of the ſun are again mentioned by Shakſpeare in *Timon of Athens*:

" Thou *ſun*, that *comfort'ſt*, burn!" MALONE.

Take

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; ſmile once more; turn thy wheel!
[*He ſleeps.*

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myſelf proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and moſt unuſual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beaſt: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots[8];
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars[9], who, with roaring voices,
Strike

8 —elf *all my hair in knots*;] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly ſuppoſed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—plats the manes of horſes in the night,
"And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
"Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes." STEEV.

9 *Of Bedlam beggars*,] In the *Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is the following account of one of theſe characters, under the title of an *Abraham Man*. "—he ſweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpoſe: you ſee *pinnes* ſtuck in ſundry places of his naked fleſh, eſpecially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himſelfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calles himſelfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a cold*. Of theſe *Abraham-men*, ſome be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but ſing ſongs faſhioned out of their owne braines: ſome will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and ſo ſullen both in loke and ſpeech, that ſpying but a ſmall company in a houſe, they boldly and bluntly

Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks [1], nails, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms [2],
Poor pelting villages [3], ſheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatick bans [4], ſometime with prayers,
Inforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom [5]!
That's ſomething yet;—Edgar I nothing am [6]. [*Exit.*

SCENE

bluntly enter, *compelling* the ſervants through feare to give them what they demand." To *ſham Abraham*, a cant term, ſtill in uſe among ſailors and the vulgar, may have this origin. STEEVENS.

[1] —*wooden pricks*,] i. e. ſkewers. So, in *The Wyll of the Deuyll*, bl. l. no date. "I give to the butchers, &c. *pricks* inough to ſet up their thin meate, that it may appear thicke and well fedde." STEEV.

[2] —*low* farms,] The quartos read, low *ſervice*. STEEVENS.

3 *Poor* pelting *villages*,] *Pelting* is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakſpeare uſes it in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream* of *ſmall brooks*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher often uſe the word in the ſame ſenſe as Shakſpeare. So, in *King and no King*, Act IV:

"This *pelting*, prating peace is good for nothing."

Spaniſh Curate, Act II. ſc. ult.—"To learn the *pelting* law." Shakſpeare's *Midſummer-Night's Dream*,—"every *pelting* river." *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. vii:

"And every *pelting* petty officer."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Hector ſays to Achilles:

"We have had *pelting* wars ſince you refus'd
The Grecian cauſe."

From the firſt of the two laſt inſtances it appears not to be *a corruption of petty*, which is uſed the next word to it, but ſeems to be the ſame as *paltry*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 463, n. 5. MALONE.

4 —*lunatick* bans,] To *ban*, is to curſe. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"Nay, if thoſe *ban*, let me breathe curſes forth." STEEVENS.

[5] —*poor* Turlygood! *poor Tom!*] We ſhould read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new ſpecies of gipſies, called *Turlupins, a fraternity of naked beggars*, which ran up and down Europe. However, the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *heretics*, and actually burned ſome of them at Paris. But what ſort of religioniſts they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. "Turlupin Cynicorum ſectam ſuſcitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu." Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*. WARBURTON.

Hanmer

SCENE IV.

Before Gloſter's *Caſtle*[7].

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis ſtrange, that they ſhould ſo depart from home.
And not ſend back my meſſenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble maſter!
Lear. How! mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?
Kent. No, my lord[8].

Hanmer reads, *poor* Turluru. It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation. JOHNSON.

6 — *Edgar I nothing am.*] As Edgar I am outlawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political exiſtence. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the meaning is, As poor Tom, I may exiſt: appearing as Edgar, I am loſt. MALONE.

7 *Gloſter's caſtle.*] It is not very clearly diſcovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he ſent a letter to Gloſter; but no hint is given of its contents. He ſeems to have gone to viſit Gloſter while Cornwall and Regan might prepare to entertain him. JOHNSON.

It is plain, I think, that Lear comes to the earl of Gloceſter's, in conſequence of his having been at the duke of Cornwall's, and having heard there, that his ſon and daughter were gone to the earl of Gloceſter's. His firſt words ſhew this: "'*Tis ſtrange that* they (Cornwall and Regan) *ſhould ſo depart from home, and not ſend back my* meſſenger (Kent)." It is clear alſo from Kent's ſpeech in this ſcene, that he went directly from Lear to the duke of Cornwall's, and delivered his letters, but, inſtead of being ſent back with any anſwer, was ordered to follow the duke and dutcheſs to the earl of Gloſter's. But what then is the meaning of Lear's order to Kent in the preceding Act, ſc. v. *Go you before* to Gloceſter *with theſe letters.*—The obvious meaning, and what will agree beſt with the courſe of the ſubſequent events, is, that the duke of Cornwall and his wife were then reſiding at Gloceſter. Why Shakſpeare ſhould chooſe to ſuppoſe them at Gloceſter, rather than at any other city, is a different queſtion. Perhaps he might think, that Gloceſter implied ſuch a neighbourhood to the earl of Gloceſter's caſtle, as his ſtory required. TYRWHITT.

See p. 535, n. 3. MALONE.

8 *No, my lord.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Fool.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters[9]! Horſes are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-luſty[1] at legs, then he wears wooden nether-ſtocks[2].

Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtook
To ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I ſay.

Kent. I ſay, yea.

9 —*he wears* cruel *garters!*] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Crewel* ſignifies *worſted*, of which ſtockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made; and it is uſed in that ſenſe in the comedy of *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

" ——I'll warrant you, he'll have
" His *cruell garters* croſs about the knee."

So, in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

" I ſpeak the prologue to our ſilk and *cruel*
" Gentlemen in the hangings."

Again, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

" Wearing of *ſilk*, why art thou ſtill ſo *cruel?*" STEEVENS.

1 —*over-luſty*—] in this place has a double ſignification. *Luſtineſs* anciently meant *ſaucineſs*. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

" ——ſhe'll ſnarl and bite,
" And take up Nero for his *luſtineſs*."

Again, in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*: " Caſſius' ſoldiers did ſhewe themſelves verie ſtubborne and *luſtie* in the campe," &c. STEEVENS.

2 —*then he wears wooden* nether-ſtocks.] *Nether-ſtocks* is the old word for *ſtockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called " men's *over-ſtockes*," as I learn from Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580. It appears from the following paſſage in the ſecond part of *The Map of Mock Beggar Hall*, an ancient ballad, that the ſtockings were formerly ſewed to the breeches:

" Their fathers went in homely frees,
" And good plain broadcloth breeches;
" Their ſtockings with the ſame agrees,
" Sew'd on with good ſtrong ſtitches.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, has a whole chapter on *The Diverſities of* Nether-Stockes *worne in England*, 1595. Heywood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following:

" Thy *upper ſtocks*, be they ſtuft with ſilke or flocks,
" Never become thee like *a nether paire of ſtocks*." STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear [3]. No, no; they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay [4].
Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage [5]:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission [6],
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny [7], straight took horse;

3 *Lear.*] This and the next speech are omitted in the folio. STEEV.

4 *By Juno, I swear, ay.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

5 *To do upon respect such violent outrage:*] To violate the publick and venerable character of a messenger from the king. JOHNSON.

To do an outrage upon *respect*, does not, I believe, *primarily* mean, to behave outrageously to *persons* of a respectable character, (though that in substance is the sense of the words,) but rather, to be *grossly deficient in respect* to those who are entitled to it. So before in this scene:

"You shall do small *respect*, shew too bold malice
"Against the grace and person of my master,
"Stocking his messengers." MALONE.

6 *Deliver'd letters, spight of* intermission,] *Spight of intermission*, perhaps means in spight of, or without regarding, that message which *intervened*, and which was entitled to precedent attention.

Spight of intermission, however, may mean, in spight of being obliged to pause and take breath, after having *panted forth* the salutation from his mistress. In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard words*, 1604, *intermission* is defined, "*foreslowing, a pawsing or breaking off.*" MALONE.

Spight of intermission is *without pause, without suffering time to intervene.* So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— gentle heaven,
"Cut short all *intermission*," &c. STEEVENS.

7 *They summon'd up their* meiny,—] *Meiny*, i. e. people. POPE.

Mesne, a house. *Mesnie*, a family, Fr. So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"—— if she, or her sad *meiny*,
"Be towards sleep, I'll wake them." STEEVENS.

Commanded

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome, I perceiv'd, had poiſon'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſaucily againſt your highneſs,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew [8];
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries:
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geeſe fly that way [9].

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou ſhalt have as many dolours [1] for thy daughters [2], as thou can'ſt tell in a year.

[8] *Having more man than wit about me,* drew;] The perſonal pronoun which is found in the preceding line, is underſtood before the word *having*. The ſame licence is taken by our poet in other places. See Act IV. ſc. ii. "—and amongſt them *fell'd* him dead;" where *they* is underſtood. So, in Vol. VII. p. 29:

"——which if granted,
"As he made ſemblance of his duty, *would*
"Have put his knife into him."

where *he* is underſtood before *would*. See alſo *Hamlet*, Act II. ſc. ii. "—whereat griev'd,—*ſends* out arreſts."—The modern editors, following Sir Thomas Hanmer, read—*I* drew. MALONE.

9 *Winter's not gone yet,* &c.] If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. JOHNSON.

This ſpeech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[1] —*dolours*—] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*. HANMER.

The ſame quibble had occurred in the *Tempeſt*, and in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. STEEVENS.

[2] —for *thy daughters,*] i. e. on account of thy daughters' ingratitude. In the firſt part of the ſentence *dolours* is underſtood in its true ſenſe; in the latter part it is taken for *dollars*. The modern editors have adopted an alteration made by Mr. Theobald,—*from* inſtead of *for*; and following the ſecond folio, read—thy *dear* daughters. MALONE.

Lear. O, how this mother ſwells up toward my heart[3]!
Hyſterica paſſio! down, thou climbing ſorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, ſir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; ſtay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you ſpeak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with ſo ſmall a train?

Fool. An thou hadſt been ſet i' the ſtocks for that queſtion, thou hadſt well deſerved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter*. All that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's

[3] *O, how this* mother, *&c.*] *Lear* here affects to paſs off the ſwelling of his heart ready to burſt with grief and indignation, for the diſeaſe called the *Mother*, or *Hyſterica Paſſio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harſnet's *Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures*, Richard Mainy, Gent. one of the pretended demoniacs, depoſes, p. 263, that the firſt night that he came to Denham, the ſeat of Mr. Peckham, where theſe impoſtures were managed, he was ſomewhat evill at caſe, and he grew worſe and worſe with an old diſeaſe that he had, and which the prieſts perſuaded him was from the poſſeſſion of the devil, viz. "The diſeaſe, I ſpake of was a ſpice of the *Mother*, wherewith I had been troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I knowe not . . . When I was ſicke of this diſeaſe in Fraunce, a Scottiſh doctor of phyſick then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *Vertiginem capitis*. It riſeth . . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great ſwelling, cauſeth a very painfull collicke in the ſtomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."

It is at leaſt very probable, that Shakſpeare would not have thought of making Lear affect to have the *Hiſterick Paſſion*, or *Mother*, if this paſſage in Harſnet's pamphlet had not ſuggeſted it to him, when he was ſelecting the other particulars from it, in order to furniſh out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberiſh is admirably adapted. PERCY.

* *We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant*, &c.] By this alluſion more is meant than is expreſſed. If, ſays the Fool, you had been ſchool'd by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that ſagacious animal, prefer the ſummer of proſperity to the colder ſeaſon of adverſity, from which no profit can be derived; and deſert him, whoſe "mellow hangings" have been ſhaken down, and who by "one winter's bruſh" has been left "open and bare for every ſtorm that blows." MALONE.

not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking[4]. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel[5], give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly[6]:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent.

4 *All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among* twenty, *but can smell him that's stinking.*] The word *twenty* refers to the *noses* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general. STEEVENS.

Mankind, says the Fool, may be divided into those who can see and those who are blind. All men, but blind men, though they follow their noses, are led by their eyes; and this class of mankind, *seeing* the king ruined, have all deserted him: with respect to the other class, the blind, who have nothing but their noses to guide them, they also fly equally from a king whose fortunes are declining; for of the noses of twenty blind men there is not one but can smell him, who "*being muddy'd in fortune's mood, smells somewhat strongly of her displeasure.*" You need not therefore be surprised at Lear's coming with so small a train.

The quartos read—among *a hundred.* MALONE.

5 —*When a wise man gives thee*, &c.] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses, on all occasions, to prevent his sentiments from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense:—"I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it." WARBURTON.

6 *But I will tarry; the fool will stay,*
And let, &c.] I think this passage erroneous, though both the copies concur. The sense will be mended if we read:

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly;
The fool turns knave, that runs away;
The knave no fool,—

That

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?
Fool. Not i' the ſtocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? They are ſick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better anſwer.
Glo. My dear lord,
You know the firy quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own courſe.
Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion!—
Firy? what quality? Why, Gloſter, Gloſter,
I'd ſpeak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.
Glo. Well[7], my good lord, I have inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them! Doſt thou underſtand me, man?
Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. The king would ſpeak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter ſpeak, commands her ſervice:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood[8]!—
Firy? the firy duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—[9]
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourſelves,
When nature, being oppreſs'd, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
For the ſound man.—Death on my ſtate! wherefore
[*looking on* Kent.

That I ſtay with the king is a proof that I am a fool; the wiſe men are deſerting him. There is knavery in this deſertion, but there is no folly. JOHNSON.

[7] Glo. *Well*, &c.] This, with the following ſpeech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[8] *Are they inform'd of this*, &c.] This line is not in the quartos. MALONE.

[9] —*Tell the hot duke, that*—] The quartos read—Tell the hot duke, that *Lear*— STEEVENS.

Should he ſit here? This act perſuades me,
That this remotion[1] of the duke and her
Is practice only[2]. Give me my ſervant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd ſpeak with them,
Now, preſently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my riſing heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney[3] did to the eels, when ſhe put them i' the paſte alive[4]; ſhe rapp'd 'em[5]

[1] —*this* remotion—] from their own houſe to that of the earl of Gloſter. MALONE.

[2] *Is* practice *only.*] *Practice* is in Shakſpeare, and other old writers, uſed commonly in an ill ſenſe for *unlawful artifice.* JOHNSON.

[3] —*the* cockney—] It is not eaſy to determine the exact power of this term of contempt, which, as the editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer obſerves, might have been originally borrowed from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad of the *Turnament of Tottenham*, publiſhed by Dr. Percy in his ſecond volume of *Ancient Poetry*, p. 24, it ſhould ſeem to ſignify a *cook*:

"At that feaſt were they ſerved in rich array;
"Every five and five had a *cockeney.*"

i. e. a *cook*, or *ſcullion*, to attend them.

Shakſpeare, however, in *Twelfth Night*, makes his Clown ſay, "I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a *cockney.*" In this place it ſeems to have a ſignification not unlike that which it bears at preſent; and, indeed, Chaucer in his *Reve's Tale*, ver. 4205, appears to employ it with ſuch a meaning:

"And whan this jape is tald another day,
"I ſhall be halden a daffe or a *cockenay.*"

See the notes on the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, Vol. IV. p. 253, where the reader will meet with all the information to be had on this ſubject. STEEVENS.

In the following lines in *the Scourge of Folly*, by J. Davies of Hereford, printed about 1611, *cockney* certainly does not mean either a ſcullion, or a citizen: and I doubt whether the word has that meaning in the *Turnament of Tottenham*:

"He that comes every day ſhall have a *cock-nay*,
"And he that comes but now and then, ſhall have a fat hen,
"But cocks that to hens come but now and then,
"Shall have a *cock-nay*, not the fat hen."

Mr. Whalley, I find, has made the ſame obſervation. MALONE.

[4] —*the eels, when ſhe put them i' the paſte*—] Hinting that the eel and Lear are in the ſame danger. JOHNSON.

[5] —*ſhe* rapp'd *'em*—] So the quartos. The folio reads—*ſhe knapt 'em.* MALONE.

o' the

o' the coxcombs with a ſtick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down:* 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindneſs to his horſe, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your grace! [Kent *is ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your highneſs.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reaſon
I have to think ſo: if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultreſs [6].—O, are you free? [*to* Kent.
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy ſiſter's naught: O Regan, ſhe hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here [7],—
[*points to his heart.*
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality—[8] O Regan!
Reg. I pray you, ſir, take patience; I have hope,
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty [9].

Lear.

6 —*ſepulch'ring*, &c.] This word is accented in the ſame manner by *Fairfax* and *Milton*:

"As if his work ſhould his *ſepulchre* be." C. i. ſt. 25.
"And ſo *ſepulcher'd* in ſuch pomp doſt lie."
Milton on Shakſpeare, line xv. STEEVENS.

7 —*ſhe hath tied*
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here,] Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. WARBURTON.

8 Of *how deprav'd a quality*—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads: *With* how deprav'd a quality—. JOHNSON.

9 ——— *I have hope,*
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant *her duty.*] The word *ſcant* in this paſſage, as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, is directly contrary to the ſenſe intended. Shakſpeare without doubt intended to make Regan ſay, *I have hope that the fact will rather turn out, that* you *know not how to appretiate her merit, than that* ſhe *knows how to* ſcant, *or be* deficient in, *her duty.* But that he has expreſſed this ſentiment inaccurately, will, I think, clearly appear from inverting the ſentence, without changing a word. "I have hope (ſays Regan) that ſhe knows *more* [or *better*] how to

Lear. Say, how is that[9]?

Reg. I cannot think, my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her obligation; If, ſir, perchance,
She have reſtrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curſes on her!

Reg. O, ſir, you are old;
Nature in you ſtands on the very verge

ſcant her duty, than you know how to value her deſert."—i. e. I have hope, that ſhe is *more perfect*, more an adept, (if the expreſſion may be allowed) in the *non-performance* of her duty, than you are perfect, or accurate, in the eſtimation of her merit.

In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with an inaccuracy of the ſame kind:

" ——— I ne'er heard yet,
" That any of theſe bolder vices *wanted*
" *Leſs* impudence to gainſay what they did,
" Than to perform it firſt."

where, as Dr. Johnſon has juſtly obſerved, " *wanted* ſhould be *had*, or *leſs* ſhould be *more*."—Again, in *Cymbeline*: " —be it but to fortify her judgment, which elſe an eaſy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without *leſs* quality." Here alſo *leſs* ſhould certainly be *more*.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

" Who *cannot want* the thought how monſtrous
" It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
" To kill the gracious Duncan?"

Here unqueſtionably for *cannot* the poet ſhould have written *can*. See alſo Vol. VII. p. 564, n. 6.

If Lear is *leſs* knowing in the valuation of Goneril's deſert, than ſhe is in the ſcanting of her duty, then ſhe knows *better* how to *ſcant* or be deficient in her duty, than he knows how to appretiate her deſert. Will any one maintain, that Regan meant to expreſs a hope that this would prove the eaſe?

Shakſpeare perplexed himſelf by placing the word *leſs* before *know*; for if he had written, " I have hope that you rather know how to make her *deſert leſs* than it is, (to under-rate it in your eſtimation) than that ſhe at all knows how to ſcant her duty," all would have been clear; but, by placing *leſs* before *know*, this meaning is deſtroyed.

Thoſe who imagine that this paſſage is accurately expreſſed as it now ſtands, deceive themſelves by this fallacy: in paraphraſing it, they always take the word *leſs* out of its place, and connect it, or ſome other ſynonymous word, with the word *deſert*. MALONE.

[9] *Say*, &c.] This, as well as the following ſpeech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Of

Of her confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you yourſelf: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our ſiſter you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, ſir.
Lear. Aſk her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becomes the houſe[1]:
Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary[2]*: on my knees I beg,* [kneeling.
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.

[1] *Do you but mark how this becomes* the houſe:] i. e. the order of families, duties of relation. WARBURTON.

In *The Tempeſt* we have again nearly the ſame ſentiment:

"But O how oddly will it ſound that I
"Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs?" MALONE.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *Milton on Divorce*, book ii. ch. 12. "—the reſtraint hereof, who is not too thick-ſighted, may ſee how hurtful, how deſtructive, it is to *the houſe*, the church, and commonwealth!" TOLLET.

The old reading may likewiſe receive additional ſupport from the following paſſage in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

"Come up to ſupper; it will *become the houſe* wonderful well."

Mr. Tollet has ſince furniſhed me with the following extract from ſir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 4to. 1601. chap. II. which has much the ſame expreſſion, and explains it. "They two together [man and wife] ruleth the *houſe*. The *houſe* I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their ſervants, bond and free," &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*; "The gentleman's wife one day could not refraine (beholding a ſtagges head ſet up in the gentleman's houſe) from breaking into a laughter before his face, ſaying how that head *became the houſe* very well." HENDERSON.

[2] *Age is* unneceſſary:] i. e. Old age has few wants. JOHNSON.

This uſage of the word *unneceſſary* is quite without example; and I believe my learned coadjutor has rather improved than explained the meaning of his author, who ſeems to have deſigned to ſay no more than that it ſeems *unneceſſary* to children that the lives of their parents *ſhould be prolonged*. *Age is unneceſſary*, may mean, *old people are uſeleſs*. So, in *The Old Law*, by Maſſinger:

"——your laws extend not to deſert,
"But to *unneceſſary* years; and, my lord,
"His are not ſuch." STEEVENS.

Unneceſſary in Lear's ſpeech, I believe, means—*in want of neceſſaries, unable to procure them*. TYRWHITT.

Reg. Good ſir, no more; theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my ſiſter.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me[3]; ſtruck me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs!

Corn. Fie, ſir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful ſun,
To fall and blaſt her pride[4]!

Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on[5].

Lear. No, Regan, thou ſhalt never have my curſe;
Thy tender-hefted nature[6] ſhall not give
Thee

[3] *Look'd* black *upon me*;] To *look black*, may eaſily be explained to *look cloudy* or *gloomy*. See *Milton*:

"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
"Grew *darker* at their frown."— JOHNSON.

So, Holinſhed, vol. iii. p. 1157: "—The biſhops thereat repined, and *looked black*." TOLLET.

[4] *To fall and blaſt her pride!*] Thus the quarto: the folio reads not ſo well, *to fall and bliſter*. JOHNSON.

Fall is, I think, uſed here as an active verb, ſignifying to humble or pull down. *Ye fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn from the earth by the powerful action of the ſun, infect her beauty*, ſo as *to fall and blaſt*, i. e. humble and deſtroy, *her pride*. Shakſpeare in other places uſes *fall* in an active ſenſe. So, in *Othello*:

"Each drop ſhe *falls* will prove a crocodile."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"—— make him *fall*
"His creſt, that prouder than blue Iris bends."

In the old play of *King Leir* our poet found,

"I ever thought that *pride* would have a *fall*." MALONE.

[5] —*when the raſh mood is on.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read only,—*when the raſh mood*—perhaps leaving the ſentence purpoſely unfiniſhed. STEEVENS.

[6] *Thy tender*-hefted *nature*—] *Hefted* ſeems to mean the ſame as *heaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whoſe boſom is agitated by tender paſſions. The formation of ſuch a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically

Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes[7],
And, in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in: thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courteſy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good ſir, to the purpoſe. [*Trumpet within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the ſtocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's: this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my ſight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who ſtock'd my ſervant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou did'ſt nor know of't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

matically accounted for. Shakſpeare uſes *befts* for *heavings* in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Both the quartos however read, "tender-*hefted* nature;" which may mean a nature which is governed by gentle diſpoſitions. *Heft* is an old word ſignifying *command*. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, &c. 1594:

"Muſt yield to *heſt* of others that be free."

Hefted is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

7 — *to ſcant my* ſizes,] To contract my allowances or proportions ſettled. JOHNSON.

A *ſizer* is one of the loweſt rank of ſtudents at Cambridge, and lives on a ſtated allowance.

Sizes are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in public ſocieties are ſet down to the account of particular perſons: a word ſtill uſed in colleges. So, in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

"You are one of the devil's fellow-commoners; one that *ſizeth* the devil's butteries." STEEVENS.

See a *ſize* in Minſhew's *Dictionary*. TOLLET.

Enter

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway
Allow obedience [8], if yourſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe; ſend down, and take my part!—
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?— [*to* Gon.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, ſir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiſcretion finds [9],
And dotage terms, ſo.

Lear. O, ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the ſtocks?

Corn. I ſet him there, ſir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement [1].

[8] *If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway*
Allow *obedience*,—] Mr. Upton has proved by irreſiſtible authority, that to *allow* ſignifies not only to *permit*, but to *approve*, and has deſervedly replaced the old reading, which Dr. Warburton had changed into *hallow obedience*, not recollecting the ſcripture expreſſion, *The Lord* alloweth *the righteous*, Pſalm xi. ver. 6. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "I *allow* thoſe pleaſing poems of Guazzo, which begin," &c. Again, Sir Tho. North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*, concerning the reception with which the death of Cæſar met: "they neither greatly reproved, nor *allowed* the fact." Dr. Warburton might have found the emendation which he propoſed, in Tate's alteration of *King Lear*, which was firſt publiſhed in 1687. STEEVENS.

[9] — *that indiſcretion* finds,] *Finds* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when a jury is ſaid to *find* a bill, to which it is an alluſion. Our author again uſes the ſame word in the ſame ſenſe in *Hamlet*, Act V. ſc. i:
"Why 'tis *found* ſo." EDWARDS.

To *find* is little more than to *think*. The French uſe their word *trouver* in the ſame ſenſe, and we ſtill ſay I *find* time tedious, or I *find* company troubleſome, without thinking on a jury. STEEVENS.

[1] — *much leſs* advancement.] The word *advancement* is ironically uſed for *conſpicuouſneſs* of puniſhment; as we now ſay, *a man is* advanced *to the pillory*. We ſhould read:
—— but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much *more* advancement. JOHNSON.

By *leſs advancement* is meant, a ſtill worſe or more diſgraceful ſituation: a ſituation not ſo reputable. PERCY.

Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's *diſorders* had entitled him to even a poſt of leſs honour than the ſtocks. STEEVENS.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so[2].
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch[3]!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life[4] afoot;—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter[5]
To this detested groom. [*looking on the* Steward.

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. Now I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewel:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,

[2] *I pray you, father, being weak,* seem *so.*] The meaning is, since *you are weak,* be content to think yourself weak. JOHNSON.

[3] *No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose*
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!] To *wage* is often used absolutely without the word *war* after it, and yet signifies *to make war,* as before in this play:

My life I never held but as a pawn
To *wage* against thine enemies.

The words *necessity's sharp pinch!* appear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched sort of existence he had described in the preceding lines. STEEVENS.

[4] —*base life*—] i. e. In a *servile* state. JOHNSON.

[5] —*and* sumpter—] *Sumpter* is a horse that carries necessaries on a journey. STEEVENS.

Which

Which I muſt needs call mine: thou art a boil [6],
A plague-ſore, an emboſſed carbuncle [7],
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canſt; be better, at thy leiſure:
I can be patient; I can ſtay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether ſo, ſir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, ſir, to my ſiſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo—
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, ſir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number? How, in one houſe,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to ſlack you,
We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

6 —*thou art a* boil, *&c.*] The word in the old copies is written *byle*, and all the modern editors have too ſtrictly followed them. The miſtake aroſe from the word *boil* being often pronounced as if written *bile*. In the folio, we find in *Coriolanus* the ſame falſe ſpelling as here:

" ——— *Byles* [boils] and plagues
" Plaſter you o'er!" MALONE.

7 —emboſſed *carbuncle*,] *Emboſſed* is *ſwelling, protuberant.* JOHNS.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries;
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd
With ſuch a number: What, muſt I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? ſaid you ſo?

Reg. And ſpeak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked[8]; not being the worſt,
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe:—I'll go with thee;
[*to* Goneril.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reaſon not the need: our baſeſt beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſt's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need*!
You ſee me here, you gods, a poor old man[9],
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that ſtir theſe daughters' hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,

[8] *Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,*
When others are more wicked;] A ſimilar thought occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act V.
"——it is I
"That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
"By being worſe than they." STEEVENS.
The proper pointing of this paſſage was ſuggeſted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

* —patience, patience *I need!*] I believe the word *patience* was repeated inadvertently by the compoſitor. MALONE.

[9] —*poor old man,*] The quarto has, poor old *fellow*. JOHNSON.

Stain

Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not [1]; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws [2],
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, *and* Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put himself from rest [3],
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

[1] —*I will do such things,—*
What they are, yet I know not;]
—— magnum est quodcunque paravi,
Quid sit, adhuc dubito. *Ovid. Met.* lib. vi.
—— haud quid sit scio,
Sed grande quiddam est. *Senecæ Thyestes.*
Let such as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature must occasionally use the same thoughts and expressions, remember, that of both these authors there were early translations. STEEVENS.

[2] —*into a hundred thousand* flaws,] A *flaw* signifying a crack or other similar imperfection, our authour, with his accustomed licence, uses the word here for a *small broken particle*. So again, in the fifth act:
" —— But his *flaw'd heart*
" Burst smilingly. MALONE.

[3] —he *hath put himself from rest*,] The personal pronoun was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *He hath* was formerly contracted thus; *H'ath*; and hence perhaps the mistake. The same error has, I think, happened in *Measure for Measure*. See Vol. II. p. 24, n. 8. MALONE.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horſe[4]? but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way; he leads himſelf.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to ſtay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do ſorely ruffle[5]; for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.

Reg. O, ſir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their ſchool-maſters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſperate train;
And what they may incenſe him to *, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counſels well: come out o' the ſtorm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A ſtorm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT, *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beſide foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.

Kent. I know you? Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element[6]:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main[7],
That

4 *Whither is he going?*
Glo. *He calls to horſe*;] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

5 *Do ſorely* ruffle,—] Thus the folio. The quartos read, Do ſorely *ruffel*, i. e. *ruffle*. STEEVENS.
Ruffle is certainly the true reading. A *ruffler* in our authour's time was a noiſy, *boiſterous*, ſwaggerer. MALONE.

* —incenſe *him to*,—] To *incenſe* is here, as in other places, to inſtigate. MALONE.

6 —*the fretful* element:] i. e. the air. Thus the quartos; for which the editor of the folio ſubſtituted *elements*. MALONE.

7 *Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the* main,] The *main* ſeems to ſignify here the *main land*, *the continent*. So, in *Bacon's War with Spain*:

That things might change, or ceaſe: tears his white hair[8];
Which the impetuous blaſts, with eyeleſs rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-ſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch[9],
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.

Spain: "In 1589, we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain."

This interpretation ſets the two objects of Lear's deſire in proper oppoſition to each other. He wiſhes for the deſtruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raiſing the waters ſo as to overwhelm the land. STEEVENS.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"——————The *bounded waters*
"Should lift their boſoms higher than the *ſhores*,
"And make a ſop of all this *ſolid globe*."

The main is again uſed for *the land*, in *Hamlet:*

"Goes it againſt *the main* of Poland, ſir?" MALONE.

8 —*tears his white hair*;] The ſix following verſes were omitted in all the late editions: I have replaced them from the firſt, for they are certainly Shakſpeare's. POPE.

The firſt folio ends the ſpeech at *change or ceaſe*, and begins again at Kent's queſtion, *But who is with him?* The whole ſpeech is forcible, but too long for the occaſion, and properly retrenched. JOHNSON.

9 *This night, wherein the* cub-drawn *bear would couch,*] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to ſignify *drawn by nature to its young*; whereas it means, *whoſe dugs are drawn dry by its young*. For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, "that even hunger, and the ſupport of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in ſuch a night." WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare has the ſame image in *As ye like it:*

"A lioneſs, *with udders all drawn dry*,
"Lay couching—."

Again, *Ibidem:*

"Food to the *ſuck'd and hungry* lioneſs." STEEVENS.

Kent.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art[1],
Commend a dear thing to you. There is diviſion,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not[2], that their great ſtars
Thron'd and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs;
Which are to France the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate; what hath been ſeen[3],
Either in ſnuffs and packings[4] of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Againſt the old kind king; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings[5];—
[But, true it is[6], from France there comes a power
Into

[1] —*upon the warrant of my art,*] On the ſtrength of that art or ſkill, which teaches us "to find *the mind's conſtruction in the face.*" The paſſage in *Macbeth* from which I have drawn this paraphraſe, in which the word *art* is again employed in the ſame ſenſe, confirms the reading of the quartos. The folio reads—upon the warrant of my *note*: i. e. ſays Dr. Johnſon, "my obſervation of your character." MALONE.

[2] *Who have (as who have not,*—] The eight ſubſequent verſes were degraded by Mr. Pope, as unintelligible, and to no purpoſe. For my part, I ſee nothing in them but what is very eaſy to be underſtood; and the lines ſeem abſolutely neceſſary to clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invaſion: nor without them is the ſenſe of the context complete. THEOBALD.

The quartos omit theſe lines. STEEVENS.

[3] —*what hath been ſeen,*] What follows, are the circumſtances in the ſtate of the kingdom, of which he ſuppoſes the ſpies gave France the intelligence. STEEVENS.

[4] *Either in* ſnuffs *or* packings—] *Snuffs* are diſlikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "Took it in *ſnuff*;" and in Stanyhurſt's *Virgil*, 1582:

"With two gods *packing* one woman ſilly to cozen."

We ſtill talk of *packing* juries, and Antony ſays of Cleopatra, that ſhe has "*pack'd* cards with Cæſar." STEEVENS.

[5] —*are but* furniſhings;] *Furniſhings* are what we now call *colours, external pretences.* JOHNSON.

A *furniſh* anciently ſignified a *ſample.* So, in the Preface to Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621: "To lend the world a *furniſh* of wit, ſhe lays her own to pawn." STEEVENS.

[6] *But true it is,* &c.] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inſerted in the text, which ſeem neceſſary to the plot, as

Into this ſcatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret feet
In ſome of our beſt ports[7], and are at point
To ſhew their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to Dover, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The king hath cauſe to plain.

a preparatory to the arrival of the French army with Cordelia in Act IV. How both theſe, and a whole ſcene between Kent and this gentleman in the fourth act, came to be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell; they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident. POPE.

This ſpeech, as it now ſtands, is collected from two editions: the eight lines, degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines incloſed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the ſpeech be read with omiſſion of the former, it will ſtand according to the firſt edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then ſtand according to the ſecond. The ſpeech is now tedious, becauſe it is formed by a coalition of both. The ſecond edition is generally beſt, and was probably neareſt to Shakſpeare's laſt copy, but in this paſſage the firſt is preferable; for in the folio, the meſſenger is ſent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but truſting too much to himſelf, and full of a ſingle purpoſe, he did not accommodate his new lines to the reſt of the ſcene.

Scattered means *divided, unſettled, diſunited.* JOHNSON.

[7] —*have ſecret feet*

In ſome of our beſt ports,] Theſe lines, as has been obſerved, are not in the folio. Quarto A reads—ſecret *fee*; quarto B—ſecret *feet.* I have adopted the latter reading, which I ſuppoſe was uſed in the ſenſe of *ſecret footing*, and is ſtrongly confirmed by a paſſage in this act: "Theſe injuries the king now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a *power* already *footed:* we muſt incline to the king." Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"——Why, thou Mars, I'll tell thee,
"We have a *power* on *foot.*" MALONE.

One of the quartos (for there are two that differ from each other, though printed in the ſame year, and for the ſame printer) reads *ſecret feet.* Perhaps the author wrote *ſecret foot*, i. e. footing. So, in a following ſcene:

"—what confederacy have you with the traitors
"Late *footed* in the kingdom?" STEEVENS.

I am

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall *,) shew her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way; I'll this [8];) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the heath. Storm still.

Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks [9]! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanos, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You

* *(As* fear *not but you shall,)*] Thus quarto B and the folio. Quarto A—As *doubt* not but you shall. MALONE.

8 —*the king, (in which your pain*
That way; I'll this;) he that first, &c.] Thus the folio. The late reading:

—— for which you take
That way, I this,——

was not genuine. The quartos read:

That when we have found the king,
Ile this way, you that, he that first lights
On him, hollow the other. STEEVENS.

9 *Blow*, wind, *and crack your cheeks!*] Thus the quartos. The folio has—*winds*. The poet, as Mr. Mason has observed in a note on *The Tempest*, was here thinking of the common representation of the winds, which he might have found in many books of his own time. So again, as the same gentleman has observed, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

You ſulphurous and thought-executing fires [1],
Vaunt-couriers [2] to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat [3] the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds [4], all germens ſpill at once [5],
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water [6] in a dry houſe is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and aſk thy daughters bleſſing; here's a night pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

" Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias *cheek*
" Outſwell the cholick of *puff'd Aquilon*."

We find the ſame alluſion in Kempe's *Nine daies wonder, &c.* quarto, 1600: " —he *ſwells* preſently, like *one of the four winds*." MALONE.

[1] —*thought-executing* —] Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought. JOHNSON.

[2] *Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,*] *Avant couriers*, Fr. This phraſe is not unfamiliar to other writers of Shakſpeare's time. It originally meant the foremoſt ſcouts of an army. So, in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607: " —as ſoon as the firſt *vancurrer* encountered him face to face." Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

" Might to my death but the *vaunt-currier* prove." STEEV.

In *The Tempeſt* " Jove's lightnings" are termed more familiarly,

" ——————— the *precurſors*
" O' the dreadful thunder-claps—." MALONE.

[3] Strike *flat*, &c.] The quarto reads—*Smite* flat. STEEVENS.

[4] *Crack nature's moulds, all germens ſpill at once,*] Crack nature's mould, and ſpill all the *ſeeds of matter*, that are hoarded within it. Our author not only uſes the ſame thought again, but the word that aſcertains my explication, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" Let nature cruſh the ſides o' the earth together,
" And mar the *ſeeds* within." THEOBALD.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— and the ſum
" Of nature's *germens* tumble altogether." STEEVENS.

[5] —ſpill *at once,*] To *ſpill* is to deſtroy. So, in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 67:

" So as I ſhall myſelf *ſpill*." STEEVENS.

[6] —*court holy-water*—] Ray, among his proverbial phraſes, p. 184, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the ſame phraſe. *Eaû benite de cour*; fair empty words.—*Chambaud's Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

Cotgrave in his Dict. 1611, defines *Eau benite de cour*, " *court holie water*; compliments, faire words, flattering ſpeeches," &c. See alſo Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: " *Mantellizare*, To flatter, to claw,—to give one *court holie-water*." MALONE.

Lear.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! ſpout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription [6]; why then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure; here I ſtand, your ſlave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man:—
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul [7]!

Fool. He that has a houſe to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will houſe,
Before the head has any,
The head and he ſhall louſe;—
So beggars marry many [8].
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe *,
And turn his ſleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will ſay nothing [9].

6 *You owe me no* ſubſcription;] *Subſcription* for obedience. WARB. See p. 507, n. 2. MALONE.

So, in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 17: "—which rebellious man now ſeeing, (or rather indeed too obedient to him) inclines to all his hefts, *yields no ſubſcription*, nor will he be commanded by any other power." REED.

7 —*'tis foul!*] Shameful; diſhonourable. JOHNSON.

8 *So beggars marry many.*] i. e. A beggar marries a wife and lice. JOHNSON.

* —*cry woe,*] i. e. be grieved, or pained. So, in *K. Richa d III.*
"You live, that ſhall *cry woe* for this hereafter." MALONE.

9 *No, I will be the pattern of all patience,*
I will ſay nothing.] So Perillus, in the old anonymous play, ſpeaking of *Leir*:
"But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
"Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply." STEEVENS.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece[1]; that's, a wise man, and a fool[2].

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here[3]? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark[4],
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear[5].

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother[6] o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming[7]

[1] —grace, *and a cod-piece*;] In Shakspeare's time "the king's *grace*" was the usual expression. In the latter phrase, the speaker perhaps alludes to an old notion concerning fools. See Vol. VII. p. 132, n. 7. MALONE.

[2] —*and a* cod-piece; *that's, a wise man and a fool.*] Alluding perhaps to the saying of a contemporary wit; that there is *no discretion below the girdle.* STEEVENS.

[3] —*are you here?*—] The quartos read—*sit* you here? STEEVENS.

[4] Gallow *the very wanderers of the dark,*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:
"—'stonish'd as night-wanderers are." MALONE.

Gallow, a west-country word, signifies to scare or frighten. WARB.
So, the Somersetshire proverb: "The dunder do *gally* the beans." Beans are vulgarly supposed to shoot up faster after thunder-storms. STEEVENS.

[5] —*fear.*] So the folio: the later editions read, with the quarto, *force* for *fear*, less elegantly. JOHNSON.

[6] —*this dreadful* pother—] Thus one of the quartos and the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring*.
The reading in the text, however, is an expression common to others. So, in the *Scornful Lady* of B. and Fletcher:
"—faln out with their meat, and *kept a pudder.*" STEEV.

[7] *That under covert and* convenient *seeming,*] *Convenient* needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; *accommodate* to the present purpose; *suitable* to a design. *Convenient seeming* is *appearance* such as may promote his purpose to destroy. JOHNSON.

Hast

Haſt practis'd on man's life!—Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents [8], and cry
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace [9].—I am a man [1],
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed [2]!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt;
Repoſe you there: while I to this hard houſe,
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in,) return, and force

[8] —*concealing* continents,—] *Continent* ſtands for that which *contains* or *incloſes*. JOHNSON.

Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Heart, once be ſtronger than thy *continent*!"

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the XIIth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

" I told our pilot that paſt other men
" He moſt muſt bear firm ſpirits, ſince he ſway'd
" The *continent* that all our ſpirits convey'd," &c.

The quartos read, *concealed centers*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——— ——— *and cry*

Theſe dreadful ſummoners *grace.*] *Summoners* are here the *officers* that ſummon offenders before a proper tribunal. STEEVENS.

I find the ſame expreſſion in a treatiſe publiſhed long before this play was written: " — they ſeem to brag moſt of the ſtrange events which follow for the moſt part after blazing ſtarres, as if they were the *ſummoners* of God to call princes to the ſeat of judgment." *Defenſative againſt the poiſon of ſuppoſed prophecies*, 1581. MALONE.

[1] *I am a man,*] Oedipus, in Sophocles, repreſents himſelf in the ſame light. Oedip. Colon. v. 258.

——— ταγ' ἐγω μὲν
Πεπονθοτ' ἐς. μαλλον η δεδρακοτα. TYRWHITT.

[2] *Alack, bare-headed!*] Kent's faithful attendance on the old king, as well as that of Perillus, in the old play which preceded Shakſpeare's, is founded on an hiſtorical fact. Lear, ſays Geoffrey of Monmouth, " when he betook himſelf to his youngeſt daughter in Gaul, waited before the city where ſhe reſided, while he ſent a meſſenger to inform her of the miſery he was fallen into, and to deſire her relief to a rather that ſuffered both hunger and nakedneſs. Cordeilla was ſtartled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with tears aſked him, how many men her father had with him. The meſſenger anſwered he had none but *one man*, who had been his armour-bearer, and was ſtaying with him without the town." MALONE.

Their ſcanted courteſy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How doſt, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myſelf.—Where is this ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee [3].

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—*
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan [4].—I'll ſpeak a prophecy ere I go:

When prieſts are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors [5];
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' ſuitors [6]:
When every caſe in law is right;
No ſquire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then ſhall the realm of Albion
Come to great confuſion [7].

Then

3 *That's* ſorry *yet*, &c.] The old quartos read,
That *ſorrows* yet for thee. STEEVENS.

4 *This is a brave night*, &c.] This ſpeech is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

5 *When nobles are their tailors' tutors*;] i. e. invent faſhions for them. WARBURTON.

6 *No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' ſuitors*;] The diſeaſe to which *wenches' ſuitors* are particularly expoſed, was called in Shakſpeare's time the *brenning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

7 *Then ſhall the realm of Albion*
Come to great confuſion.] Theſe lines are taken from Chaucer. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, quotes them as follows:

"When

Then comes the time, who lives to see it,
That going shall be us'd with feet[8].
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and

" When faith fails in priestes saws,
" And lords hests are holden for laws,
" And robbery is tane for purchase,
" And letchery for solace,
" *Then shall the realm of Albion*
" *Be brought to great confusion.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *Then comes the time*, &c.] This couplet Dr. Warburton transposed, and placed after the fourth line of this prophecy. The four lines, "*When priests*," &c. according to his notion, are "a satirical description of *the present manners*, as *future*;" and the six lines from "*When every case* —to *churches build*," "a satirical description of future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening." His conception of the first four lines is, I think, just: but instead of his far-fetched conceit relative to the other six lines, I should rather call them an *ironical*, as the preceding are a satirical, description of the time in which our poet lived. The transposition recommended by this critick and adopted in the late editions, is in my opinion as unnecessary, as it is unwarrantable. MALONE.

maintain

maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he aſk for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no leſs is threaten'd me, the king my old maſter muſt be relieved. There is ſome ſtrange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courteſy, forbid thee, ſhall the duke
Inſtantly know; and of that letter too:—
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my father loſes; no leſs than all:
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A part of the heath, with a hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much, that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin: ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt[9]. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea[1],
Thou'dſt meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,

9 *But where the greater malady is fix'd,*
The leſſer is ſcarce felt.] So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. I. c. vi.
"He leſſer pangs can bear who hath endur'd the chief."
STEEVENS.

1 —raging *ſea,*] Such is the reading of that which appears to be the elder of the two quartos. The other, with the folio, reads,—roaring *ſea.* STEEVENS.

The

The body's delicate: the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will puniſh home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In ſuch a night
To ſhut me out!—Pour on; I will endure[2]:—
In ſuch a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave you all[3],—
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe;
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:—
In, boy; go firſt[4].—[*to the* Fool.] You houſeleſs poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep.—
[Fool *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm,
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs[5], defend you
From

[2] ——— *In ſuch a night*
To ſhut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] *Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave* you *all,*—] I have already obſerved that the words, *father, brother, rather,* and many of a ſimilar ſound, were ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare as monoſyllables. The editor of the folio, ſuppoſing the metre to be defective, omitted the word *you,* which is found in the quartos. MALONE.

[4] *In, boy; go firſt.*] Theſe two lines were added in the authour's reviſion, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciouſly intended to repreſent that humility, or tenderneſs, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind. JOHNSON.

[5] —*loop'd and* window'd *raggedneſs,*] So, in the *Amorous War,* 1648:
" ——— ſpare me a doublet which
" Hath linings in't, and no glaſs *windows.*"

This alluſion is as old as the time of *Plautus,* in one of whoſe plays it is found,

Again,

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just[6].

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half[7], fathom and half!
Poor Tom! [*The* Fool *runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised as a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee[8].

Again, in the comedy already quoted:

"——this jerkin

"Is wholly made of *doors*." STEEVENS.

Loop'd is full of small apertures, such as were made in ancient castles, for firing ordnance or spying the enemy. These were wider without than within, and were called *loops* or *loop-holes:* which Coles in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders by the word *fenestella*. MALONE.

6 ——*Take physick, pomp!*
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.] A kindred thought occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"O let those cities that of plenty's cup
"And her prosperities so largely taste,
"With their superfluous riots,—hear these tears;
"The misery of Tharsus may be theirs." MALONE.

7 *Fathom,* &c.] This speech of Edgar is omitted in the quartos. He gives the sign used by those who are sounding the depth at sea. STEEV.

8 *Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] Thus the quartos. The editor of the folio 1623, I suppose, thinking the passage nonsense, omitted the word *cold.* This is not the only instance of unwarrantable alterations made even in that valuable copy. That the quartos are right, appears from the Induction to *the Taming of the Shrew,* where the same words occur. They were intended as a ridicule on two lines in *The Spanish Tragedy.* See Vol. III. p. 244, n. 7. MALONE.

Lear.

Lear. Haſt thou given all to thy two daughters[9]? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame[1], through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow[2], and halters in his pew; ſet ratſbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe over four-inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor:—Bleſs thy five wits[3]! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—

9 *Haſt thou given all to thy two daughters?*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *Didſt thou give all to thy daughters?* STEEVENS.

1 —*led through fire and through flame*] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, ſuppoſed to be lights kindled by miſchievous beings to lead travellers into deſtruction. JOHNSON.

2 —*laid knives under his pillow,*] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to ſuicide; the opportunities of deſtroying himſelf, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare found this charge againſt the fiend, with many others of the ſame nature, in Harſenet's *Declaration*, and has uſed the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. See Dr. Warburton's note, Act IV. ſc. i.

Infernal ſpirits are always repreſented as urging the wretched to ſelf-deſtruction. So, in Dr. *Fauſtus*, 1604:

"Swords, poiſons, halters, and envenom'd ſteel,
"Are laid before me to diſpatch myſelf." STEEVENS.

3 —*bleſs thy five wits!*] So the five ſenſes were called by our old writers. Thus in the very ancient interlude of *The Fyve Elements*, one of the characters is *Senſual Appetite*, who with great ſimplicity thus introduces himſelf to the audience:

"I am callyd ſenſual apetyte,
"All creatures in me delyte,
"I comforte the *wyttes five*;
"The taſtyng ſmelling and herynge
"I refreſhe the ſyght and felynge
"To all creaturs alyve."

Sig. B. iij. PERCY.

So again, in *Every Man*, a Morality:

"*Every man*, thou arte made, thou haſt thy *wyttes fyve*."

Again, in *Hycke Scorner*:

"I have ſpent amys my *v wittes*." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, however, in his 141ſt Sonnet ſeems to have conſidered the *five wits*, as diſtinct from *the ſenſes*:

"But my *five wits*, nor my *five ſenſes* can
"Diſſuade one fooliſh heart from ſerving thee." MALONE.

Bleſs

Bleſs thee from whirlwinds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking[4]!
Do poor Tom ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:
There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—
and there again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs?—
Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? Didſt thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerved a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, ſir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters[5].

Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock's-hill[6];—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly[7]; ſwear not; commit not with

4 —*taking!*] To *take* is to blaſt, or ſtrike with malignant influence:

"——ſtrike her young bones,
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs!" JOHNSON.

5 —*pelican daughters.*] The young pelican is fabled to ſuck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1630, ſecond part: "Shall a ſilly bird pick her own breaſt, to nouriſh her young ones? the *pelican* does it, and ſhall not I?" STEEVENS.

6 Pillicock *ſat*, &c.] I once thought this a word of Shakſpeare's formation; but the reader may find it explained in Minſheu's Dict. p. 365, Article, 3299-2.—*Killico* is one of the devils mentioned in Harſenet's *Declaration*. The folio reads—Pillicock-hill. I have followed the quartos. MALONE.

7 —*keep thy* word *juſtly*;] Both the quartos, and the folio, have *words*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

man's

man's ſworn ſpouſe[8]; ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair[9]; wore gloves in my cap[1], ſerved the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her; ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heaven: one, that ſlept

[8] *Commit not*, &c.] The word *commit* is uſed in this ſenſe by Middleton, in *Women beware Women*:

"His weight is deadly who *commits* with ſtrumpets." STEEV.

[9] — proud *in heart and mind*; *that* curl'd my hair; &c.] "Then Ma. Mainy, by the inſtigation of the firſt of the ſeaven [*ſpirits*], began to ſet his hands unto his ſide, *curled his hair*, and uſed ſuch geſtures, as Ma. Edmunds [the exorciſt] preſently affirmed that that ſpirit was *Pride*. Herewith he began to curſe and banne, ſaying, What a poxe do I heere? I will ſtay no longer amongſt a company of raſcal prieſts, but goe to the court, and brave it amongſt my fellows, the noblemen there aſſembled." Harſnet's *Declaration*, &c. 1603.

"— ſhortly after they [the ſeven ſpirits] were all caſt forth, and in ſuch manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil ſhould depart in ſome certaine forme repreſenting either a beaſt or ſome other creature, that had the reſemblance of that ſinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the ſpirit of pride departed in the forme of a peacock; the ſpirit of *ſloth* in the likeneſs of an aſſe; the ſpirit of envie in the ſimilitude of a *dog*; the ſpirit of *gluttony* in the forme of a *wolfe*, and the other devils had alſo in their departure their particular likeneſſes agreeable to their natures." Ibid. MALONE.

[1] — *wore gloves in my cap*,—] i. e. His miſtreſs's favours: which was the faſhion of that time. So, in the play called *Campaſpe*: "Thy men turned to women, thy ſoldiers to *lovers*, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, inſtead of plumes in graven helmets." WARBURTON.

It was anciently the cuſtom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three diſtinct occaſions, viz. as the favour of a miſtreſs, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boaſts that he *will pluck a glove from the commoneſt creature*, and fix it in his helmet; and Tucca ſays to ſir Quintilian, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*: "— Thou ſhalt wear her *glove* in thy worſhipful *hat*, like to a leather brooch:" and Pandora in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"— he that firſt preſents me with his head,
"Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed."

Portia, in her aſſumed character, aſks Baſſanio for his *gloves*, which ſhe ſays ſhe will *wear for his ſake*: and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occaſions his quarrel with the Engliſh ſoldier. STEEVENS.

in the contriving of luſt, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: Falſe of heart, light of ear[2], bloody of hand; Hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs[3], dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets[4], thy pen from lenders' books[5], and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says ſuum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, ſeſſa; let him trot by[6]. *Storm ſtill.*

Lear.

2 —*light of ear,*] *Credulous of evil,* ready to receive malicious reports. JOHNSON.

3 —*Hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs,* &c.] The Jeſuits pretended to caſt the ſeven deadly ſins out of Mainy in the ſhape of thoſe animals that repreſented them; and before each was caſt out, Mainy by geſtures acted that particular ſin; curling his hair to ſhew *pride,* vomiting for *gluttony,* gaping and ſnoring for *ſloth,* &c.—Harſenet's book, pp. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes. STEEVENS.

4 —*thy hand out of* plackets,] It appeareth from the following paſſage in *Any thing for a quiet life,* a ſilly comedy, that *placket* doth not ſignify the petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein: "—between which is diſcovered the *open part,* which is now called the *placket.*" Bayly in his *Dictionary,* giveth the ſame account of the word.

Yet peradventure, our poet hath ſome deeper meaning in the *Winter's Tale,* where Autolycus ſaith—"You might have pinch'd a *placket,* it was ſenſeleſs." AMNER.

Peradventure a placket ſignified neither a petticoat nor any part of one; but a *ſtomacher.* See the word *Torace* in Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. "The breſt or bulke of a man.—Alſo a *placket* or *ſtomacher.*"—The word ſeems to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Wandering Whores,* &c. a comedy, 1663: "If I meet a cull in Morefields, I can give him leave to dive in my *placket.*" T. C.

5 *Thy pen from lenders' books.*] So, in *All Fools,* a comedy by Chapman, 1605:

"If I but *write my name in mercers' books,*
"I am ſure to have at ſix months end
"A raſcal at my elbow with his mace," &c. STEEVENS.

6 *Says ſuum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, ſeſſa; let him trot by.*] The quartos read—the cold wind; hay, no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, *ceaſe,* let him trot by. The folio:—the cold wind: ſayes ſuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my boy, boy *Seſſey,* let him trot by.

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the

by. The text is formed from the two copies. I have printed *Seſſa*, inſtead of *Seſſey*, becauſe the ſame cant word occurs in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*: "Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world ſlide: *Seſſa*. MALONE.

Hey no nonny is the burthen of a ballad in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, (ſaid to be written by Shakſpeare in conjunction with Fletcher) and was probably common to many others. The folio introduces it into one of *Ophelia's* ſongs.—

Dolphin, my boy, my boy,
Ceaſe, let him trot by;
It ſeemeth not that ſuch a foe
From me or you would fly.

This is a ſtanza from a very old ballad written on ſome battle fought in France, during which the king, unwilling to put the ſuſpected valour of his ſon the *Dauphin*, i. e. *Dolphin*, (ſo called and ſpelt at thoſe times) to the trial, is repreſented as deſirous to reſtrain him from any attempt to eſtabliſh an opinion of his courage on an adverſary who wears the leaſt appearance of ſtrength; and at laſt aſſiſts in propping up a dead body againſt a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore as different champions are ſuppoſed croſſing the field, the king always diſcovers ſome objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats theſe two lines as every freſh perſonage is introduced:

Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.

The ſong I have never ſeen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died before I could have ſuppoſed the diſcovery would have been of the leaſt importance to me.—As for the words, *ſays ſuum, mun*, they are only to be found in the firſt folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the compoſitors, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not underſtand, or to add more of their own to what they already concluded to be nonſenſe. STEEVENS.

Cokes cries out in *Bartholomew Fair*:

"God's my life!—He ſhall be *Dauphin my boy!*" FARMER.

It is obſervable that the two ſongs to which Mr. Steevens refers for the burden of *Hey no nonny*, are both ſung by girls diſtracted from diſappointed love. The meaning of the burden may be inferred from what follows: Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*, 1593, 4to.

"Who ever heard thy pipe and pleaſing vaine,
"And doth but heare this ſcurrill minſtralcy,
"Theſe *noninos* of filthie ribauldry,
"That doth not muſe."

Again, in White's *Wit of a Woman*:

"—theſe dauncers ſometimes do teach them trickes above trenchmore, yea and ſometimes ſuch lavoltas, that they mount ſo high, that you may ſee their *hey nony, nony, nony, no.*" HENLEY.

ſkies.—Is man no more than this? Conſider him well: Thou oweſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated!—Thou art the thing itſelf: unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here[7].— [*tearing off his cloaths.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to ſwim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old letcher's heart[8]; a ſmall ſpark, all the reſt of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet[9]: he begins at curfew, and walks till the firſt cock*; he gives the web

7 *Come; unbutton here.*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads: *Come on, be true.* STEEVENS.

8 —*an old letcher's heart;*] This image appears to have been imitated by B. and Fletcher in the *Humourous Lieutenant:*

" ——— an *old man's* looſe deſire
" Is like the glow-worm's light the apes ſo wonder'd at;
" Which when they gather'd ſticks, and laid upon't,
" And blew and blew, turn'd tail, and went out preſently."
STEEVENS.

9 —*Flibbertigibbet:*] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer in his ſermons mentions him; and Heywood, among his ſixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the following, *Of calling one Flebergibet:*

" Thou *Flebergibit, Flebergibit,* thou wretch!
" Wotteſt thou whereto laſt part of that word doth ſtretch?
" Leave that word, or I'le baſte thee with a libet;
" Of all woords I hate woords that end with gibet." STEEV.

" Frateretto, *Fliberdigibet,* Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round or morrice. . . . . Theſe foure had forty aſſiſtants under them, as themſelves doe confeſſe." *Harſenet,* p. 49. PERCY.

* —*he begins at* curfew, *and walks till the firſt cock;*] It is an old tradition that ſpirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at the cloſe of day, and were permitted to wander at large till the firſt cock-crowing. Hence in *The Tempeſt* they are ſaid to " rejoice to hear the ſolemn curfew." See *Hamlet,* Act I. ſc. i:

" ——and at his [the cock's] warning,
" Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
" The extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
" To his confine."

Again,

web and the pin [1], squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold [2];
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo.

Again, sc. v.

" I am thy father's spirit,
" Doom'd for a certain time *to walk the night*,
" And *for the day confin'd* to fast in fires,—." MALONE.

[1] —*web and the pin*,—] Diseases of the eye. JOHNSON.

[2] *Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,*
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;] In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. " Swithalde footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee." JOHNSON.

Her *nine fold* seems to be put (for the sake of the rime) instead of her *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legend of St. Vitalis, who, I suppose, is here called St. Withold. TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare might have met with St. Withold in the old spurious play of *King John*, where this saint is invoked by a Franciscan friar. The *wold* I suppose to be the true reading. So, in the *Coventry Collection of Mysteries*, Mus. Brit. Vesp. D. viii, p. 93, Herod says to one of his officers:

" Seyward bolde, walke thou on *wolde*,
" And wysely behold all abowte," &c. STEEVENS.

The ancient reading is *the olds*: which is pompously corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Bishop, to the *wolds*: in fact it is the same word. Spelman writes, *Burton upon olds*: the provincial pronunciation is still the *oles*: and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

St. Withold footed thrice the *oles*,
He met the night-mare, and her nine *foles*," &c. FARMER.

Both the quartos and the folio have *old*, not *olds*. *Old* was merely the word *wold* misspelled, from following the sound. There are a hundred instances of the same kind in the old copies of these plays.

For what purpose the Incubus is enjoined to *plight her troth*, will appear from a passage in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584; which

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water[2]; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for ſallets; ſwallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipp'd from tything to tything[3], and ſtock'd, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd[4]; who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body, horſe to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer,
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year[5].

Shakſpeare appears to have had in view: "—howbeit, there are magical cures for it, [the *night-mare* or *incubus*,] as for example:

"S. George, S. George, our ladies knight,
"He walk'd by daie, ſo did he by night,
"Until ſuch time as he hir found:
"He hir beat and he hir bound,
"*Until hir troth ſhe to him plight*
"She would not come to hir [r. *him*] that night."

Her *nine fold* are her *nine familiars*. *Aroint thee!* [*Dii te averruncent!*] has been already explained in Vol. IV. p. 273, n. 1. MALONE.

Wold is a word ſtill in uſe in the North of England; ſignifying a kind of down near the ſea. A large tract of country in the Eaſt-Riding of Yorkſhire is called the *Wolds*. COLMAN.

[2] —*the wall-newt, and the* water;] i. e. the water-*newt*. This was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. "He was a wiſe man and a merry," was the common language. So Falſtaff ſays to Shallow, "he is your ſerving-*man*, and your *huſband*," i. e. huſband-*man*. MALONE.

[3] —*whipp'd from* tything *to* tything,] A *tything* is a diviſion of a place, a diſtrict; the ſame in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. Edgar alludes to the acts of Queen Elizabeth and James I. againſt rogues and vagabonds, &c. In the Stat. 39. Eliz. ch. 4. it is enacted that every vagabond, &c. ſhall be publickly *whipped* and *ſent* from pariſh to pariſh. STEEVENS.

[4] —*and ſtock'd, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd*;] So the folio. The quartos read perhaps rightly: —and *ſtock-puniſh'd*, and impriſon'd. MALONE.

[5] *But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall* deer,
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year.] This diſtich is part of a deſcription given in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, of the hardſhips ſuffered by *Bevis* when confined for ſeven years in a dungeon:

"Rattes and myce and ſuch ſmal dere
"Was his meate that ſeven yere." Sig. F. iij. PERCY.

Beware

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace[6], thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman[7]; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu[8].

Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my lord, is grown ſo vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventur'd to come ſeek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talk with this philoſopher:— What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer; Go into the houſe.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned Theban[9]:— What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

[6] —*Peace*, Smolkin; *peace*,—] "The names of other punie ſpirits caſt out of Trayford were theſe: Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio," &c. Harſenet, p. 47. PERCY.

[7] *The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman*;] This is ſpoken in reſentment of what Gloſter had juſt ſaid—"Has your grace no *better* company?" STEEVENS.

[8] Modo *he's call'd, and* Mahu.] So, in Harſenet's *Declaration*, *Maho* was the chief devil that had poſſeſſion of Sarah Williams; but another of the poſſeſſed, named Richard Mainy, was moleſted by a ſtill more conſiderable fiend called *Modu*. See the book already mentioned, p. 268, where the ſaid Richard Mainy depoſes: "Furthermore it is pretended . . . that there remaineth ſtill in mee the prince of all other devils, whoſe name ſhould be *Modu*;" he is elſewhere called, "the prince *Modu*:" So, p. 269, "When the ſaid prieſts had diſpatched their buſineſs at Hackney, (where they had been exorciſing Sarah Williams) they then returned towards mee, uppon pretence to caſt the great prince *Modu* . . . out of mee." STEEVENS.

[9] —*learned Theban*:] Ben Jonſon in his *Maſque of Pan's Anniverſary*, has introduced a *Tinker* whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this paſſage. STEEVENS.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle [1].

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now out-law'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee, [*Storm still.*
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, in, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

[1] *His wits begin to unsettle.*] On this occasion I cannot prevail on myself to omit the following excellent remark of Mr. Horace Walpole, inserted in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*. He observes, that "when *Belvidera* talks of

Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,

she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the stage to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of *King Lear*. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness, excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakspeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet." STEEVENS.

Kent.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glo. No words, no words; hush.
Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came[2],
His word was ſtill,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWALL, *and* EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his houſe.
Edm. How, my lord, I may be cenſured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.
Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death; but a

2 *Child* Rowland *to the dark tower came,*] The word *child* (however it came to have this ſenſe) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old hiſtorical ſongs and romances; of this, innumerable inſtances occur in the *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry.* See particularly in Vol. I. ſ. iv. v. 97, where in a deſcription of a battle between two knights, we find theſe lines:

" The Eldridge knighte, he prick'd his ſteed;
" Syr Cawline bold abode:
" Then either ſhook his truſty ſpear,
" And the timber theſe two *children* bare
" So ſoon in ſunder ſtode."

See in the ſame volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Elle*, *child waters*, *child Maurice*, [Vol. III. ſ. xx.] &c. The ſame idiom occurs in *Spenſer's Faery Queen*, where the famous knight ſir Triſtram is frequently called *Child Triſtram.* See B. V. c. ii. ſt. 8. 13. B. VI. c. ii. ſt. 36. ibid. c. viii. ſt. 15. PERCY.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Woman's Prize*, refer alſo to this:

" —— a mere hobby-horſe
" She made the *Child Rowland.*"

In *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, part of theſe lines repeated by Edgar is quoted: " — a pedant, who will find matter inough to dilate a whole daye of the firſt invention of

" —— Fy, fa, fum,
" I ſmell the blood of an Engliſhman."

Both the quartos read:—to the dark *town come.* STEEVENS.

provoking merit[3], set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting[4] the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and* EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit* GLOSTER.

3 —*but a* provoking *merit,*] Cornwall, I suppose, means the merit of Edmund, which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated Edgar to seek his father's death. Dr. Warburton conceived that the merit spoken of was that of Edgar. But how is this consistent with the rest of the sentence? MALONE.

4 —*comforting*—] He uses the word in the juridical sense for *supporting, helping,* according to its derivation; *salvia* confortat *nervos.* —*Schol. Sal.* JOHNSON.

Edg. Frateretto calls me[5]; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkneſs. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me[6], whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool[7]. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman, that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon them:—

Edg.[8] The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, a horſe's health[9], a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraign them ſtraight:—
Come, ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer[1];— [*to* Edg.
Thou, ſapient ſir, ſit here. [*To the* Fool.]—Now, you ſhe foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he ſtands and glares!—Wanteſt thou eyes[2] at trial, madam[3]?

Come

[5] Frateretto *calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler,* &c.] See p. 594, n. 9.

Mr. Upton obſerves that Rabelais, B. II. c. 30. ſays that Nero was a fidler in hell, and Trajan an angler.

Nero is introduced in the preſent play above 800 years before he was born. MALONE.

[6] *Pr'ythee,* nuncle, *tell me,*—] And before in the ſame act, ſc. iii. "Cry to it, *nuncle.*" Why does the fool call the old king, *nuncle?* But we have the ſame appellation in *The Pilgrim,* by Fletcher:

"Farewell, *nuncle.*" Act IV. ſc. i.

And in the next ſcene, alluding to Shakſpeare,

"What mops and mowes it makes!" WHALLEY.

[7] *Fool.*] This ſpeech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[8] *Edgar.*] This and the next thirteen ſpeeches (which Dr. Johnſon had encloſed in crotchets) are only in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[9] —*a horſe's health,*] A horſe is above all other animals ſubject to diſeaſes. JOHNSON.

[1] —*moſt learned* juſticer;—] The old copies read—*juſtice.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[2] *Wanteſt,* &c.] I am not confident that I underſtand the meaning of this deſultory ſpeech. When Edgar ſays, *Look, where he ſtands and glares!*

Come o'er the bourn, Beſſy, to me[4]:—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*
And ſhe muſt not ſpeak
Why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

Edg.

glares! he ſeems to be ſpeaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he ſees the fiend. *Wanteſt thou eyes at trial, madam?* is a queſtion which appears to be addreſſed to the viſionary Goneril, or ſome other abandon'd female, and may ſignify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you ſtand at the bar of juſtice?* Mr. Seyward propoſes to read, *wanton'ſt* inſtead of *wanteſt*. STEEVENS.

[3] *At trial, madam?*] It may be obſerved that Edgar, being ſuppoſed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge of the reſt, connects not his ideas with thoſe of Lear, but purſues his own train of delirious or fantaſtick thought. To theſe words, *At trial, madam?* I think therefore that the name of Lear ſhould be put. The proceſs of the dialogue will ſupport this conjecture. JOHNSON.

[4] *Come o'er the* bourne, *Beſſy, to me:*] Both the quartos and the folio have—o'er the *broome*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

As there is no other relation between *broom* and a *boat*, we may better read,

Come o'er the *brook*, Beſſy, to me. JOHNSON.

At the beginning of *A very mery and pythie commedie, called, The longer thou liweſt, the more Foole thou art*, &c. Imprinted at London by Wyllyam How, &c. black letter, no date, "Entreth *Moros*, counterfaiting a vaine geſture and a fooliſh countenance, ſynging the foote of many ſongs, as fooles were wont;" among them is this paſſage, which Dr. Johnſon has very juſtly ſuſpected of corruption.

"Com over the *boorne*, Beſſé,
"My little pretie Beſſé,
"Com over the *boorne*, Beſſé, to me."

This ſong was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1564.

A *bourne* in the north ſignifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as Mil*burn*, Sher*burn*, &c. The former quotation, together with the following inſtances, at once confirm the juſtneſs of Dr. Johnſon's remark, and ſupport the reading. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1:

"The *bourns*, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vi:

"My little boat can ſafely paſſe this perilous *bourne*."

To this I may add, that *bourn*, a boundary, is from the French *borne*. *Bourne*, or (as it ought to be ſpelt) *burn*, a rivulet, is from the German *burn*, or *born*, a well. STEEVENS.

There

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale[5]. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly[6] for two white herring[7]. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [*To* Edgar.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the* Fool.
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To* Kent.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

There is a peculiar propriety in this address, that has not, I believe, been hitherto observed. *Bessy* and poor *Tom*, it seems, usually travelled together. The authour of *The Court of Conscience, or Dick Whippers Sessions*, 1607, describing *beggars*, *idle rogues*, and *counterfeit madmen*, thus speaks of these associates:

"Another sort there is among you; they
"Do rage with furie as if they were so frantique
"They knew not what they did, but every day
"Make sport with stick and flowers like an antique;
"Stowt roge and harlot counterfeited gomme;
"One calls herself poor *Besse*, the other *Tom*."

The old song of which Mr. Steevens has given a part, consisted of nine lines, but they are not worth insertion. MALONE.

5 — *in the voice of a nightingale.*] Another deponent in Harsnet's book (p. 225,) says, that the mistress of the house kept a *nightingale* in a cage, which being one night killed, and conveyed away into the garden, is was pretended the devil had killed it in spite. Perhaps this passage suggested to Shakspeare the circumstance of Tom's being haunted *in the voice of a nightingale*. PERCY.

— Hopdance *cries in Tom's belly* —] In Harsenet's book, p. 194, 195, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacs) deposeth, "— that if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by reason that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her .... and that the wind was the devil." And, "as she saith, if they heard any *croaking in her belly* .... then they would make a wonderful matter of that." *Hoberdidance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note. STEEVENS.

"One time shee remembereth, that shee having the said *croaking in her belly*, they said it was the *devil* that was about the bed, that spake *with the voice of a toad*." *Ibidem*. MALONE.

7 — *white herring.*] *White herrings* are *pickled herrings*. See the *Northumberland Household Book*, p. 8. STEEVENS.

Sleepeſt, or wakeſt thou, jolly ſhepherd[8]*?*
Thy ſheep be in the corn;
And for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth,
Thy ſheep ſhall take no harm.

Pur*! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her firſt; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable aſſembly, ſhe kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, miſtreſs; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-ſtool[9].

Lear. And here's another, whoſe warp'd looks proclaim
What ſtore her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, ſword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer[1], why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?

Edg. Bleſs thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,

[8] *Sleepeſt, or wakeſt,* &c.] This ſeems to be a ſtanza of ſome paſtoral ſong. A ſhepherd is deſired to pipe, and the requeſt is enforced by a promiſe, that though his ſheep be in the corn, i. e. committing a treſpaſs by his negligence, implied in the queſtion, *Sleepeſt thou or wakeſt?* yet a ſingle tune upon his pipe ſhall ſecure them from the pound. JOHNSON.

Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the enterlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* ſays, "What *mynikin* carnal concupiſcence!" Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets *feat*, by "proper, well-faſhioned, *minikin*, handſome."

In the *Interlude of the Four Elements*, &c. printed by Raſtell, 1519, *Ignorance* ſings a ſong compoſed of the ſcraps of ſeveral others. Among them is the following line, on which Shakſpeare may have deſigned a parody:

"Sleepyſt thou, wakyſt thou, Geffry Coke." STEEVENS.

* *Pur!*] This may be only an imitation of the noiſe made by a cat. *Purre* is, however, one of the devils mentioned in Harſnet's book, p. 50. MALONE.

9 *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-ſtool.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

[1] *Falſe* juſticer,] i. e. miniſter of juſtice. See p. 462, n. 3. MALONE.

Tray,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, ſee, they bark at me[2].

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white[3],
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;
Maſtiff, grey-hound, mungrel grim,
Hound, or ſpaniel, brache, or lym[4];
Or bobtail tike[5], or trundle-tail[6];
Tom will make them[7] weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

2 —*ſee they bark at me.*] The hint for this circumſtance might have been taken from the pretended madneſs of one of the brothers in the tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595:

" Here's an old maſtiff bitch ſtands barking at me," &c.
STEEVENS.

3 *Be thy mouth or* black *or* white,] To have *the roof of the mouth black* is in ſome dogs a proof that their breed is genuine. STEEVENS.

4 —*brache, or lym,* &c.] The old copies have—brache or *hym.* The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. A *brache* ſignified a particular kind of hound, and alſo a bitch. See Vol. III. p. 145, n. 1. A *lym* or *lime,* was a blood-hound. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. MALONE.

In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair,* Quarlous ſays,—" all the *lime*-hounds of the city ſhould have drawn after you by the ſcent."—A *limmer* or *leamer,* a dog of the chace, was ſo called from the *leam* or leaſh in which he was held till he was let ſlip. I have this information from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis.* So, in the book of *Antient Tenures,* by T. B. 1679, the words, " canes domini regis *leſos,*" are tranſlated " Leaſh hounds, ſuch as draw after a hurt deer in a *leaſh,* or *liam.*"

Among the preſents ſent from James I. to the king and queen of Spain were, " A cupple of *lyme-houndes* of ſingular qualities." STEEVENS.

5 —bobtail *tike*—] Tijk is the Runic word for a little, or worthleſs dog:

" Are Mr. Robinſon's dogs turn'd *tikes* with a wanion?"
Witches of Lancaſter, 1634. STEEVENS.

6 —*trundle-tail;*] This ſort of dog is mentioned in *A Woman killed with Kindneſs,* 1617:

" —— your dogs are *trundle-tails* and curs." STEEVENS.

7 *Tom will make* them—] Thus the quartos. Folio—will make *him.* MALONE.

Do

Do de, de de. Sefſa[8]. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns :—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry[9].

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, ſee what breeds about her heart: Is there any cauſe in nature, that makes theſe hard hearts?—You, ſir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments: you will ſay, they are Perſian attire[1]; but let them be changed. [*to* Edgar.

[8] *Do de, de de.* Sefſa. *Come,* &c.] The quartos read—*loudla, doudla,* come, &c. The folio as in the text, except that the word *Sefſa* is ſpelt *ſefe.* I have printed it as before. See p. 592, n. 6. MALONE.

Seſſey I take to be the French word *ceſſez* pronounced *ceſſey,* which was, I ſuppoſe, like ſome others in common uſe among us. It is an interjection enforcing ceſſation of any action, like, *be quiet, have done.* It ſeems to have been gradually corrupted into *ſo, ſo.* JOHNS.

This word is wanting in the quarto: in the folio it is printed *ſefe.* It is difficult in this place to ſay what is meant by it. It ſhould be remembered, that juſt before, Edgar had been calling on *Beſſey* to come to him; and he may now with equal propriety invite *Seſſey* (perhaps a female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend him to *wakes and fairs.* Nor is it impoſſible but that this may be a part of an old ſong, and originally ſtood thus:

Siſſy, come march to wakes,
And fairs, and market towns.—

So, in *Humor's Ordinarie,* an ancient collection of ſatires, no date:

" My heart's deare blood, ſweet *Siſſe* is my carouſe."

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confident I have ſeen in an old ballad, viz.

Through the ſharp haw-thorn blows the cold wind. STEEV.

[9] —*thy* horn *is dry.*] A *horn* is at this day employed in many places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the uſe of it was much more general. *Thy horn is dry,* appears to be a proverbial expreſſion, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has ſaid all he had to ſay. *Such a one's pipe's out* is a phraſe current in Ireland on the ſame occaſion.

I ſuppoſe Edgar to ſpeak theſe words *aſide.* Being quite weary of his Tom o' Bedlam's part, and finding himſelf unable to ſupport it any longer, he ſays privately, " —I can no more: all my materials for ſuſtaining the character of Poor Tom are now exhauſted;" *my horn is dry:* i. e. has nothing more in it; and accordingly we have no more of his diſſembled madneſs till he meets his father in the next act, when he reſumes it for a ſpeech or two, but not without expreſſing the ſame diſlike of it that he expreſſes here, " —I cannot daub it further." STEEVENS.

[1] —*you will ſay, they are Perſian attire;*] Alluding perhaps to Clytus refuſing the Perſian robes offered him by Alexander. STEEVENS.

Kent.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here [1], and reſt awhile.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe; draw the curtains: So, ſo, ſo: We'll go to ſupper i' the morning: So, ſo, ſo.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon [2].

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my maſter?

Kent. Here, ſir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter:
If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs: Take up, take up [3];
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppreſſed nature ſleeps [4]:—

[1] —*lie* here—] i. e. on the cuſhions to which he points. He had before ſaid,

"Will you lie down, and reſt upon the cuſhions?" MALONE.

[2] *And I'll go to bed at noon.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] *Take up, take up;*] One of the quartos reads—Take up *the king*, &c. the other—Take up *to keep*, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Oppreſſed nature ſleeps:*—] Theſe two concluding ſpeeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have reſtored from the old quarto. The ſoliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the ſentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the ſubject. Beſides, with regard to the ſtage, it is abſolutely neceſſary: for as Edgar is not deſigned, in the conſtitution of the play, to attend the king to Dover; how abſurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the ſcene without one word ſaid, or the leaſt intimation what we are to expect from him? THEOBALD.

The lines inſerted from the quarto are in crotchets. The omiſſion of them in the folio is certainly faulty: yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakſpeare's laſt reviſion, carelefsly and haſtily performed, with more thought of ſhortening the ſcenes, than of continuing the action. JOHNSON.

This

This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes[5],
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy maſter;
Thou muſt not ſtay behind. [*To the* Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLO. *and the* Fool, *bearing off the king.*

Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes.
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i' the mind;
Leaving free things[6], and happy ſhows, behind:
But then the mind much ſufferance doth o'erſkip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip[7].
How light and portable my pain ſeems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noiſes[8]; and thyſelf bewray[9],

When

[5] —balm'd *thy broken* ſenſes,] The quarto from whence this ſpeech is taken, reads—thy broken *ſinews*. *Senſes* is the conjectural emendation of Theobald. STEEVENS.

A paſſage in *Macbeth* adds ſupport to Theobald's emendation:

" —— the innocent *ſleep*,
" *Balm* of hurt minds,—." MALONE.

[6] —*free things*,—] States clear from diſtreſs. JOHNSON.

[7] *But then the mind much ſufferance doth o'er-ſkip,*
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſuage."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Or, if four *woe* delights in *fellowſhip*—."

Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.—*Incer. Auct.*

MALONE.

[8] *Mark the high noiſes*;] Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyſelf known when that *falſe opinion* now prevailing againſt thee ſhall, in conſequence of *juſt proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous ſentence, and recall thee to honour and reconciliation. JOHNSON.

The *high noiſes* are perhaps the calamities and quarrels of thoſe in a higher ſtation than Edgar, of which he has been juſt ſpeaking. The words, however, may allude to the proclamation which had been made for bringing in Edgar:

" I heard myſelf proclaim'd,
" And by the happy hollow of a tree,
" Eſcap'd the hunt." MALONE.

[9] —*and*

When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thought defiles thee[1],
In thy juſt proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, ſafe ſcape the king!
Lurk, Lurk.] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and Servants.*

Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my lord your huſband; ſhew him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloſter. [*Exeunt ſome of the ſervants.*

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure.—Edmund, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the duke, where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation[2]; we are bound to the like. Our poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us[3]. Farewel, dear ſiſter;—farewel, my lord of Gloſter[4].

9 —*and thyſelf* bewray,] *Bewray* which at preſent has only a dirty meaning, anciently ſignified to *betray*, to *diſcover*. In this ſenſe it is uſed by Spenſer; and in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"Well, to the king Andrugio now will hye,
"Hap lyfe, hap death, his ſafetie to *bewray*." STEEVENS.

1 —*whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,*] The quartos, where alone this ſpeech is found, read—whoſe wrong *thoughts defile* thee. The rhyme ſhews that the correction, which was made by Mr. Theobald, is right. MALONE.

2 —*a moſt* feſtinate *preparation*;] Here we have the ſame error in the firſt folio, which has happened in many other places; the *u* employed inſtead of an *n*. It reads—*feſtiuate*. The quartos *feſtuant*. See p. 83, n. 8, and Vol. I. p. 252, n. 9. MALONE.

3 —*and* intelligent *betwixt us.*] So, in a former ſcene:

—— ſpies and ſpeculations
"*Intelligent* of our ſtate. STEEVENS.

Thus the folio. The quartos read—ſwift *and intelligence* betwixt us: the poet might have written—ſwift *in* intelligence—. MALONE.

4 —*my lord of Gloſter.*] Meaning Edmund, newly inveſted with his father's titles. The ſteward, ſpeaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the ſame title. JOHNSON.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloſter hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or ſix and thirty of his knights,
Hot queſtriſts after him[5], met him at gate;
Who, with ſome other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boaſt
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewel, ſweet lord, and ſiſter.

[*Exeunt* Goneril, *and* Edmund.

Corn. Edmund, farewel.—Go, ſeek the traitor Gloſter,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other* Servants.

Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice; yet our power
Shall do a courteſy to our wrath[6], which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* Gloster.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind faſt his corky arms[7].

Glo.

[5] *Hot* queſtriſts *after him,*—] A *queſtriſt* is one who goes in ſearch or *queſt* of another. Mr. Pope and Sir T. Hanmer read—*queſters.* Steevens.

[6] *Though well we may not* paſs *upon his life,*
——— *yet our power*
Shall do a courteſy *to our wrath,*—] *To do a courteſy* is to gratify, to comply with. *To paſs,* is to paſs a judicial ſentence. Johnson.

The original of the expreſſion, *to paſs on any one,* may be traced from *Magna Charta:*

"— nec *ſuper eum ibimus,* niſi per legale judicium parium ſuorum."

It is common to moſt of our early writers. So, in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it,* 1612: "A jury of brokers, impanel'd, and deeply ſworn to *paſſe on* all villains in hell." Steevens.

[7] —*corky arms.*] Dry, wither'd, huſky arms. Johnson.

As Shakſpeare appears from other paſſages of this play to have had in his eye *Biſhop Harſenet's Declaration of egregious Popiſh Impoſtures,* &c. 1603, 4to, it is probable, that this very expreſſive, but peculiar epithet, *corky,* was ſuggeſted to him by a paſſage in that very curious pamphlet.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends,
Corn. Bind him, I say, [*Servants bind him.*
Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!
Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none*.
Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [Regan *plucks his beard.*
Glo. By the kind gods[8], 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and such a traitor!
Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours[9]
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple-answer'd[1], for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

pamphlet. "It would pose all the cunning exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morice gamboles, as Martha Brossier (one of the possessed mentioned in the pamphlet) did." PERCY.

* *I am none.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—I am *true*. MALONE.

8 *By the kind gods,*] People always invoke their deities as they would have them shew themselves at particular times in their favour; and he accordingly calls those *kind gods* whom he would wish to find so on this occasion. He does so yet a second time in this scene. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of my supposition. STEEVENS.

Cordelia also uses the same invocation in the fourth Act:

"——O, you *kind* gods,
"Cure this great breach in his abused nature!" MASON.

9 —*my hospitable* favours—] *Favours* means the same as *features*, i. e. the different parts of which a face is composed. So, in Drayton's epistle from *Matilda to King John*:

"Within the compass of man's face we see,
"How many sorts of several *favours* be."

Again, in *David & Bethsabe*, 1599:

"To daunt the *favours* of his lovely face." STEEVENS.

1 *Be simple-answer'd,*] The old quarto reads, *Be simple answerer.* Either is good sense: *simple* means *plain*. STEEVENS.

Reg. To whoſe hands have you ſent the lunatick king? Speak.

Glo. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Waſt thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him firſt anſwer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to the ſtake[1], and I muſt ſtand the courſe[2].

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh ſtick boariſh fangs[3].
The ſea, with ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the ſtelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain[4].
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that ſtern time[5],
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid, *Good porter, turn the key*;
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd[6]:—But I ſhall ſee

[1] *I am ty'd to the ſtake,*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"They have *chain'd me to a ſtake*; I cannot fly,
"But, bear-like, I muſt ſtand the courſe." STEEVENS.

[2] —*the courſe.*] The running of the dogs upon me. JOHNSON.

[3] —ſtick *boariſh fangs.*] The quartos read—*raſh* boariſh fangs. This verb occurs in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:
"And ſhields did ſhare, and mailes did *raſh*, and helmes did hew."
To *raſh* is the old hunting term for the ſtroke made by a wild boar with his fangs. STEEVENS.

[4] —*to rain.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—to *rage*. STEEV.

[5] —*that* ſtern *time,*] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read—that *dearn* time. *Dearn* is a north-country word, ſignifying *lonely*, ſolitary, melancholy, far from neighbours. So, in the *Valiant Scot*:
"Of all thy joys the *dearne* and diſmal end."
Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. i:
"They heard a rueful voice that *dearnly* cride." STEEVENS.

[6] —*ſubſcrib'd:*] Yielded, ſubmitted to the neceſſity of the occaſion. JOHNSON.

The

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot[7].

[Gloster *is held down in his chair, while* Cornwall *plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.*

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain[8]! [*draws, and runs at him.*

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*draws. They fight.* Cornwall *is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*to another* Serv.] A peasant stand up thus!

[*snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, yet have you one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [*dies.*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!

7 *Upon these eyes,* &c.] In *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594, one of the sons of *Bajazet* pulls out the eyes of an aga on the stage, and says,

"Yes, thou shalt live, but never see that day,
"Wanting the tapers that should give thee light."

[*Pulls out his eyes.*

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. I have introduced this passage to shew that Shakspeare's drama was not more sanguinary than that of his contemporaries. STEEVENS.

In Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, Piero's tongue is torn out on the stage. MALONE.

8 *My villain!*] Villain is here perhaps used in its original sense of one in servitude. STEEVENS.

Where is thy luſtre now?

[*Tears out* Gloſter's *other eye, and throws it on the ground.*

Glo. All dark and comfortleſs.—Where's my ſon Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'ſt on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treaſons to us [9];
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and proſper him!

Reg. Go, thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeleſs villain;—throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit* CORNWALL, *led by* REGAN;—*Servants unbind* GLOSTER, *and lead him out.*

1. *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedneſs I do [1],
If this man come to good.

2. *Serv.* If ſhe live long,
And, in the end, meet the old courſe of death [2],
Women will all turn monſters.

9 —*the* overture *of thy treaſons*—] *Overture* is here uſed for an opening or diſcovery. It was he who firſt laid thy treaſons *open* to us. Coles in his Dict. 1679, renders *Overture*, by *apertior apertura*. An *overt* act of treaſon, is the technical phraſe. MALONE.

1 *I'll never care what wickedneſs I do,*] This ſhort dialogue I have inſerted from the old quarto, becauſe I think it full of nature. Servants could hardly ſee ſuch a barbarity committed on their maſter, without pity; and the vengeance that they preſume muſt overtake the actors of it, is a ſentiment and doctrine well worthy of the ſtage. THEOBALD.

It is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe them the ſervants of Gloſter; for Cornwall was oppoſed to extremity by his own ſervant. JOHNSON.

2 —*meet the old courſe of death,*] That is, *die a natural death.* MALONE.

1. *Serv.*

1. *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguiſh madneſs
Allows itſelf to any thing.

2. *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch ſome flax [3], and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd [4],
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worſt,
The loweſt, and moſt dejected thing of fortune,
Stands

[3] —*ſome flax*, &c.] This paſſage is ridiculed by Ben Jonſon, in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609:

"—go get *a white of an egg, and a little flax*, and cloſe the breaches of the head, it is the moſt conducible thing that can be." STEEVENS.

The Caſe is alter'd was written before the end of the year 1599; but Ben Jonſon might have inſerted this ſneer at our authour, between the time of *King Lear's* appearance, and the publication of his own play in 1609. MALONE.

[4] *Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd*, &c.] The meaning is, 'Tis *better* to be *thus contemned, and* known *to yourſelf* to be contemned. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd.

When a man diveſts himſelf of his real character, he feels no pain from contempt, becauſe he ſuppoſes it incurred only by a voluntary diſguiſe which he can throw off at pleaſure. I do not think any correction neceſſary. JOHNSON.

I cannot help thinking that this paſſage ſhould be written thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd to be *worſe*.
The loweſt, &c.

The quarto edition has no ſtop after *flatter'd*. The firſt folio, which has a comma there, has a colon at the end of the line.

The expreſſion in this ſpeech—*owes nothing to thy blaſts*—(in a more learned writer) might ſeem to be copied from Virgil, Æn. xi. 51:

"*Nos juvenem exanimum*, et nil jam cœleſtibus ullis
"Debentem, *vano mœſti comitamur honore*." TYRWHITT.

Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear[5]:
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then[6],
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an old man.*

My father, poorly led*?—World, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age[7].

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, ſir, you cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I ſtumbled when I ſaw: Full oft 'tis ſeen,

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that Dr. Johnſon's conjecture is well founded, and that the poet wrote—*unknown*. MALONE.

The meaning of Edgar's ſpeech ſeems to be this. Yet it is better to be thus, in this fixed and acknowledged contemptible ſtate, than, living in affluence, to be flattered and deſpiſed at the ſame time. He who is placed in the worſt and loweſt ſtate, has this advantage; he lives in hope, and not in fear, of a reverſe of fortune. The lamentable change is from affluence to beggary. He laughs at the idea of changing for the worſe, who is already as low as poſſible.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

5 —*lives not in fear:*] So, in Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. iii.

"For where no hope is left, is left no fear." STEEVENS.

6 —*Welcome then,*] The next two lines and a half are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

* —*poorly led?*] Thus quarto A, and the folio. For *poorly led* quarto B has—*partly eyd.* MALONE.

7 ——— *O world!*

But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.] O world! if reverſes of fortune and changes ſuch as I now ſee and feel, from eaſe and affluence to poverty and miſery, did not ſhew us the little value of life, we ſhould never ſubmit with any kind of reſignation to the weight of years, and its neceſſary conſequence, infirmity and death. MALONE.

Our

Our mean ſecures us[8]; and our meer defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear ſon Edgar,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath!
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch[9],
I'd ſay, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aſide.*] O gods! Who is't can ſay, *I am at the worſt?*
I am worſe than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aſide.*] And worſe I may be yet: The worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, *This is the worſt*[1].

[8] *Our* mean *ſecures us*; &c.] *Mean* is here a ſubſtantive, and ſignifies *a middle ſtate*, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it. So again, in the *Merchant of Venice*: "It is no mean happineſs therefore to be ſeated in the *mean*." See more inſtances in Dr. Johnſon's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

Both the quartos and the folio read—our *means ſecure* us. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. In Shakſpeare's age writers often thought it neceſſary to uſe a plural, when the ſubject ſpoken of related to more perſons than one. So in the laſt act of this play, "O, our *lives'* ſweetneſs!" not, "O, our *life's* ſweetneſs." Again, in p. 638:

"——————O, you mighty gods,
"This world I do renounce, and, in your *ſights*," &c.

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"To worry lambs, and lap their gentle *bloods*."

Means therefore might have been here uſed as the plural of *mean*, or *moderate condition*. Gloſter's meaning is, that in a moderate condition or middle ſtate of life, we are ſecure from thoſe temptations to which the more proſperous and affluent are expoſed; and our very wants prove in this reſpect an advantage. MALONE.

[9] —*to ſee thee in my touch*,] So, in another ſcene, I *ſee* it *feelingly*. STEEVENS.

[1] —*Who is't can ſay, I am at the worſt?*
——————*the worſt is not*,
So long as we can ſay, This is the worſt.] i. e. While we live; for while we yet continue to have a ſenſe of feeling, ſomething worſe than the preſent may ſtill happen. What occaſioned this reflection was his raſhly ſaying in the beginning of this ſcene,

"——————To be worſt,
"The loweſt, and moſt dejected thing of fortune, &c.
"The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt," &c.
WARBURTON.

Old

Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I' the laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My ſon
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him: I have heard more ſince:
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their ſport[8].

Edg. How ſhould this be?—
Bad is the trade, that muſt play the fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring itſelf and others. [*Aſide.*]—Bleſs thee, maſter!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my ſake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome covering for this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, ſir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further[9].

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aſide.*] And yet I muſt.

[8] *As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;*
They kill us for their ſport.] "Dii nos quaſi pilas homines habent."—*Plaut. Captiv. Prol.* i. 22. STEEVENS.
The quartos read—They *bit* us for their ſport. MALONE.

[9] —*I cannot* daub *it*—] i. e. Diſguiſe. WARBURTON.
So, in *King Richard III:*
"So ſmooth he *daub'd* his vice with ſhew of virtue."
The quartos read, I cannot *dance* it further. STEEVENS.

—Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been ſcared out of his good wits: Bleſs the good man from the foul fiend[1]! [Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once[2]; of luſt, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbneſs: *Mahu*, of ſtealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing[3]; who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women[4]. So, bleſs thee, maſter!]

Glo.

[1] *Bleſs* the *good man from the foul fiend!*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

Bleſs *thee*, good man's *ſon*, from the foul fiend! MALONE.

[2] *Five* fiends, *&c.*] The reſt of this ſpeech is omitted in the folio. In *Harſenet's* Book, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account publiſhed by the exorciſts themſelves, viz. "By commaundement of the exorciſt.... the devil in Ma. Mainy confeſſed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had beſides himſelf *ſeaven other ſpirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame." "Then Edmundes (the exorciſt) began againe with great earneſtneſs, and all the company cried out, &c.... ſo as both that wicked prince *Modu and his company*, might be caſt out." This paſſage will account *for five fiends having been in poor Tom at once.* PERCY.

[3] *Flibbertigibbet, of* mopping and mowing;] "If ſhe have a little helpe of the mother, epilepſie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnaſh her teeth, ſtarte with her body, hold her armes and handes ſtiffe, make antike faces, grinne, *mow and mop* like an ape,—then no doubt—the *young girle* is owle-blaſted and *poſſeſſed.*" Harſenet's *Declaration*, p. 136. MALONE.

[4] —*poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women.*—] Shakſpeare has made Edgar, in his feigned diſtraction, frequently allude to a vile impoſture of ſome Engliſh jeſuits, at that time much the ſubject of converſation; the hiſtory of it having been juſt then compoſed with great art and vigour of ſtile and compoſition by Dr. S. Harſenet, afterwards archbiſhop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popiſh Impoſtures to withdraw the harts of her Majeſty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practiſed by Edmunds, alias Weſton, a Jeſuit, and divers Romiſh Prieſts his wicked Aſſociates:* printed 1603. The impoſture was in ſubſtance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armada againſt England, the jeſuits were here buſy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to diſpoſſeſs pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made ſeveral hundred converts amongſt the common people. The principal ſcene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-

Glo. Here, take this purſe, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous, and luſt-dieted man [5],
That ſlaves your ordinance [6], that will not ſee
Becauſe

a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a ſervant of Anthony Babington's, (who was afterwards executed for treaſon) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friſwood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chambermaids* in that family, came into the prieſt's hands for cure. But the diſcipline of the patients was ſo long and ſevere, and the prieſts ſo elate and careleſs with their ſucceſs, that the plot was diſcovered on the confeſſion of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deſervedly puniſhed. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of thoſe who were made to act in this farce upon the *chambermaids and waiting-women*; and they were generally ſo ridiculouſly nick-named, that Harſenet has one chapter *on the ſtrange names of their devils*; *leſt*, ſays he, *meeting them otherwiſe by chance, you miſtake them for the names of tapſters or jugglers.* WARBURTON.

The paſſage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, becauſe I ſuppoſe as the ſtory was forgotten, the jeſt was loſt. JOHNSON.

5 *Let the ſuperfluous*, &c.] Lear has before uttered the ſame ſentiment, which indeed cannot be too ſtrongly impreſſed, though it may be too often repeated. JOHNSON.

Superfluous is here uſed for one living in abundance. WARBURTON.

6 *That* ſlaves *your ordinance*,] The language of Shakſpeare is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original uſe. To *ſlave* or *beſlave* another is to *treat* him *with terms of indignity*: in a kindred ſenſe, to *ſlave the ordinance*, may be, to *ſlight* or *ridicule* it. JOHNSON.

To ſlave an ordinance, is to treat it as a *ſlave*, to make it ſubject to us, inſtead of acting in obedience to it. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

" —— none
" Could *ſlave* him like the Lydian Omphale."

Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Maſſinger:

" —that *ſlaves* me to his will." STEEVENS.

Heywood, in his *Pleaſant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, uſes this verb in the ſame ſenſe:

" What ſhall I do; my love I will not *ſlave*
" To an old king, though he my love ſhould crave."

Again, in Marſton's *Malecontent*, 1604:

" O powerful blood, how doſt thou *ſlave* their ſoul!"

That *ſlaves* your ordinance, is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos have—That *ſtands* your ordinance; perhaps for *withſtands*. *Stands*,

Becauſe he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough.—Doſt thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, maſter.

Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep[7]:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery thou doſt bear,
With ſomething rich about me: from that place
I ſhall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL, *and* EDMUND; Steward *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild huſband[8]
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your maſter?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He ſmil'd at it. I told him, you were coming;
His anſwer was, *The worſe:* of Gloſter's treachery,
And of the loyal ſervice of his ſon,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me ſot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong ſide out:—
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſive.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further. [*to* Edmund.

Stands, however, may be right:—*that abides* your ordinance. The poet might have intended to mark the criminality of the *luſt-dieted man* only in the ſubſequent words, *that will not ſee, becauſe he doth not feel.* MALONE.

[7] *Looks* fearfully in *the confined deep:*] So the folio. The quartos read—Looks *firmly.* Mr. Rowe and all the ſubſequent editors for *in* read *on.* I ſee no need of change. Shakſpeare conſidered the ſea as a *mirrour.* To look *in* a glaſs, is yet our colloquial phraſeology. MALONE.

[8] —*our mild huſband*—] It muſt be remembered that Albany, the huſband of Goneril, diſliked, in the end of the firſt act, the ſcheme of oppreſſion and ingratitude. JOHNSON.

It

It is the cowiſh terror of his ſpirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an anſwer: Our wiſhes, on the way,
May prove effects [8]. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers:
I muſt change arms [9] at home, and give the diſtaff
Into my huſband's hands. This truſty ſervant
Shall paſs between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A miſtreſſes command. Wear this; ſpare ſpeech;
[*giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air [1];—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My moſt dear Gloſter! [*Exit* Edmund.
O, the difference of man, and man [2]!
To thee a woman's ſervices are due;
My fool uſurps my bed [3].

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit* Steward.

[8] —— *our wiſhes, on the way,*
May prove effects.] She means, I think, The wiſhes, which we expreſſed to each other on our way hither, may be completed, and prove effectual to the deſtruction of my huſband. On her entrance ſhe ſaid,

" —— I marvel our mild huſband
" Not met us *on the way.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Richard III:*

" Thou know'ſt our *reaſons, urg'd upon the way.*" MALONE.

[9] —*I muſt change* arms, *&c.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads —*change* names. STEEVENS.

[1] *Decline your head: this kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,*
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air;] She bids him decline his head, that ſhe might give him a kiſs, (the ſteward being preſent,) and that it might appear only to him as a whiſper. STEEVENS.

[2] *O, the difference of man and man!*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Some epithet to *difference* was probably omitted in the folio. MALONE.

[3] My fool *uſurps my* bed.] The quarto of which the firſt ſignature is A, reads—My *foot* uſurps my *head.* Some of the copies of quarto B, have—My *foot* uſurps my *body*; others—*A fool* uſurps my *bed.* The folio reads—*My fool* uſurps my *body.* MALONE.

Enter

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle[4].
Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition[5]:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself[6];
She that herself will sliver and disbranch[7]
From her material sap[8], perforce must wither,

And

4 *I have been worth the whistle.*] This expression is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you disregard me thus*, I have been worth the whistle, *I have found one that thinks me worth calling.* JOHNSON.

This expression is a proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says:

"It is a poor dog that is not worth the *whistling*."

Goneril's meaning seems to be—*There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you*; reproaching him for not having summon'd her to consult with on the present critical occasion. STEEVENS.

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. MALONE.

5 —*I fear your disposition:*] These words, and the lines that follow to *monsters of the deep*, are found in the quartos, but are improperly omitted in the folio. They are necessary, as Mr. Pope has observed, "to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife." MALONE.

6 *That nature, which contemns its origin,*
Cannot be border'd certain *in itself*;] The sense is, That nature which is arrived to such a pitch of unnatural degeneracy, as to contemn its origin, cannot from thenceforth be *restrained within any certain bounds*, but is prepared to break out into the most monstrous excesses every way, as occasion or temptation may offer. HEATH.

7 *She that herself will* sliver *and disbranch,*] To *sliver* signifies to tear off or disbranch. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——— slips of yew,
"*Sliver'd* in the moon's eclipse." WARBURTON.

8 *She that herself will sliver and disbranch*
From her material *sap,*] She who breaks the bonds of filial duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, must wither and perish, like a branch separated from that *sap* which supplies it with nourishment, and gives life to the *matter* of which it is composed. So, in *A Brief Chronycle concernynge the examinacyon and death of Syr Johan Oldcastle*, 1544: "Then sayd the lorde Cobham, and spredde his armes

And come to deadly uſe[9].

Gon. No more; the text is fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile:
Filths ſavour but themſelves. What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whoſe reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick[1],
Moſt barbarous, moſt degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother ſuffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him ſo benefited?
If that the heavens do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame theſe vile offences[2],
It will come,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on itſelf,
Like monſters of the deep[3].

armes abrode: This is a verye croſſe, yea and ſo moche better than your croſſe of *wode*, in that yt was created of God: yet will I not ſeke to have yt worſhipped. Than ſayd the byſhop of London, Syr, ye wote wele that he dyed on a *materyall* croſſe."

Mr. Theobald reads *maternal*, and Dr. Johnſon thinks that the true reading. Syr John Froiſſart's *Chronicle* (as Dr. Warburton has obſerved) in the title-page of the Engliſh tranſlation printed in 1525, is ſaid to be *tranſlated out of French into our* material *Engliſh tongue by John Bouchier*. And I have found *material* (from *mater*) uſed in ſome other old books for *maternal*, but neglected to note the inſtances. I think, however, that the word is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe. *Maternal* ſap (or any ſynonymous words,) would introduce a mixed and confuſed metaphor. *Material* ſap is ſtrictly correct. From the word *herſelf* to the end, the *branch* was the figurative object of the poet's thought. MALONE.

9 *And come to deadly uſe.*] Alluding to the *uſe* that witches and inchanters are ſaid to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms. A fine inſinuation in the ſpeaker, that ſhe was ready for the moſt unnatural miſchief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the baſtard againſt her huſband's life. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have ſupported his interpretation by the paſſage in *Macbeth*, quoted in n. 7. MALONE.

1 —*would lick,*] This line, which had been omitted by all my predeceſſors, I have reſtored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

2 —theſe *vile offences.*] In ſome of the impreſſions of quarto B, we find—*this* vile offences; in others, and in quarto A,—*the* vile. *This* was certainly a miſprint for *theſe*. MALONE.

3 *Like monſters of the deep.*] Fiſhes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own ſpecies. JOHNSON.

Gon.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour from thy ſuffering; that not know'ſt [4],
Fools do thoſe villains pity [5], who are puniſh'd
Ere they have done their miſchief. Where's thy drum?
France ſpreads his banners in our noiſeleſs land;
With plumed helm thy ſlayer begins threats;
Whilſt thou, a moral fool, ſit'ſt ſtill, and cry'ſt,
Alack! why does he ſo?

Alb. See thyſelf, devil!
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend [6]
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and ſelf-cover'd thing [7], for ſhame,
Be-monſter not thy feature [8]. Were it my fitneſs

4 —*that not know'ſt*, &c.] The reſt of this ſpeech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

5 *Fools do thoſe villains pity*, &c.] She means, that *none but* fools would pity thoſe villains, who are prevented from executing their malicious deſigns, and puniſhed for their evil intention. It is not clear whether this fiend means her father, or the king of France. If theſe words were intended to have a retroſpect to Albany's ſpeech, which the word *pity* might lead us to ſuppoſe, Lear muſt be in her contemplation; if they are conſidered as connected with what follows—*Where's thy drum?* &c. the other interpretation muſt be adopted. The latter appears to me the true one; and perhaps the punctuation of the quarto, in which there is only a comma after the word *miſchief*, ought to have been preferred. MALONE.

6 *Proper deformity*, &c.] i. e. Diabolic qualities appear not ſo horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who unnaturally aſſumes them. WARBURTON.

7 *Thou changed, and* ſelf-cover'd *thing*,—] By *ſelf-cover'd* the authour meant, thou, that haſt *diſguiſed* nature by wickedneſs; thou that haſt *hid* the woman under the fiend. JOHNSON.

By thou *ſelf-cover'd* thing, the poet, I think, means, thou who haſt put a *covering on thyſelf*, which nature did not give thee. The covering which Albany means, is, the ſemblance and appearance of a fiend. MALONE.

8 *Be-monſter not thy* feature.] *Feature* in Shakſpeare's age meant the general caſt of countenance, and often beauty. See Vol. VII. p. 484, n. 6. Bullokar, in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, explains it by the words, "handſomeneſs, comelineſs, beautie." MALONE.

To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead[8]:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You justicers[9], that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well[1];
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,

[8] —*and amongst them* fell'd *him dead:*] i. e. *they* (Cornwall and his other servants) amongst them fell'd him dead. MALONE.

[9] *You* justicers,] Most of the old copies have *justices*; but it was certainly a misprint. The word *justicer* is used in two other places in this play; and though printed rightly in the folio, is corrupted in the quarto in the same manner as here. Some copies of quarto B read rightly—*justicers*, in the line before us. MALONE.

[1] *One way I like this well*;] Goneril's plan was to poison her sister, to marry Edmund, to murder Albany, and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of this scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund. MASON.

The

The news is not ſo tart.—I'll read, and anſwer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?

Meſ. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Meſ. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Meſ. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd againſt him;

And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. Gloſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III[2].

The French *Camp, near* Dover.

Enter KENT, *and a* Gentleman[3].

Kent. Why the king of France is ſo ſuddenly gone back know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his perſonal return was moſt requir'd and neceſſary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareſchal of France, Monſieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonſtration of grief?

2 *Scene III.*] This ſcene, left out in all the common books, is reſtored from the old edition; it being manifeſtly of Shakſpeare's writing, and neceſſary to continue the ſtory of Cordelia, whoſe behaviour is here moſt beautifully painted. POPE.

This ſcene ſeems to have been left out only to ſhorten the play, and is neceſſary to continue the action. It is extant only in the quarto, being omitted in the firſt folio. I have therefore put it between crotchets. JOHNSON.

3 —*a Gentleman.*] The gentleman whom he ſent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. JOHNSON.

Gent. Ay, sir[4]; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove[5]
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better May[6]: Those happy smiles[7],
That

[4] *Ay, sir;*] The quartos read—*I say.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[5] *Patience and sorrow* strove —] The quartos for *strove* have *streme.* Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

[6] —— *her smiles and tears*
Were like a better May:] Both the quartos read—a *better way*; which being perfectly unintelligible, I have adopted part of the emendation introduced by Dr. Warburton, who reads—a *wetter May.* The late editions have given—a better *day*, a reading which first appeared in a note of Mr. Theobald's. A *better day*, however it be understood, is, in my opinion, inconsistent with the context. If a *better* day means either a *good* day, or the *best* day, it cannot represent Cordelia's smiles and tears; for neither the one or the other necessarily implies *rain*, without which, there is nothing to correspond with her *tears*; nor can a *rainy day*, occasionally brightened by sunshine, with any propriety be called a *good* or the *best* day. We are compelled therefore to make some other change.

A *better May*, on the other hand, whether we understand by it, a good May, or a May better than ordinary, corresponds exactly with the preceding image; for in every May rain may be expected, and in a good, or a better May than ordinary, the sunshine, like Cordelia's smiles, will predominate. With respect to the corrupt reading, I have no great faith in the inversion of the *w* at the press, and rather think the error arose in some other way. MALONE.

The thought is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 244. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine." Cordelia's behaviour on this occasion is apparently copied from *Philoclea's*. The same book, in another place, says,—"that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl." The quartos read—*a better* way,—which may be an accidental inversion of the M.

A *better* day, however, is the *best* day, and the *best day* is a day most favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and sunshine.

It must be observed that the *comparative* is used by Milton and others, instead

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd [8].—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question [9]?

instead of the *positive* and *superlative*, as well as by Shakspeare himself, in the play before us:

"The *safer* sense will ne'er accommodate
"Its master thus."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again:

"—— Go not my horse the *better*."

Mr. Pope makes no scruple to say of Achilles, that,

"The Pelian javelin in his *better* hand
"Shot trembling rays, &c."

i. e. his *best* hand, his *right*. STEEVENS.

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration [*a wetter May*] infer that Cordelia's sorrow was superior to her patience? But it seem'd that she was a queen over her passion; and the smiles on her lip appeared not to know that tears were in her eyes. "Her smiles and tears were like a better day," or "like a better May," may signify that they were like such a season where sunshine prevailed over rain. So, in *All's well that ends well*, Act V. sc. iii. we see in the king "*sunshine and hail at once*, but to the brightest beams distracted clouds give way: the time is fair again, and he is like a day of season," i. e. a better day. TOLLET.

7 —*smiles.*] The quartos read—*smilets*. This may be a diminutive of Shakspeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

8 *As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.*—] In *the Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have the same image:

"A sea of melting *pearl*, which some call *tears*." MALONE.

A similar thought to this of Shakspeare, occurs in Middleton's *Game at Chess*, 1625:

"—the holy dew lies like a pearl
"Dropt from the *opening eye-lids of the morn*
"Upon the bashful rose."

Milton has transplanted this image into his *Lycidas*:

"Under the *opening eye-lids of the morn*." STEEVENS.

9 *Made she no verbal question?*] Means only, Did she enter into no conversation with you? In this sense our poet frequently uses the word *question*, and not simply as the act of *interrogation*. Did she give you to understand her meaning *by words* as well as by the foregoing external testimonies of sorrow? So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"———— she told me
"In a sweet *verbal* brief, &c." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 72, n. 2. MALONE.

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice [1], she heav'd the name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cry'd, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What? i'the storm? i'the night?
Let pity not be believ'd [2]*!*—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd [3]: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions *;
Else one self mate and mate [4] could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

[1] 'Faith, *once or twice,*] Thus the quartos. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*Yes,* once, &c. Regan in a subsequent scene, in like manner, uses the rejected word, however inelegant it may now appear:

"*Faith,* he is posted hence on serious matter." MALONE.

[2] *Let pity not be believ'd!*] i. e. Let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist! Thus the old copies; but the modern editors have hitherto read,

Let pity not believe it!— STEEVENS.

[3] *And clamour moisten'd;*] It is not impossible but Shakspeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony from holy writ, in the conduct of Joseph; who, being no longer able to restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his presence; and then *wept aloud,* and discovered himself to his brethren. THEOBALD.

—*clamour moisten'd*—] That is, *her out-cries were accompanied with tears.* JOHNSON.

The old copies read—And clamour moisten'd *her.* I have no doubt that the word *her* was inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the middle of the preceding line, where that word occurs; and therefore have omitted it. It may be observed that the metre is complete without this word. A similar error has happened in *The Winter's Tale.* See Vol. IV. p. 237, n. 2. She *moisten'd clamour,* or the exclamations she had uttered, with tears. This is perfectly intelligible; but *clamour moisten'd her,* is certainly nonsense. MALONE.

* —*govern our* conditions;] i. e. regulate our *dispositions.* See Vol. V. p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

[4] —*one self mate and mate*—] The same husband and the same wife. JOHNSON.

Self is used here, as in many other places in these plays, for *self-same.* MALONE.

Kent.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well, ſir; The poor diſtreſſed Lear is i'the town:
Who ſometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good ſir?

Kent. A ſovereign ſhame ſo elbows him: his own unkindneſs,
That ſtripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—theſe things ſting
His mind ſo venomouſly, that burning ſhame[5]
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis ſo; they are afoot[6].

Kent. Well, ſir, I'll bring you to our maſter Lear,
And leave you to attend him: ſome dear cauſe[7]
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.] [*Exeunt.*

[5] —*theſe things ſting*
His mind ſo venomouſly, that burning ſhame—] The metaphor is here preſerved with great knowledge of nature. The *venom* of poiſonous animals being a high cauſtick ſalt, that has all the effect of *fire* upon the part. WARBURTON.

[6] *'Tis ſo; they are a-foot.*] Dr. Warburton thinks it neceſſary to read, *'tis ſaid*; but the ſenſe is plain, *So it is* that *they are on foot.* JOHNSON.
'Tis ſo, means, I think, I have heard of them; they do not exiſt in report only; they are actually on foot. MALONE.

[7] *Some* dear *cauſe*—] Some *important* buſineſs. See p. 130, n. 6. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Phyſician, *and* Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd ſea: ſinging aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock [8], nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel [9], and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn.—A century ſend forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an* Officer.]—What can man's wiſdom do,
In the reſtoring his bereaved ſenſe?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our ſoſter nurſe of nature is repoſe,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many ſimples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cor. All bleſt ſecrets,
All you unpubliſh'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's diſtreſs!—Seek, ſeek for him;
Leſt his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life
That wants the means to lead it [1].

[8] *With* harlocks, *hemlock*, &c.] The quartos read—With *hordocks*; the folio—With *hardokes*. MALONE.

Hardocks ſhould be *harlocks*. Thus Drayton in one of his *Eclogues*:

"The honey-ſuckle, the *harlocke*,
"The lilly, and the lady-ſmocke," &c. FARMER.

[9] *Darnel*,] According to Gerard, is *the moſt hurtful of weeds* among corn. It is mentioned in *The Witches of Lancaſhire*, 1634:

"That cocle, *darnel*, poppy wild,
"May choak his grain, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] —*the means to lead it.*] The reaſon which ſhould guide it. JOHNS.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, madam;
The Britiſh powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important[2] tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition[3] doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter REGAN, *and* Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers ſet forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himſelf in perſon there?
Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund ſpake not with your lord[4] at home?
Stew.

2 —*important*—] In other places of this authour for *importunate.* JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*importuned.* STEEVENS.

3 *No* blown *ambition*—] No inflated, no ſwelling pride. Beza on the Spaniſh armada:

" Quam bene te ambitio merſit vaniſſima, ventus,
" Et tumidos tumidæ vos ſuperaſtis aquæ." JOHNSON.

In the *Mad Lover* of B. and Fletcher, the ſame epithet is given to ambition. Again, in the *Little French Lawyer:*

" I come with no *blown* ſpirit to abuſe you." STEEVENS.

4 —*with your* lord—] Thus the folio. The quartos read—with your *lady.* In the manuſcripts from which they were printed an L only was probably ſet down, according to the mode of that time. It could be of no conſequence to Regan, whether Edmund ſpoke with Goneril *at home,* as they had travelled together from the earl of Gloſter's caſtle to the duke of Albany's palace, and had on the road ſufficient opportunities for laying thoſe plans of which Regan was apprehenſive. On the

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloſter's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life[5]; moreover, to deſcry
The ſtrength o' the enemy.

Stew. I muſt needs after him, madam, with my letter[6].

Reg. Our troops ſet forth to-morrow; ſtay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.

Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to Edmund? Might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unſeal the letter[7].

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her huſband;
I am ſure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange œiliads[8], and moſt ſpeaking looks

the other hand, Edmund's abrupt departure without even ſpeaking to the duke, to whom he was ſent on a commiſſion, could not but appear myſterious, and excite her jealouſy. Add to this, that Edmund (as an anonymous writer hath obſerved) had ſpoken with Goneril in the Steward's preſence, and had been prevented from ſpeaking to or even ſeeing her huſband. On all theſe grounds *lord* appears to be the true reading. MALONE.

[5] *His* nighted *life*;] i. e. His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes. STEEVENS.

[6] — *with my* letter.] So the folio. The quartos read—*letters*. The meaning is the ſame. MALONE.

[7] *Let me unſeal*, &c.] I know not well why Shakſpeare gives the ſteward, who is a mere factor of wickedneſs, ſo much fidelity. He now refuſes the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be ſafely delivered. JOHNSON.

[8] *She gave ſtrange* œiliads,—] *Oeillade*, Fr. a caſt, or ſignificant glance of the eye. Greene, in his *Diſputation between a He and She Coney-catcher*, 1592, ſpeaks of "amorous glances, ſmirking *œiliades*, &c." STEEVENS.

To

To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her boſom.
Stew. I, madam?
Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding; you are, I know it[9]:
Therefore, I do adviſe you, take this note[1]:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more[2].
If you do find him, pray you, give him this[3];
And when your miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray, deſire her call her wiſdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Stew. Would I could meet him, madam! I would ſhew
What party[4] I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI[5].

The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR, *dreſs'd like a Peaſant.*

Glo. When ſhall we come to the top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible ſteep:
Hark, do you hear the ſea?
Glo. No, truly.

9 *I ſpeak in underſtanding*; you are, I know it.] Thus the folio. The quartos read—in underſtanding, *for I know't*. MALONE.

1 —*I do adviſe you, take this* note:] *Note* means in this place not a *letter*, but a *remark*. Therefore *obſerve* what I am ſaying. JOHNS.

2 —*You may gather more.*] You may infer more than I have directly told you. JOHNSON.

3 —*give him* this;] I ſuppoſe Regan here delivers a ring or ſome other favour to the Steward, to be conveyed to Edmund. MALONE.

4 *What* party—] Quarto, *What* lady. JOHNSON.

5 *Scene VI.*] This ſcene, and the ſtratagem by which Gloſter is cured of his deſperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*. JOHNSON.

Edg.

Edg. Why, then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd[5]; and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter, than thou didſt.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on, ſir; here's the place:—ſtand ſtill.—
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low[6]!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade[7]!
Methinks,

5 — *thy voice is alter'd*; &c.] Edgar alters his voice in order to paſs afterwards for a malignant ſpirit. JOHNSON.

6 ——— *How fearful*
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low!] This deſcription has been much admired ſince the time of Addiſon, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleaſantry, that "he who can read it without being giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad one." The deſcription is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmoſt excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himſelf aſſailed by one great and dreadful image of irreſiſtible deſtruction. But this overwhelming idea is diſſipated and enfeebled from the inſtant that the mind can reſtore itſelf to the obſervation of particulars, and diffuſe its attention to diſtinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the ſamphire-man, and the fiſhers, counteracts the great effect of the proſpect, as it peoples the deſert of intermediate vacuity, and ſtops the mind in the rapidity of its deſcent through emptineſs and horror. JOHNSON.

It is to be conſidered that Edgar is deſcribing an imaginary precipice, and is not therefore ſuppoſed to be ſo ſtrongly impreſſed with the dreadful proſpect of inevitable deſtruction, as a perſon would be who really found himſelf on the brink of one. MASON.

7 ——— *Half way down*
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!] This perſonage is not a mere creature of Shakſpeare's imagination, for the gathering of ſamphire was literally a *trade* or common occupation in his time, it been carried and cried about the ſtreets, and much uſed as a pickle. So, in a ſong in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, in which the cries of London are enumerated under the title of the cries of Rome:

"I ha'

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock [8]; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong [9].

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright [1].

Glo.

" I ha' rock-*samphier*, rock-samphier;
" Thus go the cries in Rome's faire towne;
" First they go up street, and then they go downe:
" Buy a mat, a mil-mat," &c.

Again, in Venner's *Via recta*, &c. 4to. 1622: " *Samphire* is in like manner preserved in pickle, and eaten with meates. It is a very pleasant and familiar sauce, and agreeing with man's body." MALONE.

" *Samphire* grows in a great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air." Smith's *Hist. of Waterford*, p. 315, edit. 1774. TOLLET.

[8] —*her cock*;—] Her cock-boat. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637: " —I caused my lord to leap into the *cock*, &c.—at last our *cock* and we were cast ashore." Hence the term *cockswain*, a petty officer in a ship. STEEVENS.

[9] Topple *down headlong*.] To *topple* is to *tumble*. The word has been already used in *Macbeth*. So, in Nash's *Lenten-Stuff*, &c. 1599: " —he had thought to have *toppled* his burning car, &c. into the sea." STEEVENS.

[1] —*for all beneath the moon*
Would I not leap upright.] One of the senses of the word *upright* in Shakspeare's time, was that in which it is now used. So, in *the Tempest*:

" —time goes *upright* with his carriage."

Again, in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603:

" I have seene a man take his full carier, standing boult *upright* on both his feete in the saddle."

And with this signification, I have no doubt it was used here. Every man who leaps, in his first effort to raise himself from the ground, *springs upright*. Far from thinking of leaping *forward*, for which, being

Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purſe; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good ſir. [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his deſpair,
Is done[2] to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your ſights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff, and loathed part of nature, ſhould
Burn itſelf out. If Edgar live, O, bleſs him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*
Edg. Gone, ſir? farewell[3].—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, when life itſelf
Yields to the theft[4]: Had he been where he thought,

ing certain deſtruction, nothing could compenſate, Edgar ſays, he would not for all beneath the moon run the riſk of even leaping *upwards*.

Dr. Warburton idly objects, that he who leaps upwards, muſt needs fall again on his feet upon the ſame place from whence he roſe. If the commentator had tried ſuch a leap *within a foot* of the edge of a precipice, before he undertook the reviſion of theſe plays, the world would, I fear, have been deprived of his labours.

Upright in our authour's time meant alſo *ſupinus*. See Minſheu's Dict. 1617: "*Upright*, or on the back, with the face upward. G. renverſé, ventre en haut. L. ſupinus, reſupinus:" but this ſenſe is here inadmiſſible. MALONE.

[2] Is *done*—] Thus the quarto A, and the folio. The other quarto reads—'*Tis* done. MALONE.

[3] *Gone, ſir? farewell.*] Thus the quartos and folio. The modern editors have been content to read—*Good ſir*, &c. STEEVENS.

They followed the arbitrary alteration of the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] ——— *when life itſelf*
Yields to the theft;—] When life is willing to be deſtroyed. JOHNSON.

By

By this, had thought been paſt.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you ſir! friend!—Hear you, ſir?—ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs indeed[5]:—Yet he revives:
What are you, ſir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'ſt thou been aught but goſſomer, feathers, air[6],
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'ſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe;
Haſt heavy ſubſtance; bleed'ſt not; ſpeak'ſt; art ſound.
Ten maſts at each make not the altitude[7],
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread ſummit of this chalky bourn[8]!
Look up a-height;—the ſhrill-gorg'd lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit,
To end itſelf by death? 'Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You ſtand.

5 *Thus might he paſs, indeed:*—] Thus he might *die* in reality. We ſtill uſe the word *paſſing*-bell. JOHNSON.

6 *Had'ſt thou been aught but* goſſomer, *feathers, air,*] *Goſſamer* or *Goſſomer* is a thin filmy ſubſtance, reſembling a cobweb, which flies about in the air in ſummer. See Vol. IX. p. 89, n. 2. MALONE.

7 *Ten maſts* at each *make not the altitude,*] i. e. each, at, or near, the other. Such I ſuppoſe the meaning, if the text be right; but it is probably corrupt. Mr. Pope for *at each* ſubſtituted *attach'd*, which Dr. Johnſon thinks was introduced into our language at a later period than the time of Shakſpeare. The word certainly exiſted in his time, but was not uſed in the ſenſe required here. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, to *attach* is interpreted, "To take, lay hold on." It was *verbum juris*. MALONE.

Perhaps we ſhould read—at *reach*, i. e. extent. STEEVENS.

8 —*chalky* bourn:] *Bourn* ſeems here to ſignify a *hill*. Its common ſignification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uſes *boſky bourn*, in the ſame ſenſe perhaps with Shakſpeare. But in both authours it may mean only a *boundary*. JOHNSON.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I ſtood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thouſand noſes,
Horns welk'd [9], and wav'd like the enridged ſea [1];
It was ſome fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the cleareſt gods [2], who make them honours
Of men's impoſſibilites [3], have preſerv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itſelf,
Enough, enough, and, *die.* That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts [5].—But who comes here?

9 *Horns* welk'd,—] Twiſted, convolved. A welk or whilk is a ſmall ſhell-fiſh. Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596, ſeems to uſe this participle in the ſenſe of *rolling* or *curled*:

"The ſunny palfreys have their traces broke,
"And ſetting fire upon the *welked* ſhrouds
"Now through the heaven flie gadding from the yoke."

MALONE.

1 —*enridged* ſea.] Thus the quarto. The folio *enraged*. STEEV.
Enridged was certainly our authour's word; for he has the ſame alluſion in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Till the wild *waves* will have him ſeen no more,
"Whoſe *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend." MALONE.

2 —*the cleareſt gods,*] The pureſt; the moſt free from evil. JOHNS.
So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"Roots! you *clear* gods!"

See p. 61, n. 9, and Vol. X. p. 108, n. 1. MALONE.

3 —*who make them honours*
Of men's impoſſibilities,—] Who are graciouſly pleaſed to preſerve men in ſituations in which they think it impoſſible to eſcape: Or, perhaps, who derive honour from being able to do what man can not do. MALONE.

5 *Bear free and patient thoughts.*—] To be melancholy is to have the mind *chained down* to one painful idea; there is therefore great propriety in exhorting Gloſter to *free thoughts*, to emancipation of his ſoul from grief and deſpair. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter LEAR, *fantaſtically dreſt up with flowers.*

The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus [6].

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining [7]; I am the king himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect.—There's your preſs-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper [8]: draw me a clothier's yard [9].—Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace;—this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills [1].—O, well flown,

6 *The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate*
His maſter thus.] I read:
The *ſaner* ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.
"Here is Lear, but he muſt be mad: his ſound or *ſane* ſenſes would never ſuffer him to be thus diſguiſed." JOHNSON.
I have no doubt but that *ſafer* was the poet's word. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"Nor do I think the man of *ſafe* diſcretion
"That does affect it." STEEVENS.

7 —*for* coining;] So the quartos. Folio—for *crying*. MALONE.

8 *That fellow handles his bow like a* crow-keeper.] In ſeveral counties to this day, they call a ſtuffed figure, repreſenting a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, ſet up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *ſcare-crow*. THEOBALD.
This *crow-keeper* was ſo common in the authour's time, that it is one of the few peculiarities mentioned by Ortelius in his account of our iſland. JOHNSON.
So, in *Bonduca*, by Fletcher:
"——Can theſe fright? They look
"Like empty ſcabbards all; no mettle in them;
"Like *men of clouts*, ſet to *keep crows* from orchards."
See alſo Vol. IX. p. 34. MALONE.

9 *Draw me a clothier's yard.*] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a ſtanza of the old ballad of *Chevy-Chace*:
"An arrow of a *cloth-yard* long,
"Up to the head drew he," &c. STEEVENS.

1 —*the* brown bills.] A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe:
"Which is the conſtable's houſe?—
"At the ſign of the *brown bill*." *Blurt Mr. Conſtable*, 1602.
Again, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1622:
"Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
"*Brown bills*, and targetiers," &c. STEEVENS.
See Vol. II. p. 257, n. 2. MALONE.

bird!—i' the clout[2], i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word[3].

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard[4]!—They flatter'd me like a dog[5]; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there[6]. To ſay *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I ſaid!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once[7], and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I ſmelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

[2] *O, well flown*, bird!—*i' the clout*, &c.] Lear is here raving of *archery*, and ſhooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *i' the clout*, that is, the *white* mark they ſet up and aim at: hence the phraſe, to *hit the white*. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609: "Change your mark, ſhoot at a white; come ſtick me in the *clout*, ſir."

The author of *The Reviſal* thinks there can be no impropriety in calling an arrow a *bird*, from the ſwiftneſs of its flight, eſpecially when immediately preceded by the words *well-flown*: but it appears that *well-flown*, *bird*, was the falconer's expreſſion when the hawk was ſucceſsful in her flight; and is ſo uſed in *A Woman kill'd with Kindneſs*. STEEVENS.

The quartos read—O, well flown bird *in the ayre*, hugh, give the word. MALONE.

[3] —*Give the word.*] Lear ſuppoſes himſelf in a garriſon, and before he lets Edgar paſs, requires the watch-word. JOHNSON.

[4] *Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!*—] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, *Ha! Gonerill, ha! Regan! they flattered me*, &c. which is not ſo forcible. JOHNSON.

[5] *They flattered me like a dog*;—] They played the ſpaniel to me. JOHNSON.

[6] —*and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.*] They told me that I had the wiſdom of age, before I had attained to manhood. MALONE.

[7] —*When the rain came to wet me*, &c.] This ſeems to be an alluſion to king Canute's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the ſea. STEEVENS.

Glo. The trick of that voice[8] I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes[9].
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cauſe?—
Adultery.—
Thou ſhalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded fly
Does lecher in my ſight. Let copulation thrive,
For Gloſter's baſtard ſon was kinder to his father,
Than my daughters got 'tween the lawful ſheets.
To't, luxury[1], pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers.—
Behold yon' ſimpering dame,
Whoſe face between her forks preſageth ſnow[2];
That minces virtue[3], and does ſhake the head
To hear of pleaſure's name;
The fitchew[4], nor the ſoiled horſe[5], goes to't
With

[8] *The* trick *of that voice*—] *Trick* is a word frequently uſed for he *air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or geſture, which diſtinguiſhes it from others.* HANMER.

See Vol. IV. p. 450, n. 1. MALONE.

[9] —*Ay, every inch a* king:
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes.] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" Who, like a *king* perplexed in his throne,
" By their ſuggeſtion gives a deadly groan,
" Whereat each tributary *ſubject quakes.*" MALONE.

[1] *To't* luxury, *&c.*] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for *ncontinence.* See Mr. Collins's note on *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. c. ii. STEEVENS.

[2] *Whoſe face between her* forks, *&c.*] The conſtruction is not ' whoſe face between her *forks*," &c. but " whoſe face preſages now between her *forks.*" So, in *Timon*, Act IV. ſc. iii.

" Whoſe bluſh does thaw the conſecrated ſnow
" That lies on Dian's lap." EDWARDS.

To preſerve the modeſty of Mr. Edwards's happy explanation, I an only hint a reference to the word *fourcheure* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary.* STEEVENS.

[3] *That* minces *virtue,*] Whoſe virtue conſiſts in appearance only; n an affected delicacy and prudery: who is as nice and ſqueamiſh in alking of virtue and of the frailer part of her ſex, as a lady who walks *incingly* along:

" —— and turn two *mincing* ſteps
" Into a manly ſtride." *Merchant of Venice.* MALONE.

[4] *The fitchew,*—] A polecat. POPE.

With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waiſt they are centaurs[6],
Though women all above:
But to the girdle[7] do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'[8]; there's hell, there's darkneſs, there is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah! pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt; it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall ſo wear out to nought.—Doſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Doſt thou ſquiny at me*? No, do thy worſt, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

5 —*nor the* ſoiled *horſe.*—] *Soiled horſe* is a term uſed for a horſe that has been fed with hay and corn in the ſtable during the winter, and is turned out in the ſpring to take the firſt fluſh of graſs, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanſes the animal, and fills him with blood. STEEVENS.

6 *Down from the* waiſt *they are centaurs,*] In the *Malecontent*, is a thought as ſingular as this:

"'Tis now about the immodeſt *waiſt* of night." STEEVENS.

7 But *to the girdle*, &c.] To *inherit* in Shakſpeare is, to poſſeſs. See Vol. I. p. 159, n. 7. *But* is here uſed for *only*. MALONE.

8 *Beneath is all the fiends'*;] According to Grecian ſuperſtition, every limb of us was conſigned to the charge of ſome particular deity. Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, enlarges much on it, and concludes by ſaying:

"And Venus throughe the letcherie
"For which thei hir deifie,
"*She kept all doune the remenant*
"*To thilke office appertainant.*" COLLINS.

In the old copies the preceding as well as the latter part of Lear's ſpeech is printed as proſe. I doubt much whether any part of it was intended for metre. MALONE.

* *Doſt thou* ſquiny *at me?*] To *ſquiny* is to look aſquint. The word is uſed by our poet's fellow-comedian, Robert Armin, in *A Neſt of Ninnies*, &c. 4to, 1609: "The world—*ſquinies* at this, and looks as one ſcorning." MALONE.

Lear.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the caſe of eyes[9]?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? Your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light: Yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee how yon' juſtice rails upon yon' ſimple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy*, which is the juſtice, which is the thief?—Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

9 *What, with the caſe of eyes?*] Mr. Rowe changed *the* into *this*, but without neceſſity. I have reſtored the old reading. The *caſe of eyes* is the *ſocket* of either eye. Statius in his firſt *Thebaid*, has a ſimilar expreſſion. Speaking of Oedipus he ſays:

"Tunc *vacuos orbes* crudum ac miſerabile vitæ
"Supplicium, oſtentat cœlo, manibuſque cruentis
"Pulſat *inane ſolum*.

"*Inane ſolum*," i. e. *vacui oculorum loci*.

Shakſpeare has the expreſſion again in the *Winter's Tale*: "—they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear *the caſes* of their eyes." STEEVENS.

In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we have the ſame expreſſion:

"——— her *eyes* as jewel-like,
"And *cas'd* as richly."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Her *eye-lids*, *caſes* to thoſe heavenly jewels
"Which Pericles hath loſt,
"Begin to part their fringes of bright gold."

This could not have been the authour's word; for "this *caſe* of eyes" in the language of his time ſignified—*this pair of eyes*, a ſenſe directly oppoſite to that intended to be conveyed. MALONE.

* *Change places*; *and*, handy-dandy,—] The words *change places*, *and*, are not in the quartos. *Handy-dandy* is, I believe, a play among children, in which ſomething is ſhaken between two hands, and then a gueſs is made in which hand it is retained. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Bazzicchiare*. To ſhake between two hands; to play *handy-dandy*." Coles in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders "to play handy-dandy," by *digitis micare*; and he is followed by Ainſworth; but they appear to have been miſtaken; as is Dr. Johnſon in his definition in his Dictionary, which ſeems to have been formed on the paſſage before us, miſunderſtood. He ſays, Handy-dandy is "a play in which children *change* hands and *places*." MALONE.

Glo. Ay, ſir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind
For which thou whipp'ſt her. The uſurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all[1]. Plate ſin with gold[2],
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay, none; I'll able 'em[3]:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To ſeal the accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes;
And, like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou doſt not.—Now, now, now, now;
Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; ſo.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reaſon in madneſs!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes,
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloſter:
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wawl, and cry[4]:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

[1] *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.*] So, in *the Rape of Lucrece*:
"Hiding baſe ſin in pleats of majeſty." MALONE.
From *hide all* to *accuſer's lips*, the whole paſſage is wanting in the firſt edition, being added, I ſuppoſe, at his reviſal. JOHNSON.

[2] *Plate ſin*—] The old copies read—*Place* ſin. Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

[3] —*I'll able 'em:*] An old phraſe ſignifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, ſays:
"Set all my life after thyne ordinaunce,
"And *able me* to mercie or thou deme." WARBURTON.
So Chapman, in his comedy of *The Widows Tears*, 1612: "Admitted! ay, into her heart, and *I'll able it.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,*
We wawl and cry:—]
"Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum eſt
"Cui tantum in vitâ reſtat tranſire malorum." *Lucretius.*
STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools;—This a good block[5]?—
It were a delicate ſtratagem, to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt[6]: I'll put it in proof;

[5] —*This a good* block?] Upon the king's ſaying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet ſeems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of thoſe times, (whom I have ſeen ſo repreſented in ancient prints,) till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raiſes the ſtratagem in his brain of ſhoeing a troop of horſe with a ſubſtance ſoft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him ſtart from his preachment.—*Block* anciently ſignified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and ſometimes the hat itſelf.—See *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"He weares his faith but as the faſhion of his *hat*; it changes with the next *block*."

Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:

"——Where did you buy your *felt*?

"Nay, never laugh, for you're in the ſame *block*."

Again, in *Run and a great Caſt*, an ancient collection of Epigrams, 4to, without date. *Epigram* 46. *In Sextinum*:

"A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his *hat*;

"So much the fitter for his head by that." STEEVENS.

[6] *It were a delicate ſtratagem, to ſhoe*
A troop of horſe with felt:] i. e. with flocks kneaded to a maſs, a practice I believe ſometimes uſed in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Arioſto*:

"—fece nel cadar ſtrepito quanto
"Aveſſe avuto ſotto i piedi il *feltro*." JOHNSON.

This "delicate ſtratagem" had actually been put in practice about fifty years before Shakſpeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p. 41. "And now," ſays that hiſtorian, "having feaſted the ladies royally for divers dayes, he [Henry] departed from Tournay to Liſle, [Oct. 13, 1513,] whither he was invited by the lady Margaret, who cauſed there a juſte to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-room raiſed high from the ground by many ſteps, and paved with black ſquare ſtones like marble; while *the horſes*, to prevent ſliding, *were ſhod with felt* or flocks (the Latin words are *feltro ſive tormento*): after which the ladies danced all night." MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have adopted the ſtratagem of ſhoeing a troop of horſe with felt from the following paſſage in Felton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 4to. bl. l. 1567: "—he attyreth him ſelfe for the purpoſe in a night-gowne girt to hym, with a paire of *ſhoes of felt*, leaſte the noyſe of his feete ſhoulde diſcover his goinge." p. 58. STEEVENS.

And when I have ſtolen upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill [7].

Enter a Gentleman, *with Attendants.*

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter—

Lear. No reſcue? What, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune [8].—Uſe me well;
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have a ſurgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds? All myſelf?
Why, this would make a man, a man of ſalt [9],
To uſe his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's duſt [1].

Gent. Good ſir [2],—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

[7] *Then,* kill, kill, &c.] This was formerly the word given in the Engliſh army, when an onſet was made on the enemy. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" Gives falſe alarms, ſuggeſteth mutiny,
" And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill.*"

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates,* 1610, p. 315:

" For while the Frenchmen freſh aſſaulted ſtill,
" Our Engliſhmen came boldly forth at night,
" Crying, Saint George, Saliſbury, *kill, kill,*
" And offer'd freſhly with their foes to fight." MALONE.

[8] *The natural fool of fortune.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" O, I am *fortune's fool!* STEEVENS.

[9] —*a man of ſalt,*] *A man of ſalt* is *a man of tears.* In *All's Well that ends Well,* we meet with—" your *ſalt tears'* head;" and in *Troilus and Creſſida,* " the *ſalt* of broken *tears.*" Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
" For certain drops of *ſalt,* your city Rome." MALONE.

[1] *Ay, and laying autumn's duſt.*] Theſe words are not in the folio. MALONE.

[2] Gent. *Good ſir,*—] Theſe words I have reſtored from one of the quartos. In the other, they are omitted. The folio reads:

—a *ſmug* bridegroom— STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear. Then there's life in it[2]. Nay, an you get it, you ſhall get it by running. Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa.

[*Exit, running*; *Attendants follow.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch; Paſt ſpeaking of in a king!—Thou haſt one daughter, Who redeems nature from the general curſe Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle ſir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, ſir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar: every one hears that, Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But, by your favour, How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot; the main deſcry Stands on the hourly thought[3].

Edg. I thank you, ſir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on ſpecial cauſe is here, Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, ſir. [*Exit* Gent.

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me; Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again To die before you pleaſe!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good ſir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poor man, made lame by fortune's blows[4]; Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows[5], Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,

2 *Then there's life in it.*] The caſe is not yet deſperate. JOHNSON.

3 —— *the main deſcry*

Stands on the hourly thought.] The *main* body is *expected* to be *deſcry'd* every hour. The expreſſion is harſh. JOHNSON.

4 —*made* lame by *fortune's blows*;] Thus the quartos. The folio has made *tame to* fortune's blows. I believe the original is here, as in many other places, the true reading. So, in our poet's 37th Sonnet:

" So I, *made lame by fortune's* deareſt ſpight,—." MALONE.

5 *Who, by the art of* known *and* feeling *ſorrows*, &c.] i. e. Sorrows paſt and preſent. WARBURTON.

Haud ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco. *Virg.*

I doubt whether *feeling* is not uſed, with our poet's uſual licence, for *felt*. Sorrows known, not by relation, but by experience. MALONE.

I'll

I'll lead you to ſome biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyſelf remember[6]:—The ſword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to it. [Edgar *oppoſes*.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? Hence;
Leſt that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait[7], and let poor volk paſs. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye[8], or iſe try whether your coſtard[9] or my bat[1] be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

6 *Briefly thyſelf remember:*—] i. e. Quickly recollect the paſt offences of thy life, and recommend thyſelf to heaven. Warburton.
So Othello ſays to Deſdemona:
"If you bethink yourſelf of any crime,
"Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
"Solicit for it ſtraight." Malone.

7 —*go your gait,*] *Gang your gate* is a common expreſſion in the North. In the laſt rebellion, when the Scotch ſoldiers had finiſhed their exerciſe, inſtead of our term of diſmiſſion, their phraſe was, *gang your gaits.* Steevens.

8 —*che vor'ye,*] *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the weſtern dialect. Johnson.

9 —*your* coſtard —] *Coſtard,* i. e. head. So, in *King Richard III:*
"Take him over the *coſtard* with the hilt of thy ſword."
Steevens.

1 —*my* bat—] i. e. club. So, in *Spenſer:*
"——a handſome *bat* he held,
"On which he leaned, as one far in eld." Steevens.

Edg.

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins [2]. [*They fight*; *and* Edgar *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me:—Villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'ſt about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloſter [3]; ſeek him out
Upon the Britiſh party:—O, untimely death, death!—
[*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: A ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; reſt you.—
Let's ſee his pockets: theſe letters, that he ſpeaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only ſorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us ſee:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful [4].

[*reads.*]

[2] —*no matter vor your* foins.] *To foin*, is to make what we call a *thruſt* in fencing. Shakſpeare often uſes the word. STEEVENS.

[3] *To Edmund earl of Gloſter*;] Mr. Smith has endeavoured, without any ſucceſs, to prove in a long note, that we ought to read—*letter* both here and below, becauſe the Steward had only one letter in his pocket, namely that written by Goneril. But there is no need of change, for *letters* formerly was uſed like *epiſtolæ* in Latin, when one only was intended. So, in Act I. ſc. v. Lear ſays to Kent, "Go, you, before to Gloſter, with *theſe letters*;" and Kent replies, "I will not ſleep, my lord, till I have delivered your *letter*." Again, in Act IV. ſc. v. the Steward ſays to Regan, "I muſt needs after him, madam, with my *letters*," meaning only Goneril's letter, which Edgar preſently reads. Such, as I obſerved on that paſſage, is the reading of the original quarto copies, which in the folio is changed to *letter*. Whether the Steward had alſo a letter from Regan, it is not here neceſſary to inquire. The words which he uſes, do not, for the reaſon I have aſſigned, neceſſarily imply two letters: and as Edgar finds no letter from Regan, we may infer that when ſhe ſaid to the Steward in a former ſcene, *take thou this*, ſhe gave him a ring or ſome other token of regard for Edmund, and not a letter. MALONE.

[4] *To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;*
Their papers, is more lawful.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*we* rip. The editor of the ſecond folio, imagining that *papers* was

[*reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant[5],

Goneril.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will[6]!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up[7], the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke[8]: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit* EDGAR, *dragging out the body.*

was the nominative case, for *is* substituted *are*: Their papers *are* more lawful. But the construction is,—*to rip* their papers, is more lawful. His alteration, however, has been adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

This is darkly expressed: the meaning is, Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confession of their secrets; to tear open their letters is more lawful. WARBURTON.

[5] —and your *affectionate servant,*] After *servant*, one of the quartos has this strange continuation: "—and for you her owne for *venter*, Gonerill." STEEVENS.

In this place I have followed the quarto of which the first signature is A. The other reads—"Your (wife, so I would say) *your* affectionate servant;" and adds the words mentioned by Mr. Steevens. The folio, reads—"Your (wife so I would say) affectionate servant, Goneril." MALONE.

[6] *O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!*—] Thus the folio. The quartos read—of woman's *wit!* The meaning (says Dr. Warburton in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition,) is, "The variations in a woman's will are so sudden, and their liking and loathing follow so quick upon each other, that there is no distinguishable space between them." MALONE.

[7] *Thee I'll rake up,*] I'll *cover* thee. In Staffordshire, to *rake* the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. JOHNSON.

[8] —*the death-practis'd duke:*] The duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by *practice* or treason. JOHNSON.

Glo.

Glo. The king is mad: How ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling[9]
Of my huge ſorrows! Better I were diſtract:
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd[1] from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French *camp.* LEAR *on a bed, aſleep*; Phyſician, Gentleman[2], *and Others, attending: Enter* CORDELIA, *and* KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how ſhall I live, and work,
To match thy goodneſs? My life will be too ſhort,
And every meaſure fail me[3].
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-pay'd.

9 —*and have* ingenious feeling—] *Ingenious feeling* ſignifies a feeling from an underſtanding not diſturbed or diſordered, but which, repreſenting things as they are, makes the ſenſe of pain the more exquiſite. WARBURTON.

1 —*ſever'd*—] The quartos read *fenced.* STEEVENS.

2 —*Phyſician, Gentleman,* &c.] In the quartos the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Doctor*," omitting by negligence the *Gentleman*, who yet in thoſe copies is a ſpeaker in the courſe of the ſcene, and remains with KENT, when the reſt go out. In the folio, the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Gentleman*;" to the latter of whom all the ſpeeches are given, which in the original copies are divided between the *phyſician* and the *gentleman*. I ſuppoſe, from a penury of actors, it was found convenient to unite the two characters, which, we ſee, were originally diſtinct. Cordelia's words, however, might have taught the editor of the folio to have given the *gentleman* whom he retained the appellation of *Doctor*:

"Be govern'd by *your knowledge*, and proceed
"I' the ſway of your own will." MALONE.

3 —*every meaſure fail me.*] All good which I ſhall allot thee, or *meaſure out* to thee, will be ſcanty. JOHNSON.

All

All my reports go with the modeſt truth;
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.

Cor. Be better ſuited[4]:
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours[5];
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent[6]:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it ſo, my good lord.—
How does the king? [*to the* Phyſician.

Phyſ. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature!
The untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father[7]!

Phyſ. So pleaſe your majeſty,
That we may wake the king? he hath ſlept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the ſway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam[8]; in the heavineſs of his ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.

Phyſ.

4 *Be better ſuited:*] i. e. Be better dreſt, put on a better ſuit of cloaths. STEEVENS.

5 *Theſe weeds are* memories *of thoſe worſer hours;*] *Memories*, i. e. memorials, remembrancers. Shakſpeare uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe, *As you like it*, Act II. ſc. iii:

"O, my ſweet maſter! O you *memory*
"Of old ſir Rowland!"— STEEVENS.

So, in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1618: "A printed *memorie* hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church door." MALONE.

6 — *my* made *intent:*] An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. So we ſay in common language, to *make a deſign*, and to *make a reſolution*. JOHNSON.

7 *Of this* child-changed *father!*] That is, *changed* by *his children*; a father, whoſe jarring ſenſes have been untuned by the monſtrous ingratitude of his daughters. So, *care-craz'd*, crazed *by* care; *wave-worn*, worn *by* the waves; *woe-wearied*, haraſſed *by* woe; &c. MALONE.

8 *Ay, madam*, &c.] The folio gives theſe four lines to a *Gentleman*. One of the quartos (they were both printed in the ſame year, and for the ſame printer) gives the two firſt to the *Doctor*, and the two next to

Phyſ. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him; I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well[9].

Phyſ. Pleaſe you, draw near.—Louder the muſick there[1].

Cor. O my dear father! Reſtoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips[2]; and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princeſs!

Cor. Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
[To ſtand[3] againſt the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick, croſs lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm[4]?] Mine enemy's dog[5],
Though

to *Kent*. The other quarto appropriates the two firſt to the *Doctor*, and the two following ones to a *Gentleman*. I have given the two firſt, which beſt belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Phyſician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more ſuitable to his profeſſion. STEEVENS.

9 *Very well.*] This and the following line I have reſtored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

1 —*Louder the muſick there.*] I have already obſerved in a note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Vol. V. p. 263, that Shakſpeare conſidered *ſoft muſick* as favourable to ſleep. Lear, we may ſuppoſe, had been thus compoſed to reſt; and now the Phyſician deſires *louder* muſick to be played, for the purpoſe of waking him. So again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, Cerimon, to recover Thaiſa, who had been thrown into the ſea, ſays,

" The *rough* and woeful muſick that we have,
" Cauſe it to ſound, 'beſeech you."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" *Muſick, awake* her; ſtrike!" MALONE.

2 ——Reſtoration, *hang*
Thy medicine on my lips;] *Reſtoration* is no more than *recovery* perſonified. STEEVENS.

3 *To ſtand*, &c.] The lines within crotchets are omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

4 —*to watch (poor* perdu!)
With this thin helm?] The alluſion is to the forlorn-hope in an army

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all[6].—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—

army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfans perdus*; she therefore calls her father, *poor perdu*. WARBUR.

The same allusion occurs in Sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

" —— I have endur'd
" Another night would tire a *perdu*,
" More than a wet furrow and a great frost." STEEVENS.

Amongst other desperate services in which the forlorn hope, or *enfans perdus*, were engaged, the night-watches seem to have been a common one. So Beaumont and Fletcher, *Little French Lawyer*, Act II. sc. ii:

" —I am set here like a *perdu*,
" To *watch* a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress."

WHALLEY.

With this thin helm?] With this thin covering of hair. MALONE.

[5] —*Mine enemy's dog*,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read, Mine *injurious* dog. Possibly the poet wrote,—Mine *injurer's* dog. STEEVENS.

[6] *Had not concluded* all.—] *It is wonder that thy wits and life had not* all *ended.* JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, c. viii:

" Ne spared they to strip her naked *all*."

Again, in *Timon*:

" And dispossess her *all*." STEEVENS.

I am

I am mightily abus'd[8].—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel[9].

Lear. Pray, do not mock me[1]:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward[2]; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind[3].
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:

[8] *I am mightily abus'd.*—] I am strangely imposed on by appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. JOHNSON.

[9] *No, sir, you must not kneel.*] This circumstance I find in the old play on the same subject, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakspeare's tragedy had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether these accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question. STEEVENS.

The words, *No, sir*, are not in the folio. MALONE.

[1] *Pray, do not mock me:*] So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Act V:

" —Let no man mock me,
" For I will kiss her." STEEVENS.

[2] *Fourscore and upward*;—] Thus the quartos. The folio absurdly adds—*Not an hour more or less*: i. e. not an hour more or less than an indeterminate number, for such is—fourscore and *upward*. MALONE.

[3] *I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.*] The quarto reads:

I fear, I am not perfect in my mind. JOHNSON.

So one of the quartos. The other reads according to the present text. STEEVENS.

If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, ſir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Phyſ. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You ſee, is cur'd[4] in him: [and yet it is danger[5]
To make him even o'er the time he has loſt[6].]
Deſire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further ſettling.

Cor. Will't pleaſe your highneſs walk?

Lear. You muſt bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and fooliſh.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Phyſician, *and Attendants.*

[*Gent.* Holds it true, ſir[7],
That the duke of Cornwall was ſo ſlain?

Kent. Moſt certain, ſir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

[4] —*is cur'd*—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—is *kill'd*. STEEVENS.

[5] —*and yet*, &c.] This is not in the folio. JOHNSON.

[6] *To make him* even *o'er the time he has loſt.*] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. iv.

"There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll *even*
"All that good time will give us."

The meaning there ſeems to be, we will fully employ all the time we have. So here the Phyſician ſays, that it is dangerous to draw from Lear a full relation of all that he felt or ſuffered while his reaſon was diſturbed; to make him employ as much time in the recital of what has befallen him as paſſed during his ſtate of infanity. MALONE.

[7] *Holds it true*, &c.] What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at leaſt proper, if not neceſſary; and was omitted by the authour, I ſuppoſe, for no other reaſon than to ſhorten the repreſentation. JOHNSON.

It is much more probable, that it was omitted by the players, after the authour's departure from the ſtage, without conſulting him. His plays have been long exhibited with ſimilar omiſſions, which render them often perfectly unintelligible. The loſs however is little felt by the greater part of the audience, who are intent upon other matters. MALONE.

Kent.

Kent. As it is ſaid, the baſtard ſon of Gloſter.

Gent. They ſay, Edgar,
His baniſh'd ſon, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the Britiſh Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, *Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his laſt purpoſe hold;
Or, whether ſince he is adviſ'd by aught
To change the courſe: He's full of alteration [8],
And ſelf-reproving:—bring his conſtant pleaſure [9].
[*to an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, ſweet lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place [1]?

[8] —*of* alteration,] One of the quartos reads—of *abdication.* STEEVENS.

[9] —*his* conſtant *pleaſure.*] His ſettled reſolution. JOHNSON.

[1] —fore-fended *place?*] *Fore-fended* means *prohibited, forbidden.* STEEVENS.

Edm. That thought abuſes you[2].

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And boſom'd with her[3], as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never ſhall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—
She, and the duke her huſband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather loſe the battle, than that ſiſter
Should looſen him and me. [*Aſide.*

Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear[4],—The king is come to his daughter,
With

2 *That thought abuſes you.*] That thought impoſes on you; you are deceived. This ſpeech and the next are found in both the quartos, but omitted in the folio. MALONE.

A material injury is done to the character of the Baſtard by the omiſſion, for he is made to deny that flatly at firſt, which the poet only meant to make him evade or return ſlight anſwers to, till he is urged ſo far as to be obliged to ſhelter himſelf under an immediate falſhood. Query, however, whether Shakſpeare meant us to believe that Edmund had actually found his way to the fore-fended place. STEEVENS.

3 —boſom'd *with her*,—] *Boſom'd* is uſed in this ſenſe by Heywood, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631:

"We'll crown our hopes and wiſhes with more pomp
"And ſumptuous coſt, than Priam did his ſon
"That night he *boſom'd* Helen." STEEVENS.

4 *Sir, this I hear*, &c.] The meaning is, The king, and others whom we have oppoſed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a juſt quarrel. We muſt diſtinguiſh; it is juſt in one ſenſe and unjuſt in another. As France invades our land I am concerned to repel him; but as he *holds*, entertains, and ſupports the king, and *others whom I fear* many *juſt and heavy cauſes make*, or compel, as it were, to *oppoſe* us, I eſteem it unjuſt to engage againſt them. This ſpeech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewiſe very neceſſary: for otherwiſe Albany, who is characteriſed as a man of honour and obſerver of juſtice, gives no reaſon for going to war with thoſe, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power. WARBURTON.

The quartos read—*For* this I hear, &c. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote —'*Fore* this, I hear, the king, &c. *Sir* is the reading of the folio. Dr.

With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honeſt[5],
I never yet was valiant[6]: for this buſineſs,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king[7]; with others, whom, I fear,
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe.
Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly[8].]
Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtick and particular broils[9]
Are not to queſtion here[1].
Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Dr. Warburton has explained this paſſage, as if the copies read—Not *holds* the king. i. e. not *as he* holds the king; but both the quartos, in which alone the latter part of this ſpeech is found, read—*bolds*. However, I have preſerved Dr. Warburton's interpretation, as *bolds* may certainly have been a miſprint for *holds*, in copies in which we find *mow't*, for *noble*, (Act V. ſc. iii.) *O father*, for *O fault*, (ibid.) the *miſtreſs* of Hecate, for the *miſeries* of Hecate, (Act I. ſc. i.) *bloſſoms* for *boſoms*, Act V. ſc. iii. a miſtreſſes *coward*, for a miſtreſſes *command*, Act IV. ſc. ii. &c. &c. MALONE.

5 *Where I could not*, &c.] What is within the crotchets is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

6 —*Where I could not be honeſt*,
I never yet was valiant:] This ſentiment has already appeared in *Cymbeline*:

"*Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe*,
"*But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.*" STEEVENS.

7 *Not* bolds *the king*;—] The quartos read *bolds*, and this may be the true reading. *This buſineſs* (ſays Albany) *touches us as France invades our land, not* as it *bolds the king*, &c. i. e. *emboldens* him to aſſert his former title. Thus in the antient interlude of *Hycke Scorner*:

"Alas, that I had not one to *bold* me!" STEEVENS.

8 *Sir, you ſpeak nobly.*] This reply muſt be underſtood ironically. MALONE.

9 *For theſe domeſtick and particular broils*—] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have it,

For theſe domeſtick doore particulars. STEEVENS.

Doore, or *dore*, as quarto B has it, was probably a miſprint for *dear*; i. e. important. MALONE.

1 *Are not* to *queſtion here.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,

Are not *the* queſtion here. STEEVENS.

Edm[2]. I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.
Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aſide.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR *diſguiſed.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.
[*Exeunt* EDM. REG. GON. *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes[3]. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces[4]
By

[2] *Edm.*] This ſpeech is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[3] *And machination ceaſes.*] Theſe words are not in the quartos. In the latter part of this line, for *love*, the reading of the original copies, the folio has *loves*. MALONE.

[4] Here *is the gueſs*, &c.] The modern editors read, *Hard* is the gueſs. So the quartos. But had the diſcovery been diligent, the gueſs could not have proved ſo difficult. I have given the true reading from the folio. STEEVENS.

The original reading is, I think, ſufficient clear. The moſt diligent inquiry does not enable me to form a conjecture concerning the true ſtrength of the enemy. Whether we read *hard* or *here*, the adverſative particle *but* in the ſubſequent line ſeems employed with little propriety.

By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time[5]. [*Exit.*
Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side[6],
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate[7]. [*Exit.*

SCENE

priety. According to the present reading, it may mean, *but* you are now so pressed in point of time, that you have little leisure for such speculations. The quartos read—their *great* strength. MALONE.

5 *We will greet the time.*] We will be ready to meet the occasion. JOHNSON.

6 —*carry out my side,*] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie, to take his resolution.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher:

" —— and *carry out*
" A world of evils with thy title." STEEVENS.

Edmund, I think, means, hardly shall I be able *to make my party good*; to maintain my cause. We should now say—to *bear* out, which Coles in his Dict. 1679, interprets, *to make good, to save harmless.* MALONE.

He means, I shall scarcely be able to make out my game. The allusion is to a party at cards, and he is afraid that he shall not be able to make his side successful. So, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*, where Cozimo says to Petronella, who had challenged him to drink a second bowl of wine,

" —'Pray you, pause a little;
" If I hold your cards, I shall pull down *the side*;
" I am not good at the game." MASON.

7 —*for my state*
Stands on me, &c.] I do not think that *for* stands in this place as a word

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR, *and* GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoſt; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, ſir! [*Exit* EDGAR.

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, ſir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men muſt endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeneſs is all[8]: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too[9]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Britiſh Camp near Dover.

Enter, in conqueſt, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR, *and* CORDELIA, *as priſoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known

a word of inference or cauſality. The meaning is rather: *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as* for my ſtate *it requires now, not* deliberation, *but* defence *and ſupport.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Ripeneſs is all:*] i. e. To be *ready, prepared,* is all. The ſame ſentiment occurs in *Hamlet,* ſcene the laſt: "—if it be not now, yet it will come: *the readineſs is all.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *And that's true too.*] Omitted in the quarto. STEEVENS.

That

That are to cenſure them [1].

Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who, with beſt meaning, have incurr'd the worſt [2].
For thee, oppreſſed king, am I caſt down;
Myſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortune's frown.—
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to priſon;
We two alone will ſing like birds i' the cage:
When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs: So we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies [3]: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects [4] of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe [5]. Have I caught thee [6]?

[1] —*to* cenſure *them.*] To paſs judgment on them. See Vol. IV. p. 149, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] *Who, with beſt meaning, have incurr'd* the worſt.] i. e. the worſt that fortune can inflict. MALONE.

[3] *And take upon us the myſtery of things,*
As if we were God's ſpies:] As if we were angels commiſſioned to ſurvey and report the lives of men, and were conſequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the myſteries of conduct. JOHNSON.

[4] —packs *and ſects* —] *Packs* is uſed for *combinations* or *collection*, as is a *pack of cards*. For *ſects*, I think *ſets* might be more commodiouſly read. So we ſay, *affairs are now managed by a new* ſet. *Sect*, however, may well ſtand. JOHNSON.

[5] *Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,*
The gods themſelves throw incenſe.] The thought is extremely noble, and expreſſed in a ſublime imagery that Seneca fell ſhort of on the like occaſion. "Ecce ſpectaculum dignum ad quod reſpiciat intentus operi ſuo deus: ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compoſitus." WARBURTON.

He,

He, that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes [7]. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers [8] ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell [9],
Ere they ſhall make us weep: we'll ſee them ſtarve firſt.
Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR, *and* CORDELIA, *guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

[6] *Have I caught thee?*] *Have I caught my heavenly jewel,* is a line of one of Sir Philip Sidney's ſongs, which Shakſpeare has put into Falſtaff's mouth in the *Merry Wives of Windſor.* MALONE.

[7] *And fire us hence, like foxes.*] I have been informed that it is uſual to *ſmoke foxes* out of their holes. So, in Harrington's tranſlation of *Arioſto,* book xxvii. ſtan. 17:

" Ev'n as a *foxe* whom *ſmoke and fire* doth fright,
" So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
" Bolts out, and through the *ſmoke and fire* he flieth
" Into the tarrier's mouth, and there he dieth." STEEVENS.

So, in Marlowe's *K. Edward II.* 1598:

" Advance your ſtandard, Edward, in the field,
" And march to *fire* them from their ſtarting *holes.*"

Mr. Upton, however, is of opinion that " the alluſion is to the ſcriptural account of Sampſon's tying foxes, two and two together by the tail, and faſtening a fire-*brand* to the cord; then letting them looſe among the ſtanding corn of the Philiſtines. Judges, xv. 4."

The words—ſhall bring a *brand from heaven,* ſeem to favour Mr. Upton's conjecture. If it be right, the conſtruction muſt be, they ſhall bring a brand from heaven, and, *like foxes, fire us hence:* referring *foxes,* not to Lear and Cordelia, but to thoſe who ſhould ſeparate them. MALONE.

[8] *The* goujeers *ſhall devour them,*—] The *goujeres,* i. e. *Morbus Gallicus. Gouge,* Fr. ſignifies one of the common women attending a camp; and as that diſeaſe was firſt diſperſed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the firſt name it obtained among us was the *gougeries,* i. e. the diſeaſe of the *gouges.* HANMER.

The reſolute John Florio has ſadly miſtaken theſe *goujeers.* He writes " With a *good yeare* to thee!" and gives it in Italian, " Il *mal anno* che dio ti dia." FARMER.

The old copies have *good yeares,* the common corruption in Shakſpeare's time of the other word. Sir T. Hanmer made the correction. MALONE.

[9] —*fleſh and* fell,] Fleſh and ſkin. JOHNSON.

In the *Dyar's Play,* among the Cheſter *Collection of Myſteries,* in the Muſeum, *Antichriſt* ſays:

" I made thee man of *fleſh* and *fell.*" STEEVENS.

Take

Take thou this note [9]; [*giving a paper.*] go, follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question [1]; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart [2], nor eat dry'd oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit* Off.

Flourish. *Enter* ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you [3]; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety

9 *Take thou* this note;] This was a warrant, signed by the Bastard and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia. In a subsequent scene Edmund says—

" ——— quickly send,—
" Be brief in't,—to the castle: for my *writ*
" Is on the life of Lear, and of Cordelia:—
" He hath commission from thy wife and me
" To hang Cordelia in the prison." MALONE.

1 —— Thy *great employment*
Will not bear question;] The important business which is now entrusted to your management, does not admit of *debate:* you must instantly resolve to do it, or not. *Question*, here, as in many other places in these plays, signifies *discourse, conversation.* See Vol. IX. p. 223, n. 9. MALONE.

2 *I cannot draw*, &c.] These two lines I have restored from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

3 *We do require* them *of you*;] So the folio. The quartos read:
We do require *then* of you so to use them, &c. MALONE.

May

May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To ſend the old and miſerable king
To ſome retention, and appointed guard[4];
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſom on his ſide,
And turn our impreſs'd lances in our eyes[5]
Which do command them. With him I ſent the queen;
My reaſon all the ſame; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a further ſpace, to appear
Where you ſhall hold your ſeſſion. [At this time[6],
We ſweat, and bleed: the friend hath loſt his friend;
And the beſt quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By thoſe that feel their ſharpneſs:—
The queſtion of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place[7].]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks, our pleaſure might have been demanded,
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our powers;
Bore the commiſſion[8] of my place and perſon;
The which immediacy[9] may well ſtand up,

And

4 —*and appointed guard*;] Theſe words are omitted in the quarto of which the firſt ſignature is B, and in the folio. MALONE.

5 *And turn our* impreſs'd *lances in our eyes*—] i. e. Turn the *launce-men* which are *preſs'd* into our ſervice, againſt us. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. vii:

" ——— people
" Ingroſt by ſwift *impreſs*." STEEVENS.

6 *At this time*, &c.] This paſſage, well worthy of reſtoration, is omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

7 *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. The determination of the queſtion what ſhall be done with Cordelia and her father, ſhould be reſerved for greater privacy. STEEVENS.

8 *Bore the* commiſſion—] *Commiſſion*, for authority. WARB.

9 *The which* immediacy—] *Immediacy* is *ſupremacy*, in oppoſition to *ſubordination*, which has *quiddam medium* between itſelf and power. JOHNSON.

Immediacy

And call itſelf your brother.

Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace [1] he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement [2].

Reg. In my rights,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.

Gon. That were the moſt, if he ſhould huſband you [3].

Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint [4].

Reg. Lady, I am not well; elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full-flowing ſtomach.—General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony;
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine [5]:
Witneſs the world, that I create thee here
My lord and maſter.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will [6].

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Immediacy is, I think, cloſe and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me, without, to uſe Dr. Johnſon's words, *quiddam medium*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"——let the world take note,
"You are the moſt *immediate* to our throne." MALONE.

[1] *In his own* grace—] *Grace* here means *accompliſhments*, or *honours*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*in your* advancement.] So the quartos. Folio—your *addition*. MALONE.

[3] Gon. *That were* the moſt, *if he ſhould huſband you.*] If he were married to you, you could not ſay more than this, nor could he enjoy greater power.—Thus the quartos. In the folio this line is given to *Albany*. MALONE.

[4] *The eye that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint.*] Alluding to the proverb: "Love being jealous makes a good eye look *aſquint*." See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

[5] —*the walls are thine:*] A metaphorical phraſe taken from the camp, and ſignifying, *to ſurrender at diſcretion*. WARBURTON.

[6] *The* let-alone *lies not in your good will.*] Whether he ſhall not or ſhall, depends not on your choice. JOHNSON.

To *obſtruct* their union lies not in your good pleaſure: your *veto* will avail nothing. MALONE.

Reg.

Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine [7].
[*to* EDMUND.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon:—Edmund, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy arreſt [8],
This gilded ſerpent: [*pointing to* Gon.]—for your claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her huſband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is beſpoke.

Gon. An interlude [9]!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloſter:—Let the trumpet ſound [1]:—
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon [2]
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge; [*throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, ſick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon [3]. [*Aſide.*

Edm. There's my exchange: [*throwing down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

[7] Reg. *Let the drum ſtrike*, &c.] So the folio. This line is given to the *Baſtard* in the quartos, and they read,

Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title *good*.

Regan, it appears from this ſpeech, did not know that Albany had diſcharged her forces. MALONE.

[8] —*thy arreſt*,] The quartos read—*thine attaint*. STEEVENS.

[9] *An interlude!*] This ſhort exclamation of Goneril is added in the folio edition, I ſuppoſe, only to break the ſpeech of Albany, that the exhibition on the ſtage might be more diſtinct and intelligible. JOHNSON.

[1] *Let the trumpet ſound:*] Theſe words are not in the quartos. MALONE.

[2] —*thy* perſon.—] The quartos read—thy *head*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*poiſon*] The folio reads *medicine*. STEEVENS.

On

On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald[4]!

Alb. Truſt to thy ſingle virtue; for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.

Reg. This ſickneſs grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* REGAN, *led.*
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet ſound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet[5]. [*A trumpet ſounds.*

Herald *reads.*

If any man of quality, or degree, within the liſts of the army[6], *will maintain upon* Edmund, *ſuppoſed earl of* Gloſter, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third ſound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound[7]. [1. *trumpet.*
Her. Again. [2. *trumpet.*
Her. Again. [3. *trumpet.*
[*Trumpet anſwers within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, preceded by a Trumpet.*

Alb. Aſk him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?

Edg. Know, my name is loſt;
By treaſon's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:

4 *A herald,* &c.] This ſpeech I have reſtored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

5 *Sound, trumpet.*] I have added this from the quartos. STEEVENS.

6 —*within the* liſts *of the army,*] The quartos read—within the *boſt* of the army. STEEVENS.

7 Edm. *Sound.*] Omitted in the folio. MALONE.

Yet

Yet am I noble[8], as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine[9].
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession[1]: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

[8] *Yet* am *I* noble, *&c.*] One of the quartos reads:

——yet *are I mou't*,
Where is the adversarie I come to cope withal?

—*are I mou't*, is, I suppose, a corruption of—*ere I move it.* STEEV.

The other quarto also reads—*Where is* the adversary, &c. omitting the words—*Yet am I noble*, which are only found in the folio. The word *withal* is wanting in that copy. MALONE.

[9] *Here is mine*, &c.] Here I draw my sword. Behold, it is the privilege or right of my profession *to draw* it against a traitor. I protest therefore, &c.

It is not the *charge itself* (as Dr. Warburton has erroneously stated,) but *the right of bringing* the charge and maintaining it with his sword, which Edgar calls the privilege of his profession. MALONE.

[1] *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*
My oath, and my profession:—] The charge he is here going to bring against the Bastard, he calls *the privilege*, &c. To understand which phraseology, we must consider that the old rites of knighthood are here alluded to; whose oath and profession required him to discover all treasons, and whose privilege it was to have his challenge accepted, or otherwise to have his charge taken *pro confesso*. For if one who was no knight accused another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it was necessary, as Edgar came disguised, to tell the Bastard he was a knight. WARBURTON.

The *privilege* of this *oath* means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed. JOHNSON.

The folio reads:

Behold, it is *my privilege*,
The privilege of mine *honours*,
My oath and my profession.

The quartos exhibit the passage as it stands in the text, except that for *mine honours*, they read *my tongue*. MALONE.

Despight

Deſpight thy victor ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
Falſe to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conſpirant 'gainſt[2] this high illuſtrious prince;
And, from the extremeſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt beneath thy feet[3],
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lieſt.

Edm. In wiſdom, I ſhould aſk thy name[4];
But, ſince thy outſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome ſay of breeding breathes[5],
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay[6]
By rule of knighthood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe,)

2 *Conſpirant 'gainſt*—] The quartos read—Conſpicuate '*gainſt*—. STEEVENS.

3 —beneath *thy* feet,] So the quartos. Folio: *below* thy *foot*. MALONE.

4 *In wiſdom, I ſhould aſk thy name*;] Becauſe, if his adverſary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. Hence the herald proclaimed—"If any man of *quality*, or *degree*," &c. So Goneril afterwards ſays,

"By the law of arms, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
"An *unknown* oppoſite." MALONE.

5 *And that thy tongue ſome* ſay *of breathing breathes*,] *Say* is ſample, a taſte. So, in *Sidney*:

"So good a *ſay* invites the eye
"A little downward to eſpy—."

Again, in *Holinſhed*, p 847: "He (C. Wolſey) made dukes and erles to ſerve him of wine, with a *ſay* taken," &c. To take the *aſſaie* was the technical term. STEEVENS.

6 *What ſafe and nicely*, &c.] The phraſeology is here very licentious. I ſuppoſe the meaning is, That delay which by the laws of knighthood I might make, I ſcorn to make. *Nicely* is punctiliouſly; if I ſtood on minute forms. This line is not in the quartos; and furniſhes one more proof of what readers are ſo ſlow to admit, that a whole line is ſometimes omitted at the preſs. The ſubſequent line without this is nonſenſe. See Vol. VI. p. 507, n. 3, and Vol. II. p. 4, n. 4. MALONE.

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever[7].—Trumpets, speak.
[*Alarums. They fight.* Edmund *falls.*
Alb. Save him, save him[8]!
Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms[9], thou wast not bound to answer[1]
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*gives the letter to* Edmund.
Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?
Alb. Most monstrous[2]!
Know'st thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit* GONERIL.
Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*to an* Officer, *who goes out.*
Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;

[7] Where *they shall rest for ever.*—] *To that place,* where they shall rest for ever, i. e. thy heart. MALONE.

[8] *Save him, save him!*] Theobald transferred these words to *Goneril,* thinking it improbable that Albany, who knew of Edmund's treason, and his wife's attachment to him, should be solicitous to save his life. The words, *Hold, sir,* in Albany's next speech, shew that the old copies are right. MALONE.

Albany desires that Edmund's life may be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter. JOHNSON.

[9] *By the law of* arms,] So the quartos. Folio—*of war.* MALONE.

[1] —*thou wast not bound to answer*—] One of the quartos reads:
—thou *art* not bound to *offer,* &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *Most monstrous!*] So the quarto of which the first signature is B. and the folio. The other quarto reads—*Monster,* know'st thou this paper? The folio—Most monstrous, *O* know'st, &c. MALONE.

"Knowest thou these letters?" says Leir to Ragan, in the old anonymous play, when he shews her both her own and her sister's letters, which were written to procure his death. Upon which she snatches the letters and tears them. STEEVENS.

And

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let us exchange charity [3].
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us [4]:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle [5]; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape [6],
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die [7],
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift

Into

[3] *Let us exchange charity.*] Our authour by negligence gives his heathens the sentiments and practices of christianity. In *Hamlet* there is the same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the personages are Christians:

"Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet," &c. JOHNSON.

[4] —*to* scourge *us:*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—to *plague* us. STEEVENS.

[5] —*full* circle;—] Quarto, full *circled.* JOHNSON.

[6] *The bloody proclamation to escape,*

——*taught me to shift*—] *A wish* to escape the bloody proclamation, taught me, &c. MALONE.

[7] *That* with *the pain of death,* &c.] Thus both the quartos. The folio reads unintelligibly, That *we* the pain, &c. The original copies have *would*; but this was, I apprehend, a misprint in those copies for *w'ould*;

Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost[8]; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

[*Edg*[9]. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity[1].

Whilst

w'ould, i. e. *we would*, or, as we should now write it, *we'd*. In *the Tempest* we have *sh'ould* for *she would*. See Vol. I. p. 37, n. 9. MALONE.

[8] —*his bleeding rings,*
Their precious stones new lost;] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Her *eye-lids*, cases to those heavenly *jewels*
"Which Pericles hath lost—." MALONE.

[9] *Edg.*] The lines between crotchets are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

[1] *This would have seem'd a period*
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Devise extremes beyond extremity."

Too-much is here used as a substantive. A *period* is an end or conclusion. So, in *King Richard III*:

"O, let me make the *period* to my curse."

This reflection perhaps refers, as Dr. Warburton has observed, to the bastard's desiring to hear more, and to Albany's thinking that enough had been said. This, says Edgar, would have seemed the utmost

Whilſt I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having ſeen me in my worſt eſtate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd ſociety; but then, finding
Who 'twas that ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong arms
He faſten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burſt heaven; threw me on my father[1]:
Told the moſt piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet ſounded[2],
And there I left him tranc'd.

moſt completion of woe, to ſuch as do not delight in ſorrow; but *another*, of a different diſpoſition, to amplify miſery, would "*give more ſtrength to that which hath too much.*"

Edgar's words, however, may have no reference to what Edmund has ſaid; and he may only allude to the relation he is about to give of Kent's adding a new ſorrow to what Edgar already ſuffered, by recounting the miſeries which the old king and his faithful follower had endured.

Mr. Steevens points thus:

——— but another;—
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity:—

and by the words, *but another*, underſtands, But I muſt add another period, another kind of concluſion, to my ſtory, ſuch as will increaſe the horrors of what has been already told. But if ſuch a punctuation be adopted, what ſhall we do with the word *would*, which is thus left without a nominative caſe? A preceding editor, who introduced the above punctuation, to obtain ſome ſenſe, reads and points:

——— but another:—
(To amplify too-much, *to* make much more,
And top extremity,)
Whilſt I was big, &c.

and indeed without that alteration, the words thus pointed afford, in my apprehenſion, no ſenſe. MALONE.

[1] —*threw* me *on my father*;] Thus both the quartos, where alone this ſpeech is found. Mr. Theobald, and the ſubſequent editors, read—threw *him* on my father. This is a new and diſtinct idea; but I do not think myſelf warranted to adopt it; the text being intelligible, and it being very improbable that the word *me* ſhould have been printed inſtead of *him*.—Kent in his tranſport of joy, at meeting Edgar, embraced him with ſuch violence, as to throw him on the dead body of Gloſter. MALONE.

[2] —*the* trumpet *ſounded*,] The quartos, where alone this ſpeech is found, read *trumpets*; but it was certainly a miſprint, for one trumpet only had ſounded. Dr. Johnſon made the correction. MALONE.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman *hastily, with a bloody knife.*

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of[3]—

Alb. Who, man? speak[4].

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant[5].

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment[6] of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit* Gent.

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir[7].

Alb. O! 'tis he[8].

[3] —*from the heart of*—] Thus the quartos. The folio after these words, adds, *O* she's dead! MALONE.

[4] *Who, man? speak.*] The folio reads—*Who dead? speak, man.* STEEVENS.

[5] *Now marry in an instant.*] In the folio, after these words, we have—

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

and the words—*O, is this he*, are spoken by Albany, immediately after *touches us not with pity.* I have followed the quartos. MALONE.

[6] *This judgment*, &c.] If Shakspeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity*. TYRWHITT.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have—This *justice*, &c. MALONE.

[7] *Here comes Kent, sir.*] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent, seems to require the lines which are inserted from the first edition in the foregoing scene. JOHNSON.

[8] *O! 'tis he.*] Thus the quartos. Folio: O, *is this* he? MALONE.

The

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
See'st thou this object, Kent?
[*The bodies of* Goneril *and* Regan *are brought in.*
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run, O, run—
Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain[8].
Alb. Haste thee for thy life[9]. [*Exit* EDGAR.
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair[1].

[8] *Give it the captain.*] The quartos read:
—— Take my sword, the captain,
Give it the captain.— STEEVENS.

[9] Alb. *Haste thee for thy life.*] Thus the quartos. In the folio this speech is improperly assigned to *Edgar*, who had the moment before received *the token of reprieve*, which Edmund enjoined him to give the officer, in whose custody Lear was. MALONE.

[1] —*upon her own despair.*] Here the folio and quarto B unnecessarily add—*That she fordid herself*, i. e. destroyed herself. I have followed the quarto A. MALONE.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[Edmund *is borne off.*

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms*[2]; EDGAR, Officer, *and Others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of ſtones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo
That heaven's vault ſhould crack:—O, ſhe is gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glaſs;
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why, then ſhe lives.
Kent. Is this the promiſed end?
Edg. Or image of that horror[3]?

Alb.

[2] —*Cordelia dead in his arms.*] This princeſs, according to the old hiſtorians, retired with victory from the battle which ſhe conducted in her father's cauſe, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a ſubſequent one fought againſt her (after the death of the old king) by the ſons of Goneril and Regan, ſhe was taken, and died miſerably in priſon. The poet found this in hiſtory, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramatick writers of this age ſuffered as ſmall a number of their heroes and heroines to eſcape as poſſible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakſpeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes. STEEVENS.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, the original relater of this ſtory, ſays, that Cordelia was thrown by her nephews into priſon, "where, for grief at the loſs of her kingdom, ſhe *killed herſelf*." MALONE.

[3] Kent. *Is this the promis'd end?*

Edg. *Or image of that horror?*] It appears to me that by the *promiſed end* Kent does not mean that concluſion which the ſtate of their affairs ſeemed to promiſe, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Goſpel, when Chriſt foretels to his diſciples the end of the world, and is deſcribing to them the ſigns that were to precede, and mark the approach of, our final diſſolution, he ſays, "For in thoſe days *ſhall be affliction ſuch as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created, unto this time*, neither ſhall be:" and afterwards he ſays, "Now *the brother ſhall betray the brother to death, and the father the ſon*; and *children ſhall riſe up againſt their parents, and ſhall cauſe*

Alb. Fall, and ceaſe[4]!

Lear.

cauſe them to be put to death." Kent in contemplating the unexampled ſcene of exquiſite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan againſt their father's life, recollects theſe paſſages, and aſks, whether that was the end of the world that had been foretold to us. To which Edgar adds, or only a repreſentation and reſemblance of that horror?

So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, ſays,

——— up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image!

There is evidently an alluſion to the ſame paſſages in ſcripture, in a ſpeech of Gloſter's, which he makes in the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act: "Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us;—love cools; friendſhip falls off; brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces treaſon; and the bond crack'd 'twixt ſon and father. This villain of mine comes *under the prediction*; *there's ſon againſt father*; *the king falls off from the bias of nature*; *there's father againſt child*: We have ſeen the beſt of our time."

If any criticks ſhould urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the perſons of the drama are pagans, and of conſequence unacquainted with the ſcriptures, they give Shakſpeare credit for more accuracy than I fear he poſſeſſed. MASON.

I entirely agree with Mr. Maſon in his happy explanation of this paſſage. In a ſpeech which our poet has put into the mouth of young Clifford in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* a ſimilar imagery is found. On ſeeing the dead body of his father, who was ſlain in battle by the duke of York, he exclaims,

"— O, let the vile world end,
"And the premiſed flames of the laſt day
"Knit earth and heaven together!
"Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
"Particularities and petty ſounds
"To ceaſe!"

There is no trace of theſe lines in the old play on which *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* was formed.

Image is again uſed for delineation or repreſentation, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.* "No counterfeit, but the true and perfect *image* of life indeed."

Again, in *Hamlet*: "The play is the *image* of a murder done in Vienna." MALONE.

[4] *Fall, and ceaſe!*] Albany is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miſeries he muſt ſurvive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having theſe images preſent to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and ceaſe to be, at once, than continue in exiſtence only to be wretched.*

So

Lear. This feather ſtirs[5]; ſhe lives! if it be ſo,
It is a chance that does redeem all ſorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good maſter! [*kneeling.*
Lear. Pr'ythee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all[6]!
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha!
What is't thou ſay'ſt?—Her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.
Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them ſkip[7]: I am old now,
And

So, in *All's Well*, &c. to *ceaſe* is uſed for to *die*: and in *Hamlet*, the death of majeſty is called "the *ceaſe* of majeſty."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *ceaſe!*
"Both ſuffer under this complaint you bring,
"And both ſhall *ceaſe*, without your remedy." STEEVENS.

The word is uſed nearly in the ſame ſenſe in a former ſcene of this play:

"Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
"Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
"That things might change or *ceaſe*."

I doubt, however, whether Albany's ſpeech is addreſſed to *Lear*. MALONE.

5 *This* feather *ſtirs*;—] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: "Fetch a looking-glaſs, ſee if his breath will not ſtain it; or pull ſome *feathers* from my pillow, and lay them to his lips." STEEVENS.

There is the ſame thought in *King Henry IV. P. II.* Act IV. ſc. iv.

"—— by his gates of breath
"There lies *a downy feather*, which ſtirs not." WHALLEY.

6 — murderers, *traitors all!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*murderous* traitors all. MALONE.

7 *I have ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion*
I would have made them ſkip:] It is difficult for an author who never peruſes his firſt works, to avoid repeating ſome of the ſame thoughts in his later productions. What Lear has juſt ſaid, had been anticipated by Juſtice Shallow in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "I have

And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the beſt:—I'll tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold[8].
Lear. This is a dull ſight[9]: Are you not Kent?
Kent. The ſame; your ſervant Kent:
Where is your ſervant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll ſtrike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—
Lear. I'll ſee that ſtraight.
Kent. That, from your firſt of difference and decay[1],
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe[2]; all's cheerleſs, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldeſt daughters have fore-doom'd themſelves[3],
And deſperately are dead.

have ſeen the time, with my long ſword, I would have made you four tall fellows ſkip like rats." It is again repeated in *Othello*:

" ——— I have ſeen the day
" That with this little arm and this good ſword
" I have made my way," &c. STEEVENS.

8 *If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,*
One of them we behold.] I ſuppoſe by the two whom fortune once loved, and then hated, Kent means, Lear and himſelf; and that each of them, looking on the other, ſaw a rare inſtance of her caprice. He may, however, be only thinking of Lear, the object of her hate.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read—lov'd *or* hated; and they may be right, if the interpretation laſt given be the true one. MALONE.

9 *This is a dull ſight:*] This paſſage is wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

1 —*of difference and decay,*] Decay for misfortunes. WARBURT.

The quartos read:

That from your *life* of difference and decay. STEEVENS.

2 *Nor no man elſe;*] Kent means, *I welcome! No,* nor no man elſe. MALONE.

3 —fore-doom'd *themſelves,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*fordone.*

Have *fore-doom'd themſelves* is—have anticipated their own doom. To *fordo* is to deſtroy. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 536, n. 3, and Vol. IX. p. 244, n. 6. MALONE.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says[4]; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come[5],
Shall be apply'd: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;
[*to* Edgar *and* Kent,
With boot[6], and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd[7]! No, no, no life:
Why

4 — *he* says;] The quartos read—he *sees*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

5 *What comfort to this* great decay *may come*,] This *great decay* is Lear, whom Shakspeare poetically calls so, and means the same as if he had said, *this piece of decay'd royalty*, this *ruin'd majesty*. STEEV.

A preceding passage in which Gloster laments Lear's frenzy, fully supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

" O *ruin'd piece* of nature! This great world
" Shall so wear out to nought."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

" Thou art the *ruins* of the noblest man," &c. MALONE.

6 *With boot*,—] With advantage, with increase. JOHNSON.

7 *And my poor fool is hang'd!*] This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (not his fool, as some have thought,) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching for life there.

Poor fool, in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment. So, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——*poor* venomous *fool*,
" Be angry and dispatch.—"

Again, in *King Henry VI. P. III.*:

" So many weeks ere the *poor fools* will yean."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" And, *pretty fool*, it stinted and said—ay."

I may

Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
Never,

I may add, that *the Fool* of Lear was long ago forgotten. Having filled the ſpace allotted him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been ſilently withdrawn in the ſixth ſcene of the third act.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bittereſt of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, ſhould recur to the antick who had formerly diverted him, has ſomewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine ſorrow and deſpair.

Beſides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the *Fool* had ſuffered in the ſame manner, nor can imagine why he ſhould. The party adverſe to Lear was little intereſted in the fate of his jeſter. The only uſe of him was to contraſt and alleviate the ſorrows of his maſter; and, that purpoſe being fully anſwered, the poet's ſolicitude about him was at an end.

The term—*poor fool* might indeed have miſbecome the mouth of a vaſſal commiſerating the untimely end of a princeſs, but has no impropriety when uſed by a weak, old, diſtracted king; in whoſe mind the diſtinctions of nature only ſurvive, while he is uttering his laſt frantick exclamations over a murdered daughter.

Should the foregoing remark, however, be thought erroneous, the reader will forgive it, as it ſerves to introduce ſome contradictory obſervations from a critick, in whoſe taſte and judgment too much confidence cannot eaſily be placed. STEEVENS.

I confeſs, I am one of thoſe who *have thought* that Lear means his *Fool*, and not *Cordelia*. If he means *Cordelia*, then what I have always conſidered as a beauty, is of the ſame kind as the accidental ſtroke of the pencil that produced the foam.—Lear's affectionate remembrance of the *Fool* in this place, I uſed to think, was one of thoſe ſtrokes of genius, or of nature, which are ſo often found in Shakſpeare, and in him only.

Lear appears to have a particular affection for this *Fool*, whoſe fidelity in attending him, and endeavouring to divert him in his diſtreſs, ſeems to deſerve all his kindneſs.

Poor fool and knave, ſays he, in the midſt of the thunder-ſtorm, *I have one part in my heart that's ſorry yet for thee.*

It does not therefore appear to me, to be allowing too much conſequence to the *Fool*, in making Lear beſtow a thought on him, even when in ſtill greater diſtreſs. Lear is repreſented as a good-natured, paſſionate, and rather weak old man; it is the old age of a cocker'd ſpoilt boy. There is no impropriety in giving to ſuch a character thoſe tender domeſtick affections, which would ill become a more heroick character, ſuch as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III.

The words—*No, no, no life*; I ſuppoſe to be ſpoken, not tenderly, but with paſſion: Let nothing now live;—let there be univerſal deſtruction;—

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray

tion;—*Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat, have life, and thou no breath at all?*

It may be obſerved, that as there was a neceſſity, the neceſſity of propriety at leaſt, that this *Fool*, the favourite of the author, of Lear, and conſequently of the audience, ſhould not be loſt or forgot, it ought to be known what became of him.—However, it muſt be acknowledged, that we cannot infer much from thence; Shakſpeare is not always attentive to finiſh the figures of his groups.

I have only to add, that if an actor, by adopting the interpretation mentioned above, ſhould apply the words *poor fool* to Cordelia, the audience would, I ſhould imagine, think it a ſtrange mode of expreſſing the grief and affection of a father for his dead daughter, and that daughter a queen.—The words, *poor fool*, are undoubtedly expreſſive of endearment; and Shakſpeare himſelf, in another place, ſpeaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool*: but it never is, nor never can be, uſed with any degree of propriety, but to commiſerate ſome very inferior object, which may be loved, without much eſteem or reſpect.

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

It is not without ſome reluctance that I expreſs my diſſent from the friend whoſe name is ſubſcribed to the preceding note; whoſe obſervations on all ſubjects of criticiſm and taſte are ſo ingenious and juſt, that poſterity may be at a loſs to determine, whether his conſummate ſkill and execution in his own art, or his judgment on that and other kindred arts, were ſuperior. But *magis amica veritas* ſhould be the motto of every editor of Shakſpeare; in conformity to which I muſt add, that I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that Mr. Steevens's interpretation of theſe words is the true one. The paſſage indeed before us appears to me ſo clear, and ſo inapplicable to any perſon but Cordelia, that I fear the reader may think any further comment on it altogether ſuperfluous.

It is obſervable that Lear from the time of his entrance in this ſcene to his uttering theſe words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loſs of his daughter. He is diverted indeed from it for a moment by the intruſion of Kent, who forces himſelf on his notice; but he inſtantly returns to his beloved Cordelia, over whoſe dead body he continues to hang. He is now himſelf in the agony of death; and ſurely at ſuch a time, when his heart is juſt breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he ſhould think of his fool. But the great and *deciſive* objection to ſuch a ſuppoſition is that which Mr. Steevens has mentioned; that Lear has juſt ſeen his daughter *hanged*, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preſerve her life, though time enough to puniſh the perpetrator of the act: but we have no authority whatſoever for ſuppoſing his Fool hanged alſo.

Whether the expreſſion—*poor fool*—can be applied with propriety only to *inferior objects, for whom we have not much reſpect or eſteem*,

is

Pray you, undo this button[8]: Thank you, sir.—

Do

is not, I conceive, the question. Shakspeare does not always use his terms with strict propriety, but he is always the best commentator on himself, and he certainly *has* applied this term in another place to the *young*, the *beautiful*, and *innocent*, Adonis, the object of somewhat more than the esteem of a goddess:

"For pity now she can no more detain him;
"The *poor fool* prays her that he may depart."

Again, though less appositely, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Alas, *poor fool*, how have they baffled thee!"

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"Lady, you have a merry heart.
"*Beat.* Yes, my lord, I thank it, *poor fool*, it keeps on the windy side of care."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——Do not weep, *good fools*,
"There is no cause."

In *Romeo and Juliet* a similar term of endearment is employed. Mercutio, speaking of Romeo, whom certainly he both esteemed and loved, says

"The *ape* is dead, and I must conjure him."

Nor was the phraseology which has occasioned this long note, peculiar to Shakspeare. It was long before his time incorporated in our language; as appears from the following passage in the old poem entitled *The History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Yea, he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde
"To ask her name that without force doth him in bondage hold;
"Ne how to unloose his bondes doth the *poore foole* devise,
"But only seeketh by her sight to feed his houngry eyes."

In old English a *fool* and an *innocent* were synonymous terms. Hence probably the peculiar use of the expression—*poor fool*. In the passage before us, Lear, I conceive, means by it, *dear, tender, helpless innocence!* MALONE.

[8] *Pray you, undo this button:*] The Rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by *this* most expressive circumstance. So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, 1616:

"——oh my heart!—
"It beats so it has *broke my buttons*."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"——Ah, cut my lace asunder,
"That my pent heart may have some scope to beat;
"Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
"Break too!"—

and

Do you ſee this? Look on her,—look,—her lips[9],—
Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart[1]; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt: O, let him paſs[2]! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world[3]
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long:
He but uſurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe. Friends of my ſoul, you twain
[*to* Kent, *and* Edgar.
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.

Kent. I have a journey, ſir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls, and I muſt not ſay, no[4].

Alb.

and, as Mr. Malone adds, from N. Field's *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"——ſwell heart! *buttons* fly open!

"Thanks gentle doublet,—elſe my heart had broken." Steev.

9 *Do you ſee this?* &c.] This line, and the following hemiſtich, are not in the quartos. After *thank you, ſir*, they have only the interjection *O*, five times repeated. Malone.

1 *Break, heart*; &c.] This line is in the quartos given to the dying Lear. Malone.

2 *O, let him* paſs!] See p. 639, n. 5. Malone.

3 —*this* tough *world*—] Thus all the old copies. Mr. Pope changed it to *rough*, but, perhaps, without neceſſity. This *tough* world is this *obdurate rigid* world. Steevens.

4 —*I muſt not ſay, no.*] The modern editors have ſuppoſed that Kent expires after he has repeated theſe two laſt lines; but the ſpeech rather appears to be meant for a deſpairing than a dying man; and as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have forborn to inſert any.

I take this opportunity of retracting a declaration which I had formerly made on the faith of another perſon, viz. that the quartos, 1608, were exactly alike. I have ſince diſcovered that they vary one from another in many inſtances. Steevens.

Kent on his entrance in this ſcene ſays,

I am come
To bid my king and maſter aye good night;—

but

Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey [5];
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath borne moſt: we, that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long [6].

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

but this, like the ſpeech before us, only marks the deſpondency of the ſpeaker. The word *ſhortly* [i. e. ſome time hence, at no very diſtant period,] deciſively proves, that the poet did not mean to make him die on the ſcene. He merely ſays, that he ſhall not *live long*, and therefore cannot undertake the office aſſigned to him.

The marginal direction, *he dies*, was firſt introduced by the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[5] *The weight of this ſad time*, &c.] This ſpeech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of cuſtom ſpoken. And the caſe was this: he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who performed Albany, in ſpite of decorum it was thought proper he ſhould have the laſt word. THEOBALD.

[6] The tragedy of Lear is deſervedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakſpeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention ſo ſtrongly fixed; which ſo much agitates our paſſions, and intereſts our curioſity. The artful involutions of diſtinct intereſts, the ſtriking oppoſition of contrary characters, the ſudden changes of fortune, and the quick ſucceſſion of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no ſcene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the diſtreſs or conduct of the action, and ſcarce a line which does not conduce to the progreſs of the ſcene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irreſiſtibly along.

On the ſeeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be obſerved, that he is repreſented according to hiſtories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this ſtory is referred, it will appear not ſo unlikely as while we eſtimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or reſignation of dominion on ſuch conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagaſcar. Shakſpeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by ſofter manners; and the truth is, that though he ſo nicely diſcriminates, and ſo minutely deſcribes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling cuſtoms ancient and modern, Engliſh and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in the *Adventurer* very minutely criticiſed this play, remarks, that the inſtances of cruelty are too ſavage and ſhocking, and that the intervention of Edmund deſtroys

the ſimplicity of the ſtory. Theſe objections may, I think, be anſwered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an hiſtorical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a ſeries by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plauſibility for the extruſion of Gloſter's eyes, which ſeems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatick exhibition, and ſuch as muſt always compel the mind to relieve its diſtreſs by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our authour well knew what would pleaſe the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the ſimplicity of the action is abundantly recompenſed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief deſign, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked ſon with the wicked daughters, to impreſs this important moral, that villainy is never at a ſtop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at laſt terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakſpeare has ſuffered the virtue of Cordelia to periſh in a juſt cauſe, contrary to the natural ideas of juſtice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more ſtrange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is juſtified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia ſucceſs and happineſs in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the tragedy has loſt half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether juſtly or not, that, to ſecure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poiſoned with much falſe and abominable criticiſm*, and that endeavours had been uſed to diſcredit and decry poetical juſtice. A play in which the wicked proſper, and the virtuous miſcarry, may doubtleſs be good, becauſe it is a juſt repreſentation of the common events of human life: but ſince all reaſonable beings naturally love juſtice, I cannot eaſily be perſuaded, that the obſervation of juſtice makes a play worſe; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always riſe better pleaſed from the final triumph of perſecuted virtue.

In the preſent caſe the publick has decided *. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my ſenſations could add any thing to the general ſuffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago ſo ſhocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the laſt ſcenes of the play till I undertook to reviſe them as an editor.

There is another controverſy among the criticks concerning this play. It is diſputed whether the predominant image in Lear's diſordered mind be the loſs of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters.

* Dr. Johnſon ſhould rather have ſaid that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the publick has been obliged to acquieſce in their deciſion. The altered play has the upper gallery on its ſide; the original drama was patronized by Addiſon:

Victrix cauſa *Diis* placuit, ſed victa *Catoni*. STEEVENS.

Mr.

Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critick, has evinced by induction of particular paſſages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary ſource of his diſtreſs, and that the loſs of royalty affects him only as a ſecondary and ſubordinate evil. He obſerves with great juſtneſs, that Lear would move our compaſſion but little, did we not rather conſider the injured father than the degraded king.

The ſtory of this play, except the epiſode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holinſhed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old hiſtorical ballad. My reaſon for believing that the play was poſterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakſpeare's nocturnal tempeſt, which is too ſtriking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it firſt hinted Lear's madneſs, but did not array it in circumſtances. The writer of the ballad added ſomething to the hiſtory, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more muſt have occurred if he had ſeen Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

The epiſode of Gloſter and his ſons is borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, in which we find the following chapter, which is ſaid to be entitled, in the firſt edition of 1590, "The pitiful ſtate and ſtorie of the Paphlagonian unkinde king, and his kind ſonne; firſt related by the ſonne, then by the blind father."

In the ſecond edition printed in folio in 1593, there is no diviſion of chapters. There the ſtory of the king of Paphlagonia commences in p. 69, b, and is related in the following words:

"It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the ſeaſon being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and as then ſodainely growne to ſo extreame and foule a ſtorme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought foorth a fowler child; ſo that the princes were euen compelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to ſeeke ſome ſhrowding place, which a certaine hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their ſhield againſt the tempeſts furie. And ſo ſtaying there, till the violence thereof was paſſed, they heard the ſpeach of a couple, who, not perceiuing them, (being hidde within that rude canapy) helde a ſtraunge and pitifull diſputation, which made them ſteppe out; yet in ſuch ſort, as they might ſee vnſeene. There they perceaued an aged man, and a young, ſcarcely come to the age of a man, both poorely arayed, extreamely weather-beaten; the olde man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all thoſe miſeries, in both there there ſeemed to appeare a kinde of nobleneſſe, not ſutable to that affliction. But the firſt words they heard, were theſe of the old man. Well, *Leonatus*, (ſaid he) ſince I cannot perſwade thee to leade mee to that which ſhould end my griefe, and thy trouble, let me now entreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miſerie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miſerie; feare not the danger of my blind ſteps; I cannot fall worſe then I am. And doo not, I pray thee,

doo not obſtinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednes. But flie, flie from this region, onely worthy of me. Deare father, (anſwered he,) doo not take away from me the onely remnant of my happineſſe: while I haue power to doo you ſeruice, I am not wholly miſerable. Ah, my ſonne, (ſaid he, and with that he groned, as if ſorrow ſtraue to breake his harte,) how euill fits it me to haue ſuch a ſonne, and how much doth thy kindneſſe vpbraide my wickedneſſe! Theſe dolefull ſpeeches, and ſome others to like purpoſe, (well ſhewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the princes to goe out vnto them, and aſke the younger, what they were. Sirs, (anſwered he, with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kinde of pitiouſnes) I ſee well you are ſtraungers, that know not our miſerie, ſo well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we muſt be miſerable. In deede our ſtate is ſuch, as though nothing is ſo needfull vnto vs as pittie, yet nothing is more daungerous vnto vs, then to make our ſelues ſo knowne as may ſtirre pittie. But your preſence promiſeth, that cruelty ſhall not ouer-runne hate. And if it did, in truth our ſtate is ſoncke below the degree of feare.

"This old man whom I leade, was lately rightfull prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-harted vngratefulnes of a ſonne of his, depriued, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraine forces were euer able to ſpoyle him) but of his ſight; the riches which nature graunts to the pooreſt creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath bin driuen to ſuch griefe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the toppe of this rocke, thence to caſt himſelfe headlong to death: and ſo would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his deſtruction. But noble gentlemen, (ſaid he) if either of you haue a father, and feele what duetifull affection is engraffed in a ſonnes hart, let me entreate you to conuay this afflicted prince to ſome place of reſt and ſecuritie. Amongſt your worthie actes it ſhall be none of the leaſt, that a king, of ſuch might and fame, and ſo vniuſtlie oppreſſed, is in any ſort by you relieued.

"But before they coulde make him aunſwere, his father began to ſpeake. Ah, my ſonne, (ſaid he) how euill an hiſtorian are you, that leaue out the chief knot of all the diſcourſe? my wickednes, my wickednes. And if thou doeſt it to ſpare my ears, (the onely ſenſe now left mee proper for knowledge,) aſſure thy ſelfe thou doeſt miſtake me. And I take witneſſe of that ſunne which you ſee, (with that he caſt vp his blinde eies, as if he would hunt for light,) and wiſh my ſelfe in worſe caſe then I doe wiſh my ſelfe, which is as euill as may bee, if I ſpeake vntruely, that nothing is ſo welcome to my thoughts, as the publiſhing of my ſhame. Therefore know you, gentlemen, (to whome from my heart I wiſh that it may not proue ſome ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with ſuch a miſer as I am,) that whatſoeuer my ſonne (ô God, that truth bindes me to reproch him with the name of my ſon!) hath ſaide, is true. But beſides thoſe truthes, this alſo is true,

true; that hauing had in lawfull mariage, of a mother fitte to beare roiall children, this ſonne, (ſuch a one as partly you ſee, and better ſhall knowe by my ſhort declaration,) and ſo enioyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growen to iuſtifie their expectations, (ſo as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue an other ones ſelfe after me,) I was carried by a baſtard ſonne of mine (if at leaſt I bee bounde to beleeue the words of that baſe woman my concubine, his mother,) firſt to miſlike, then to hate, laſtly to deſtroy, or to doo my beſt to deſtroy, this ſonne (I thinke you thinke) vndeſeruing deſtruction. What waies he vſed to bring me to it, if I ſhoulde tell you, I ſhoulde tediouſlie trouble you with as much poiſonous hypocriſie, deſperate fraude, ſmooth malice, hidden ambition, and ſmiling enuie, as in any liuing perſon could be harbored. But I liſt it not; no remembraunce of naughtineſſe delightes me, but mine owne; and me thinkes, the accuſing his trappes might in ſome manner excuſe my fault, which certainelie I loth to doo. But the concluſion is, that I gaue order to ſome ſeruauntes of mine, whome I thought as apte for ſuch charities as my ſelfe, to lead him out into a forreſt, and there to kill him.

"But thoſe theeues (better natured to my ſonne then my ſelfe) ſpared his life, letting him goe, to learne to liue poorlie: which he did, giuing himſelfe to be a priuate ſouldier, in a countrey here by. But as hee was ready to be greatlie aduaunced for ſome noble peeces of ſeruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who, dronke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall ſonne of mine, ſuffered my ſelfe ſo to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and puniſhments paſſed by him; all offices, and places of importance, diſtributed to his fauorites; ſo that ere I was aware, I had left my ſelfe nothing but the name of a king: which he ſhortly wearie of too, with manie indignities, if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laide vppon me, threw me out of my ſeate, and put out my eies; and then, proud in his tirannie, let me goe, neither impriſoning nor killing me: but rather delighting to make me feele my miſerie; miſerie in deede, if euer there were any; full of wretchedneſſe, fuller of diſgrace, and fulleſt of guiltines. And as he came to the crowne by ſo vniuſt meanes, as vniuſtlie he kept it, by force of ſtraunger ſouldiers in cittadels, the neſtes of tirannie, and murderers of libertie; diſarming all his own countrimen, that no man durſt ſhew himſelfe a well-willer of mine; to ſay the truth, (I thinke) few of them being ſo, conſidering my cruell folly to my good ſonne, and fooliſh kindneſſe to my vnkind baſtard: but if there were any who felt a pitty of ſo great a fall, and had yet any ſparkes of vnſlaine duety lefte in them towards me, yet durſt they not ſhewe it, ſcarcely with giuing mee almes at their doores; which yet was the onely ſuſtenaunce of my diſtreſſed life, no body daring to ſhewe ſo much charitie, as to lende mee a hande to guide my darke ſteppes: till this ſonne of mine, (God knowes, woorthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father,) forgetting my abhominable wronges,

not recking daunger, and neglecting the preſent good way hee was in of doing himſelfe good, came hether to doo this kind office you ſee him performe towardes me, to my vnſpeakeable griefe; not only becauſe his kindnes is a glaſſe euen to my blind eies, of my naughtines, but that, aboue all griefes, it greeues me he ſhould deſperatlie aduenture the loſſe of his well deſeruing life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deſerts; as if hee would cary mudde in a cheſt of chriſtall. For well I know, he that now raigneth, howe much ſo euer (and with good reaſon) he deſpiſeth me, of all men deſpiſed, yet hee will not let ſlippe any aduantage to make away him, whoſe iuſt title, enobled by courage and goodnes, may one day ſhake the ſeate of a neuer-ſecure tyrannie. And for this cauſe I craued of him to leade mee to the toppe of this rocke, indeede I muſt confeſſe, with meaning to free him from ſo ſerpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purpoſed, onely therein ſince hee was borne, ſhewed himſelfe diſobedient vnto mee. And now, gentlemen, you haue the true ſtorie, which I pray you publiſh to the world, that my miſchieuous proceedinges may bee the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for ſo greate a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my ſonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in ſauing any, then in ending me; both becauſe therein my agonies ſhall ende, and ſo ſhall you preſerue this excellent young man, who els wilfully followes his owne ruine.

" The matter in it ſelfe lamentable, lamentably expreſſed by the old prince, which needed not take to himſelfe the geſtures of pitie, ſince his face coulde not put of the markes thereof, greatly moued the two princes to compaſſion, which coulde not ſtay in ſuch harts as theirs without ſeeking remedie. But by and by the occaſion was preſented: for *Plexirtus* (ſo was the baſtard called) came thether with fortie horſe, onely of purpoſe to murder this brother; of whoſe comming he had ſoone aduertiſement, and thought no eyes of ſufficient credite in ſuch a matter, but his owne; and therefore came himſelfe to be actor, and ſpectator. And as ſoone as hee came, not regarding the weake (as hee thought) garde of but two men, commaunded ſome of his followers to ſet their handes to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young prince, though not otherwiſe armed but with a ſworde, howe falſely ſoeuer he was dealt with by others, would not betray him ſelfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the firſt that aſſayled him warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were quickly become parties, (ſo iuſt a defence deſerving as much as old friendſhip,) and ſo did behave them among that companie, more iniurious then valiant, that many of them loſt their liues for their wicked maiſter.

" Yet perhaps had the number of them at laſt preuailed, if the king of *Pontus* (lately by them made ſo) had not come vnlooked for to their ſuccour. Who, hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon ſome great daunger preſently to follow thoſe two princes

princes whom hee moſt dearely loued, was come in al haſt, following as wel as he could their track with a hundreth horſes, in that countrie which he thought, conſidering who then raigned, a fitte place inough to make the ſtage of any tragedie.

" But then the match had beene ſo ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worſe gotten honour, ſhould haue tumbled together to deſtruction, had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with forty or fifty in their ſuite, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. Theſe two were brothers, of the nobleſt houſe of that country, brought vppe from their infancy with *Plexirtus*: men of ſuch proweſſe, as not to knowe feare in themſeules, and yet to teach it others that ſhoulde deale with them; for they had often made their liues triumph ouer moſt terrible daungers; neuer diſmaied, and euer fortunate; and truely no more ſetled in valure, then diſpoſed to goodnes and iuſtice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could haue learned to make friendſhip a childe, and not the father of vertue. But bringing vp, rather then choiſe, hauing firſt knit their mindes vnto him, (indeede crafty inough, either to hide his faultes, or neuer to ſhewe them, but when they might pay home,) they willingly helde out the courſe, rather to ſatisfie him then all the worlde; and rather to be good friendes, then good men: ſo as though they did not like the euill hee did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not councellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they hauing heard of this ſodaine going out, with ſo ſmall a company, in a countrey full of euill-wiſhing mindes toward him, though they knew not the cauſe, followed him; till they founde him in ſuch caſe as they were to venture their liues, or elſe he to looſe his: which they did with ſuch force of minde and bodie, that truely I may iuſtly ſay, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them ſo well repeate their hardeſt leſſon in the feates of armes. And briefly ſo they did, that if they ouercame not, yet were they not ouercome, but caried away that vngratefull maiſter of theirs to a place of ſecurity; howſoeuer the princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus farre begun, it became not the conſtancy of the princes ſo to leaue it; but in all haſt making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrigia*, they had in fewe daies leſte him but onely that one ſtrong place where he was. For feare hauing beene the onely knot that had faſtned his people vnto him, that once vntied by a greater force, they all ſcattered from him; like ſo many birdes, whoſe cage had beene broken.

" In which ſeaſon the blinde king, hauing in the chiefe cittie of his realme ſet the crown vppon his ſon *Leonatus* head, with many teares (both of ioy and ſorrow) ſetting forth to the whole people his owne fault and his ſonnes vertue, after he had kiſt him, and forſt his ſonne to accept honour of him, as of his new-become ſubiect, euen in a moment died: as it ſhould ſeeme, his heart broken with vnkindenes and affliction, ſtretched ſo farre beyond his limits with this exceſſe of comfort, as it was able no longer to keepe ſafe his vitall ſpirites. But the

new king, hauing no leſſe louingly performed all duties to him dead, then aliue, purſued on the ſiege of his vnnaturall brother, aſmuch for the reuenge of his father, as for the eſtabliſhing of his owne quiet. In which ſiege truely I cannot but acknowledge the proweſſe of thoſe two brothers, then whome the princes neuer found in all their trauaile two of greater hability to performe, nor of habler ſkil for conduct.

" But *Plexirtus* finding, that if nothing elſe, famine would at laſt bring him to deſtruction, thought better by humblenes to creepe, where by pride he coulde not marche. For certainely ſo had nature formed him, and the exerciſe of craft conformed him, to all turningnes of ſleights, that though no man had leſſe goodnes in his ſoule then he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodneſſe to another: though no man felt leſſe pitie, no man could tel better how to ſtir pitie: no man more impudent to deny, where proofes were not manifeſt; no man more ready to confeſſe with a repenting manner of aggrauating his owne euill, where denial would but make the fault fowler. Now he tooke this way, that hauing gotten a paſport for one (that pretended he woulde put *Plexirtus* aliue into his hands) to ſpeake with the king his brother, he himſelfe (though much againſt the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wiſhed to die in braue defence,) with a rope about his necke, barefooted, came to offer himſelfe to the diſcretion of *Leonatus*. Where, what ſubmiſſion hee vſed, how cunningly in making greater the faulte he made the faultines the leſſe, how artificially he could ſet out the torments of his owne conſcience, with the burdenſome comber he had found of his ambitious deſires, how finely ſeeming to deſire nothing but death, as aſhamed to liue, he begd life in the refuſing it, I am not cunning inough to be able to expreſſe: but ſo fell out of it, that though at firſt ſight *Leonatus* ſaw him with no other eie then as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not onely gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuſe of the faulte paſt, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines chiefe miniſters of his wickednes, now betraied by the author thereof, were deliuered to many cruell ſorts of death; he ſo handling it, that it rather ſeemed, hee had more come into the defence of an vnremediable miſchiefe already committed, then that they had done it at firſt by his conſent." MALONE.

A LAMENT-

A LAMENTABLE SONG

Of the Death of KING LEIR *and his Three Daughters.*

King Leir[1] once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with heart's content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

[1] *King Leir*, &c.] This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the *Golden Garland*, black letter. To the tune of, *When flying Fame*. It is here reprinted from Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. Vol. I. Third Edit. STEEVENS.

And

And ſo will I, the ſecond ſaid;
Dear father, for your ſake,
The worſt of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And ſerve your highneſs night and day
With diligence and love;
That ſweet content and quietneſs
Diſcomforts may remove.

In doing ſo, you glad my ſoul,
The aged king reply'd;
But what ſayſt thou, my youngeſt girl,
How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll ſhow.

And wilt thou ſhew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is ſmall,
When as no more I find:
Henceforth I baniſh thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour ſhall be thine.

Thy elder ſiſters' loves are more
Then well I can demand,
To whom I equally beſtow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal ſtate and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With thoſe thy ſiſters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus

Thus flatt'ring ſpeeches won renown
By theſe two ſiſters here:
The third had cauſeleſs baniſhment,
Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an Engliſh town.

Until at laſt in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet ſhe was deem'd
The faireſt on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady ſeen,
With full conſent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
With his two daughters ſtaid;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full ſoon the ſame decay'd;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldeſt of the twain,
She took from him his chiefeſt means,
And moſt of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after ſcarce to three:
Nay, one ſhe thought too much for him:
So took ſhe all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer ſtay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell;
My ſecond child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full faſt he hies then to her court;
Where when ſhe hears his moan
Return'd him anſwer, That ſhe griev'd
That all his means were gone,
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would ſtay
Within her kitchen, he ſhould have
What ſcullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
He made his anſwer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not uſe me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder ſort.

Where when he came, ſhe gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court,
(She ſaid) he would not ſtay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What ſcullion boys ſet by.

But there of that he was deny'd
Which ſhe had promis'd late:
For once refuſing, he ſhould not
Come after to her gate.
Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
He wander'd up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngeſt daughter's words,
That ſaid, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords;
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had baniſh'd ſo,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
And treſſes from his head,
And all with blood beſtain his cheeks,
With age and honour ſpread:
To hills and woods and wat'ry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and ſenſeleſs things,
Did ſeem to ſigh and groan.

Even thus poſſeſs'd with diſcontents,
He paſſed o'er to France,
In hope from fair Cordelia there
To find ſome gentler chance:
Moſt virtuous dame! which when ſhe heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, ſhe quickly ſent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant ſort,
She gave in charge he ſhould be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whoſe royal king, with noble mind,
So freely gave conſent,
To muſter up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And ſo to England came with ſpeed,
To repoſſeſs king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear:
Where ſhe, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battle ſlain:
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Poſſeſs'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who dy'd indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whoſe cauſe
She did this battle move;
He ſwooning fell upon her breaſt,
From whence he never parted:
But on her boſom left his life,
That was ſo truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they ſaw
The ends of theſe events,
The other ſiſters unto death
They doomed by conſents;
And being dead their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you ſeen the fall of pride,
And diſobedient ſin. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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